Arno Schmidt

Evening Edged in Gold

A FairytalefArse

55 Scenes from the C$\frac{ou}{u}$ntryside

for

Patrons of Er$\frac{ra}{o}$ta

Translated by John E. Woods

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MAIN

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55 Scenes from the C~~ou~~u ntryside
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'Then it's as if,' Bernard said profoundly,
'the whole grand human enterprise had nothing
firm and substantial about it ? It may perhaps
lead to nothing,and might well mean nothing ?
It would be foolish to search for historical
unity or a great poetical harmony : a Bamboc-
chiade or a Wouvermann would express it best
perhaps ?'
'That may well be,' said Peter.

GOTTLIEB FÄRBER, 'The 7 Women'

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F I R S T D A Y

' And so you knew her then ?' asked the knight.
' Oh no; I never knew her,' responded the squire:'but the man who told me the story said that it was so certain & trustworthy that, if I should tell it to someone else, I could swear an oath on it that I had seen it all with my own eyes.'

DON QUIXOTE.

i. Act

Scene 1

The swimming=hole by Klappendorf, a bawling of color on green (:'You are ev'rything to me, 'cause I love you 'xclusiv'lee : Micaé=là=a=a'), in the afternoon lite. Very warm for the 1st of October (24° !) : little white clouds, pasturing themselves, ('The aviong's leaving trayls' Ann'Ev' remarkt; but Martina:'Aw c'mon. The wind's doing 0.o3; kdn't thro a bee from a buttercup.'); mountain ashes with red berries,(and simultaneously, very chic, high=uptop, on the new shoots,2 white umbels blossoming); the starlings have already migrated; and yet all about are the prettiest daysies : that lasts sometimes til November,and starts up again in February; Martina has broken off just such a tiny 'pakerett' with the buckle on the leather strap of her wooden=clogs (she moves with a rather long, clumsy stalk). So they come on up to the small bridge (beside which a new signpost has once again burst into blossom)./The [redacted] truckfull of cigars hurrying heartlessly along to somewhere./ Snake=eyed little girl, her skirt tuckt-up to her collarbone, admiring her double of darkness, a giant black chewing-gum bubble in front of her face (until, popping softly, it bursts and is suckt back in again);some 12 years old, demure, affected, shy; prepared the force of early powers to try. And rite behind her Pastor Layderhose, with pale religious fetchery; he cherubsim the tabernaked whippersnackle,with azure eyes of pry, from her regio poplitis, on up to the little=pointed deacond pears, designed for loving)./And so the two of them approach - beside them a white puppy that accompanies Ev'rybody over the bridge,(but never does Anybody harm); you spend him a kind word, and then he's very content - and lean against the railing, painted a brite green; and approvingly observe their reflections dancing there: the 'Major's brat',with cur de shvall (tied up with 2 'cherries', half lite-gray, half olive); her young, flourishing breasts in a thin sleevleece pullover; out from under her skirt a pair of long, firm (unfortunat'ly ever so slitely bow=)legs; in her hand a collapsible seat=cushion, with a handle to carry it,"it's more sociable=like" she declar'd when Ann'Ev' objected:"Don't need a posh - 't's only just a promenad." She=herself with yello hair hanging in odd disorder; there within large gray eyes, duskily rimmd; ill at ease she moves shoulders and pelvis - she's not us't to going around cloth'd, and looks about her : ? -

MARTINA (astonisht): " A 'bo'mansinnus' ?! " - (She kn have'Three Guesses'; a 'lamp' comes to mind :a 'bo'd=lamp'.Or a 'wastepaper=basket' ?...)

ANN'EV': " M=m. Some kindeva bridge saint : oNe=Pomucenus. - 's the path that runs on round the swimming=hole nam'd 'The Horshoe' ?; or d'you just call it that ? - Yah; I kd split a Heaven-Up with you. This's what I'd call heat, y sweat like a chorus girl n the confessional. But I havn't got ny money."

MARTINA: " No problem : comes from the house-shod gentlemen and eccentric=folk. Antik fello's who kn give y the names a the splotches on the moon; but otherwise simple-minded n prurient; y kn learn gerontology from those old codgers."

ANN'EV': " Yes; that's a weird menazh you'v got there : y give the mononk a bays, y get a soo. Tss; but I kn believe that you'v got a load t carry with those old undevelopt humans - they'r all convinst that sugar doesn't sweeten like it us't to. Those'r crooked and slipp'ry people, the ones around 5o=6o=7o; spineless unhuManlies, turning bad dispositions into worser habits."

MARTINA (provides a gen'ral survey, inaccurate but inspired): "Sometimes it makes me want t grow wings.Specially that desiccated werwolf, uncle Olmers : as old z Methushelach, with his fly always half-unbuttond : the lascivious monster's got a rubber=mate, 't's inflatable ! Gets his eternal funding from the gover'ment; n spends it for a subscription t 'Playboy', and t charter the neighborhood ten-year-olds [redacted] by the hour...? - : nah; 'retir'd head-librarian'; and 's got sufficient books with unchaste etchings. Sleep, Sin and Old Age : I'v got such n immeasurable aversion t that letch=lizard, I wdn't trust his shado."

(They promenade around, and slitely belo the level of, the pond. /Many a young longlegged lad whose palpable urge peeks out from his swim-trunks./ Flirty duodecimotrix : prickt by the lite, they bare their small=firm white=brown bottoms, all of them still dripping. A pinkish devilkin, painfully slender, who holds a tiny purplish towel [redacted] before her organelles in order to draw them to the attention of a budding Bayard. Splash and dash of [redacted] microbats, sprite-eyed and strewn with silversand, hedged by uncles./ A grayhaird beauty (one-piece bathing suit, but cleft to the clit) rubs cream on a pair of Atalantan thighs to ward off the sweet sun,(that her breasts fall free as she bends over is probably inexadorable - nevertheless a pale dwarf-ish child, without an inch of teat, immediat'ly thro's an angrystone at her : !). (Later, after she has disappeard into the water, a boy kneels with immotherat'ly vaguenal courrage before the impression left by her mitey butt in the sand; a site that revictualizes his fantasy - a strip-lingess, austere girlslenderity, long modern rearend with an extremely narro, sharply-notcht V, presst sour=tite, does not deign to give him 1 single kick.)/Hidden in the underbrush an elder Ononymous, wan demiman, practickly voyeurs himself to a cripple.

ANN'EV': "I know all about these pithless conversationalists : completely gaga. Need a cane even t get t sleep, n evidently can't find their way out a this world all on their own." ('if one of 'em gets fresh ?'):"Give him one with your talong, so that his carcass does a somersault. - 's that rite; n here I thought Olmers was your grampa. Then it's your father, the 'Major', who forks up the suée for the gover'ment ?"

MARTINA: " Well yes, guess y kn call him that. But don't think for a moment that those 3 oldsters 'r afraid a death : they'r all diabolic; fed up t here with living ! Sure they'r pedants who like t hear themselves talk; y know, conversations of the affluent, anent the existents of the unicorn,and the island of Atlantis, when possible in dead or otherwise remote languages; n what they don't know isn't even true. But as far z the present's concernd, Olmers (altho 'Doctor' t be sure) isn't the britest, and the Major's strictly naiveté incarnate. - ? - :Weelll, y see he isn't exactly my father;(just as Grete isn't really my mother)... ? -"

(They walk on further around the 'Horshoe'; on past the joyfull cries of young she-apes, wanting to be wanted, who find themselves confronted by a virtual phallanx of admirers, immature baboons,fixated on MAY, accustomd to peeling back the scalp of sev'ral red=men a day;(One of whom is circumsiz'd, and all the sheepieces stare at it). /[redacted] 'Dicks & Hairriettas' : One of the two bare=bouncers on the yiyatch -(ann'ev'ish for the playground seesaw)- jumps off howling that he's swallo'd an ice=scream=spoon : ! / Meanwhile

MARTINA (explains): "Imagine a young couple; with 1 daughter; that's me. / The wife dies. / And the husband marries posthaste : fat Grete. / Then for his part the husband dies; / and Grete,(with Me on her back),marries the Major - so I'm not exactly 'related' to either of 'em. -?- : Naah; he didn't lose both his legs in the war : wasn't til ten years ago; an explosion on the drill-field. -?- : Oh, He sits there quite contented with his papers n dockuments; only reads books by writers who also serv'd n the artil'rie : 's a HACKLÄNDER=specialist. Gets a nice pensiong, and watches soccer on television."

ANN'EV' (considering):" Then they'r Both not your real parents atall ?".(She nods=necks, earnest and thin : hmhm; 'The ashen gray uncle & the pale green aunt'):" And his thing is rehashing the war ?"

MARTINA (confirmative): " Uh-húh; when ev'rybody ran around without his head screwd on, bumming a choo a taback. - Nah[redacted];for the most part He's t'rrific'ly good-natur'd;(course he kn bitch too, til the precious angels have t tuck their feet in behind the clouds; but then :'there is more than ample lack of evidence that military men may be good and reasonable citizens'.) And he's got good reason too, what with the five=star=shrew !"

ANN'EV' (slo'ly): " Oh I see; then a course I'll shongzhier my opinion. Yet another instants, then, of Dismal Wedlock playd out as perpetual soap op'ra. But on thother hand - not that I kd like Her n the least ! - a husband with no legs ? And at 55 they'v all given their milk : doesn't she possess some one good trait or two ?"

MARTINA (defiant): " Can't recall 'em : I wish She were about z far away as a sputnik kn fly in 2 years, n then some. No sir; just like there'r pills t prevent children, there ought t be some t prevent parents : either she's gonna be ground up t make Alpo pretty soon, or there's as much justice n heaven as there is at city hall. (By the way, n case you'r alewding t 'that', the Major's got a rod like n oak tree.)"

(She leads the way for Ann'Ev' - while She offers up for her reflection that husbands of Xanthippies almost always become impotent when cunfronted by the gnarling bitches : the more they behold of those teeth, the more reluctant the subconscious gro's; 't's possible, y know, that now & then there 'r other men that she - [redacted] on across the 'Anemone-Meadowlet', to the small stone=fitting out of which water from the 'deep-bore' gurgles)

MARTINA: " Y kn see the house thru the trees from here. In summer Olmers sometimes sits on the roof for hours n stares at people swimming over here : cobwebs hanging on his skull, and inside ideals creeping on snakes' feet; the veins on the backs of his hands 'r reddish worms; an old faithless skin=man, with n enlargement factor of 6o. (The Major's got a surveyor's telescope too; 'm afraid [redacted] for similar purposes.) " (She sighs):" Int'resting p'r'aps; but disagreeable z well : these twisted minds with petrified senses; their noses markt by the pads a their glasses; wrinkly faces t top off strange flabby bellies, remembering erections of yore. - We'v got a swimming-club at school, too : 'SUB AQUA'."

ANN'EV' (confirmative):" Yes, he's strictly nongdikasser;(and z I'v already learnd only too well, the name's Olmers). Tss, the most inhuman boys often end up old n gray - that is,if they don't dye their hair - sit there, n chat out a their ass-holes,(or at most listen t the newswaves from London). Ahwell : few people live at present, but are providing to live later on; when y come down to it, We have t walk on two feet too and our hands 'r stuck on t the ends of our arms. ' But y really havn't mucheva choix, have you ? : 's the third one likewise a tender mussyur ?"

MARTINA ('andfro alle man and wight/is som devowt and som is wik'): "Anyway, I'm indebted t the lazylords for the most charming library, n if a rare-book dealer ever got a look at my old editions he'd go out of his mind : not a one but what has a good 1oo=2oo years behind it ! RABENER and HOLBERG, PFAFF and MICHAELIS, the BATTUECAS or the HISTORY OF LORD

CLEVELAND, NATURAL SON OF CROMWELL' : sometimes I even picture myself already bound in half-calf. - By the way, we kn go for a swim here this evening too - after dark; when the place's emptyd out : there'll be moonlite t'nite."

(Walking on they inspect sev'ral more young=female scholars : a little Isoline, lustily adildolescing tward maidenhood;(at first she merely hides herself behind her hands; then,as a defents against the leers of her elders,she buries herself in the sand). / A shark-babe, her small modest rear a lively rustred, fastend her bikini FOR SINNERS ONLY in such a way that her handseemen breasts became menacingly pointed, and she resembl'd one of the most gracefull devils that the Genius of Onanism has e'er conceiv'd./ Whereupon a young lad passt his urine all foaming before her : the nicely sprouting grass conceals the dangerous vulf.

ANN'EV' (as they stroll on): " Lit'rature holds no charms for me 'nymore. - But listen : on the one hand y tell me you'r the runt a the litter and oppresst worsen any serf; n then on thother I discover they handle you like some fine china=doll : ?."

MARTINA: "Nothing kd be reconcil'd more easily : the masters are gallant, chivalrous, munificent... - oh ! -"(suddenly she pulls her shoulders back a little):" My bra's come unhookt..."

ANN'EV': " Your boyfriend 's thinking about you - here, lemme help."

(They move into the underbrush at the edge of a small clump of trees; and Ann'Ev' slips both forearms up under the sweater; she studies the fast'ner with her fingertips...and says while she works)

ANN'EV': " Say, you'r really well-developt. - There's no need for sighs; or havn't y had 'ny succès with the boys ?"

MARTINA (as she steps back into the open): " Ah, my boyfriend, now that's something of a catastrophe. You'll have to advise me sometime; 'cause I'm not gonna let those olladies get even a distant glantsinto the Jerusalem o' my Heart. "(She shakes her head & purses her lips; then):" As far z the men go ? y kn get along with them easy 'nough; specially with A&O. -?- : n uncommonly=good person; there's much - or then again maybe nothing atall - t tell about his modus vivendi : lives in his bookcase so t speak and's [redacted] astigmatic besides. Still completely unmarr(y)d, and sings in a high=bass. When I was little he'd always try t convints me : that when making a fire he had put some mysterious substants, 'Ringolette', on it t produce a special beautif'ly=curld yello smoke - "(she sighs once more):" Betimes I wish he were of somewhat less advanst years. And lo, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. - Noo; but t return t the ladies : even as a barefut child I had t fulfill maternal duties for myself; 'cause the way I'v been mistreated by my sev'ral parents stinks t high=heaven ! Above all it's this Grete that hardens my heart : if she were z tall as she is dumb, she kd kiss the moon; sadly, however, I'm legally related to her...?:Me ? a 'rantipole' ?! The White Sheep a the fam'ly, that's me ! (and 'grateful' ?): Gratitude's one a the most difficult of virtues, n I turn sour even on the easy ones. 'Grateful' for what ? : they chase y out a bed at halfpast 8 in the nite,(n call it 'morning brite', so as t give y a double thrill); n then rite-now y have to appear suited up for work : fan the fire, clean the cat's nose, comb m'lady's tresses; Saints Grumble & Spit 'r my patrons all the year thru; if moren 5 people [redacted] drop in on any given day, they bitch about the toomultuous mob : 't's enough t make y vertiginous ! Ah well, all this and much more is heapt upon the virtuous - but I'v long since returnd from the realms of the sublime. Enfin: if I were given permission t scratch Hér eyes out ? - I'd let my nails [redacted] gro just for that."

ANN'EV' : " Ahhyes; with stepparents it's 2 times good and 3 times nix : whenever they start in griping, bring your most childlike face out a storage : say, 'yes', and then laugh. - And this 'Asta' ? 's she kindhearted ?"

MARTINA: " [redacted] 'mong other things: but it's a pretty renigging kind a kindness. Just one a those people : misprizes moonlite and the fine arts : 'Far side of fifty with [redacted] a mitey set of buns'; sails under the flag a 'housekeeper' and s'mothers z well."

ANN'EV' (confirmative): "Uh-húh; 's One a those who's good for carrying the heavy pots."

(In the meantime they'v arriv'd at the other end of the 'Horshoe', where it bends back onto the road; and they glants back once more, thoughtlessly : the girl-colord abdomens / before which boys dants their bicycles / how shallo the air moves today / a whole squadrone of children; and all of them of-f'ring their throats to the sun.)

ANN'EV': " Those who would be neither holy nor damned come onto The Green Meadow... -."

Scene 2

(A long path, now a turn to the rt; at first another 2oo paces of tar-ribbon - and here comes a FORD too, drap't with 6 (six !) brite-colord collapsible boats; indignantly they beat a dusty retreat - to the lf, plowd fields,(a field-handess has entrusted her small child to a tangle of brush'n'twigs); beyond that, pasture : the well-bred steer gazes their way for a while. [redacted] To the rt, a broad chain of ponds,(:"That one over there's the fisherman's house: of n ev'ning y kn see his lite from our place."). / At the fork in the path, the extra=primitive bench :a piece of a tree=trunk halv'd lengthwise, resting on two rough trunk=slices; the bench is mutely examin'd : ? -

MARTINA: " A good dozen of 'em lying around; for the tourists : during the season they spruce up certain meado's with fresh hay ev'ry 8 days. - But we'r headed this way, further along the sand-path : no moren 2ooo paces; just t the 'Spindler Shed'. Rite thru the motliest uncountry : sweet summer wildEdeness; trees in their lov'ly rough smocks a bark; at one spot

there's a rather curious ruffly echo : how'r you at walking ?";('m only asking on accounta your heart).

ANN'EV': " Not good not bad - it'll do for this world. After all the sun's shining; so Our shado's 'll come along too, n that'll make Four of Us."

MARTINA (reassuringly):" Oh, y kn chants a walk in intrepid solotude thru these woods, 'every holt and heeth' - the food at home 'll give y a paunch if y don't." (Coaxing):" I'm not afraid, even if Nobody comes."

ANN'EV' ('afraid' !?) : " Then you sure don't know much about Our Way of Life. - Besides, at one time I was a cheftaine, with the geeds; the'brown branch'. "

(A rivulet, slurping along, loses itself in the bushes,(so as to murmur something for them, too - they already have the Yello Disease; We happen to live in a country that has now a green= now an ice=age). / In the distants a loden-clad female slinks by, under the firry hangings, weapon in hand,'the exploditions of a huntress'. / Martina, a late-blooming spray of forget-me-not in her mouth,points & explains)

MARTINA: " That roof way over=there - do y see it ? The poplars tward the middle ? :n just t the rite of it - that's Kalten=Hagen. - ?- : not that the place 'd arouse anyone's int'rest : one isolated house after the other;(they communicate with bugle calls). Nothing ever doing;(they still sit on a pole t do their business there !). The younger kids keep their books in a 'school-crate', n then use it for a sled n winter."

ANN'EV' (nodding): " We'v got places like that, too : Pont de Misère, listen; that's a town consisting of exactly 1 farm. And up north - where y start getting into the Ardenn', y know?; around Trois Vierges; there it's awf'ly bleak : elevation 's almost 6oo meters." (She stretches prettily):" AaahH ! Here y kn still breathe."

MARTINA (Cook's-steering on): "This path here ends up in Querlequitsch : remarkable for the honesty of its women, who scorn all artificial bodily appendages...-?-:why from 'querel[redacted]arum/quies' ! kn anything be more obvious ? : y need only omit the letters 'e' and 'arum', n change the 'ies' into 'itsch' - there's a woman n the village who fell out with her relatives n America 'cause they sent her a GIFT=package. 'The Green Hunters of Querlequitsch' 's sortev grisly proverbial : they often find corpses there that havn't decayd atall, in green (moldy) clothes,n with long white beards;(why the grave-diggers, of course). - Watch out, get away from that electric=fents ! -?-:oh, 't's alot worsen barbwire;[redacted]The shock isn't just 'nasty', that's high=tension.[redacted] The vet was telling Olmers thother day about how a farmer was climbing over it n toucht it with his [redacted] nutshell' : keeld rite over;lips all blue - (then they started in whisp'ring;but I understood it anyway) - 'cookt his balls', 'rippt rite off' ! And they say it kn happen if a man just takes a leak on it."

ANN'EV' (apologizing):" I only wanted t get a closer look. -"(dreamfully):" Hey look : there's a pavot still n bloom. -?-'Pierre=Anatole=Victor=Oscar=Thérèse'."

(They stand there for a moment, honoring the small red poppy. Behind it - via meado'green,woods-end, dustbluegray horizon - in the distants a cloud of smoke (heavy vapor?) is rising ! -:? -)

MARTINA (breaks into abuse): " That's just got t be in Dackhull ! -?- :a locality as debaucht as it is near-by; full a tav=cist=erns : all the girls trusst up in coalblack, from gullet to rump(s). Nothing but magicians and bellyachers,(a/o =dancers) : 'Their women are fools, and their children wicked : cursed be that which is borne of them !'. The unr=i=e=verd environs 'r fulla movie houses with nasty films; and, z if that weren't enough, they'v even got a ghostly windmiller ! All of 'em, from 7 to 7o, kn be found at the affair; even tho they'r all well aware, that whoever's caught in the adultrous act gets his rearend powderd with quicklime, (and s'mother things too)."

(They stand and watch the distant fiery cloud : how it changes color=shape;gro's white, and es-capes to one side; rises up anew (gray!) - A shaking of heads)

MARTINA: " Over=there on the convent farm 's where Julila and the Lemon live -?-:from Clementine :'she was light and like a fairy';(they 'r girls I ride t school with."(she sighs):"How oft must I still be jostl'd on my way t Celle in that rail=com=mu=bus=ter. -"

ANN'EV': " Oh, y commute ev'ry day on your velo. And then leave it at the gare ? - I know all about lycée girls; (n fact I attended the Lycée [redacted] Filles, on the Boulevard Emmanuel Servais;plus n ev'ning course in the Atheneum be-sides). You in the première already ? Do y like it ?"

MARTINA (a bit flatterd=embarrasst;quickly): " (Notchet, notchet; in a coupla years)." (And 'like it' ?!):"Bout z much as I like my thumbnail parings ! On the goad from mórning til evening. 'n even if it weren't such an Unsane Asylum,half Mendel= half Trygvason; but they have n incredible knack for making the simplest matters incomprehensible, and Latin 'll rèally make n idiot of you ! They try intimidating one with hist'ry dates from before the days a William the Conquestor; with foggy ambiguous questions about 'sulfUric salts' - I'm pulling a D in chem : it all turns out t be a 'chalky white precipitate' anyway, the whole anallytickle method."

ANN'EV' (nodding in sympathy) " 'Henri l'Oiseleur' : y mean, it wdn't be any great perte if all of that knowledge were t be lost."

MARTINA (with conviction): "No angel kd give me a nicer gift ! - At the same time they teach us French from n an-thology that comes to a halt at [redacted] the year 191o; and I know z little about Proust and Sartre as does that kite up there n the sky !" /("a milang-",says Ann'Ev' in corroboration. They watch,the way it circles there.)/

MARTINA continues:" 'tanyrate, it's beneath my contempty; and Fia -?-: 't's actually 'Sophia';(rides the train too[redacted]; dur-ing class she sleeps for Us) - when she's got a cup a wine in her, n they start in again interrogating all too deceptiv'ly,

(the wightes)
upon the mountes they lepe
as weren they ferse dwerges;
thurgh a wilde dale they goon
bothe deep and narwe;
they fahre many wilde wente
ystrawed with stile and hegge,
thurgh many straunge wyldness
and eke in unkouth playne
(martina 126 d,93-1oo)

una caterva de pillos y embusteros ! (ladrones y incendiarios)

She tells the whole faculty rite t their faces : that those'r mere formalititties; n that her young charms shudder at the site of facts that go back over too thousand years...(?)-:oh, an ugly one kn tolerate : her breasts don't make such n amiable impression anymore,(the globes 'r already too fat !);and her rear's not the most unsullyd either. - But t come back t me : I havn't the least desire t be an aquabyss of sagacity, n I take good care that I don't become too learned; 'cause he who knows alot must work alot;(and he who works alot goes downhill). I only feel at my best actually when I ban-ish all excess thought : forget a great deal; don't even notice many things; avoid thinking overmuch about things close at hand - "(more censorious):" And when it all kd be presented so much more persuasiv'ly ! When I start cursing all those dinosauric names they try t drub into our heads, then [redacted] A&O says 'masquerades from the primeval festivals of life' - and with a title like that it almost becomes bearable again, don't y think ?"

ANN'EV' (nodding): " Seslà. But let's have done with the mistery : what's His profession ? (I'll find out anyway, if I want to : the Supernal Fates are not to be decipherd; but the Mundane are an open book; and for more than two years now [redacted] I'v had the gift of prophecy laid upon me.)"(The inscrutafool divinerty squints with cryptic lightning of her eyes and flutters her fingerlashes; she speaks):"Ostensibly I am here; so it appears, so it must appear -(:Nor, by the way, are you always there where your body's sojourning !) - but the name of Ann'Ev' is much calld upon - in all worlds - and I don't always know when=if I shall come again;(many varied voices voice I through my mouth) -"(she brings a bit more disorder to the tangle of yello hair on her head, and draws the brown shutters before her gray owl=eyes. Opens them once more; and says unperturbd):"There are 2 men coming tward us."

(whereupon Martina, who has watcht her with int'rest, declares that incident'ly she's a bit of a mystic herself[redacted];has, however, a dégoût for the Last Things; and that a poor creature such as herself neither has a conception of nor wd know what to do with them; but that above all else, she's been traind - by the 3 oldsters in fact - to entertain an honest aversion both to the gobbledygook of KANT and above all to holy instriction à la Jehovah et Co : that GOd is a will-err-the-wisp; that these Messiasses were a plague upon their times; and that Holy Writ's a litterary johnre. She continues blithely)

MARTINA: " Don't ever read the Bibullif y don't want t be robbd a your faith : what goes on in just the 1st Book a Moses reads like the Marquis de Sade. And n the opinion of all the best experts, being a Christian and an idiot 'r so far from being mutually exclusive, that Bertel Thorwaldsen kd shout his contempt at Slickermacher [redacted] :'How can anybody be a theologian !'. Húh-úh : if you did not have your body, you would lose your mind !"

ANN'EV' (disparaging): " 'hu=hu=hu=hu !' : 4 times hu : and by that alone does a maxim refute itself. Religion is not a scients;(why shdn't there be sév'ral True Religions ?). Tss; human behavior's gro'n so atrocious, that when one calls upon God, it's gen'rally the devil who answers... -?-: No ! I myself am a goddess !;(n not just onev your Kitty-Knaetzels either !). -"(is taken aback, however, and stops still : !-): " 'krenongdepeep ! - : is that ever a mess !..."

even an OCCAM once put it down in writing : that there can be several Perfect Beings;that several First Causes of all things can be conceived of.

(WIND-DAMAGE from November 13, '72 ! A stormfront from the W, bar. pressure 723 : within 3 hours hundreds of miles of forest ruind, from Belgium on into GDRium ! / A jumble of trunks : broken off at a height of 3=4 meters. Giant knobs of torn-up roots : lying there, as if mo'd down. Ev'rything tempest=stripped. The forests ruind for at least the next 3o years. / (?) -: most of it already sawn up into meter logs; cordons 4o=5o m long, stackt up 1.2o high. Almost none of it useable for cabinet-work; because the grain fibres have been torn; and furniture made from it, even planking, creaks and [redacted] groans too noticeably;(just rite for 'announcing oneself' as in GOETHE and CG JUNG)

MARTINA: " I hardly made it home !; trees were lying ev'rywhere across the roads. And there wasn't any 'lectricity for three days. Houses started losing their roofs. At our place the tv antenna was snappt off too; and worst of all 3 a the finest spruces n the yard were broken off; 1 yello plum uprooted : y kn still see the traces on the Scotch pine, t the rite a your barrel: The plants are always the ones who suffer. Tss."

ANN'EV' (slyly): " 's that acquir'd or reveald knowledge ?"(A&O, rite ?):"Does this road run on straight & even like this much further ?"(Not that I'm exactly tir'd; but the way back afterwards in this heat.[redacted]She sniffs the air, she mut-ters):" Spirits-o'-conifer..."

(And the air has gro'n perfectly still on the woodland path : to the rt a spare gro'th of Scotch pine; a coupla smaller firs and junipers, partially crusht by fallen trunks (that have since been dragged away), stand there quite unhappily : so free [redacted] at last ! / To the lf [redacted] some boundless conti-guity of shade. The old spruce, nodding to its fall for 5o years now. A small brown butterfly flies up at their feet; and lands again, only 3 steps further ahead - and once more up :only 3 baby-steps further -?- til Ann'Ev' scolds him saying :"Stupid fello. Fly on the ritehand side." (And that's what he does.)

ANN'EV': " There'r various kinds of intelliGents; and y have t chat diff'rently with each one. -?-:Oh, not atall; 't's a nice healthy monotony here." (Apropos 'absolutely nix'):"I was born in Garnich : Garnich on the Mamer. I was a preemy, n they laid me aside for dead. (And lo n behold, here I am, come back like a gutter-ball, huh?)."(She branches off=out into the underbrush): "Beautiful fern. :when the shoots 'r still very delicate & rolld-up, some people cook 'em, in water : tastes like asparagus. - :Hey, what's popptinto your little tett ?"

MARTINA: " I was just thinking : how pleasant this is, We=Two just here with Us. I'm n opponentess a these 'coed=schools' : just girls by themselves 's so much freer. -?-:húh-úh; Nothing but=[redacted] girls in our class. But then there's Denise and Vicki; there'r about 12 immature standa#=mannikins mixt in with them; n They vouch for the fact : since then there's just no first=great true love anymore ! That from up=close one kn observe only too well the fatuousness and immaturitia the ugly brats; n then there were sev'ral that got fresh rite away, n started sho'ing off their peters under the desk; and wdn't stop follo'ing 'em n screaming 'Vicki-Vuck'.And some a the dirtier girls went along with 'em; were feeling each other up - two of them already have babies at 15 - Bertrade takes 'the pill' z a precaution, has got big, fat, n shapeless from it, and can't stand t look at a man anymore,(doesn't feel a thing there anymore either)...(?): Oh, my conscients 's as peace-

able z this forest. Naturally one has one's tribulaytions, n it's not rare for us t carry on the most unedifying colloquies about the stork - Who kn think of anything else when they mention 'Pipin the Short' ?; y needn't be any sortev special maculate virgin for that -" (She sighs): "But the tales some a my girlfriends have t tell tsss - many doubtful things, and all of them appalling : Hyuuee, Barby whimperd ! and then said :' He who be able, doth no wrong to flee from love.' (And then moren likely a little bullying accessory-after-the-fact; I think I'd pop my cork. No sir; n that case 't's better t put one's head between one's ears n start cramming 'Richard of York gained battles in vain.' -(?)-:Why, so y kn remember the colors a the rainbo: red=orange=yellow;green=blue;indigo=violet' (And you'v got some English hist'ry thro'n in)." (Resignd now, she falls silent.)

ANN'EV': " You'r doing all rite ! - But it's true enough : where there's shang, there's no plezier. Besides which, in schools a that sort there's no way justice can reign : first there'r the rèal sneaky cultur'd=young=ladies who play distaff for the men teachers. (And secondly there'r professorettes who systematic'ly use boys t carry the blue-books home for them - which has its inevitable affect on the grading.) Ah well; there'r plentia people who 'r evil in society, but virtuous in solitude." (:?-: and vice versa, sure : a certain moral deficiency's inherent in man, otherwise he wd not be man. And mania deed kn be good=evil. She grimaces, and contorts her limbs, somewhat ugly : !).

MARTINA (sympathetic): " - : What's wrong ? - 's it your heart ? -"(she lays a polite=affectionate hand on AE's arm:?)

ANN'EV': " Those lines bother me. The 'high-tension' kind : I kn sents them blindfolded ! -".

MARTINA: " Just 2o steps more; then we kn sit down."...

Scene 3

(the 'SpindlerShed' : a wooden hut; there where the path to Kalten=Hagen turns off at a rite angle from the one to Querlequitsch. Barely 2 meters long; 1.8o high : a bit of timberwork, boarded with pine planking; the whole of the little roof slitely gabl'd. Next to it a metal utility=pole,(because the path takes a 15° turn to the north; all other poles have been (and then become again) of wood). At the front corner, chaind pretentiously to it, a large litterbasket. / Eyeing it expertly, they walk allround it. Ann'Ev' checks out the gable planking with her fist :'!-:!', mhm. Round about them, the admittedly badly ravag'd, but still lov'ly woods?)

ANN'EV': " Hey, this 's the cottóng !; y kd spend the nite in there ! -".

MARTINA (happily joining in on the fantasy): " The lady on the bench; the gentleman on the ground..?"

ANN'EV': " Or thother way round. We don't have a valéase; and we'v cast off a good [redacted] 1,ooo prejudices along the way. -(?):I want t move on or stay put just z I please. Joy usually lies over behind the hawthorn at the roadside : a pretty plate doesn't fill one's tummy. - C'mon; let's sit inside; [redacted] the sun's got just the angle for it."

(So they seat themselves : playing legs,with brite colord things. / Before them a bit of woods in the buff;(trunkated debris ev'rywhere !);then fringes of pine again. / A rabbit comes hurrying along from KaltenHagen; rolls himself in the sand. On his back. And cuts figures with his legs like a cat. /(In honor of a magpie, they make up a nosegay of heather and wild rosemary.). / Martina has dangl'd the sandals off her feet; and thoughtfully rubs the dirt from between her tender toes with her fingertips. They let their feet be gilded gratis by the evening sun. For Ann'Ev' is holding her flats in her hand, too; inspects them critic'ly and hums the while,(to the tune of 'Winter [redacted] ahDew').

'Cobbler Boubou,
mend up my shoe
with little nails for
trimming,
so when I dance I'm
skimming...'

-(?)- listlessly)

ANN'EV': " I wear my shoes til they fall apart. (Only the fool has a change a clothes.). We'r not at home out on the pavé,(like with a lota groups !); We roam from forest t forest.

-(?)-: Bien sûre : the zhandarem has us all in his kalpeng." (She bends over;and picks up a discarded garter-snap from the floor : People'v been here before us. She sniffs at it, her nose wrinkl'd-up :?):"Hasn't serv'd n the finest surroundings either."(She flicks it disdainfully across the path. As if incident'ly):" So you'r all part of an enlightend household are you ? :'solace sought he none from priest nor leech' (like Lara) - ahwell;nowadays it sounds almost snobbishif y kn quote from the Bible."

MARTINA (eagerly): " Hey, don't get the wrong idea : those'r knovagonal creatures ! : Olmers 's got a rosary, amber, and there's a diff'rent insect trappt in ev'ry bead;(and a pipe with the 'Virgin of Moerl' carv'd on [redacted] the bo'l !) -(?)-: no=no !all good=cath'lic products : manufactur'd for [redacted] pilgrims, 'Stature of Our Lord' n such."(a strip a paper representing the length of Christ's body, with prayers printed on it : to be stretcht over the patient. She goes on livelier now):" They read y the pertinent material out loud, in tongues !:sounds, terrible, like the devil in a play. -(?)-: 't's entirely a mattera degrees : the Major's completely indiff'rent, your typical mercenary and artill'rist. A&O extracts the poetical for himself out of ev'rything;considers, treats even the Holiest Scriptures as but a branch a literature. Olmers 's the wickedest : wd'v carryd the box a nails when they crucifyd Our Lord! Listen, he knows lives a saints that'd make y want t put your hands over your ears;(n kn sho y all of it in print : that Pope Clement 14th,Ganganelli, was in reality a journeyman tailor, nam'd Johann Lange from Bunzlau; y'd splitagut); húh-úh, I mean he doesn't know a Sunday from a Friday. -(?)-: M=m; well y kdn't call 'em your real 'prisoners of God'either"(the two older ladies namely):" if need be Grete=Mama 'll do something god-fearing on occasion,(t hold the charlatans in check); but Asta's more sortev Lower=Saxon=cold, y know;

with a straight-face she kn declare:'a good pastor has to be able t change the direction a the wind.' "

ANN'EV'(at first she smiles a little; and then goes back to looking straight ahead thru her hair): "'t's easy enough t talk about it while we sit here like in the Café 'POURQUOI PAS' on the Rue Zitay. - (Do y know the 'Gospel of Eve' ? A kindev gnostic text.) - And what mite be your own particular opinion on the subject ?;(n not just when dandelions 'r in bloom ; in winter z well, when the whole northern hemisphere's mildewing): what do y think a ChrisCrispies ?"

'In heaven as one knows
and as experience shows,
there is a shady spot,
that's called 'Wellthenwhynot'
(SPITTELER,'OLymp.Spring')

MARTINA (after she's [redacted] had her Whatsthatwhatthatis explaind): "In gen'ral I regard the book n question as but mediocre : the NT 's too bigoted for my taste; (n all 12 apostles lumpt tgether didn't know half z much about America as I do)... '(?)-: But, listen, that is n argument ! He who believeth simply knoweth not ! - Nah; the OT's more fun : take the boatswain's yarn about Jonah; and the first chapters of Ezekiel read like the landing of a spaceship;(follo'd then by his symbolic contemplation (=summation?) a the siege & capture of Jerusalem : nothing but compulsiv'ness, and asceticism in good Indian fashion !)." (She crosses her legs with delotus.)

ANN'EV' (appreciativ'ly): " You'r not in bad shape ! - Hmhm; them's strong hypositions. I'll admit : the trees of the forest gro, and they go not to confession. (Or does your mouth merely say things whereof your heart knows naught ?)"

MARTINA (gayly): " That'd be a wicked thing for my mouth t do. (And onev Olmer's adages always goes :'The fello 's an unbeliever ? : ah, then y kn trust his ev'ry word !'. But at the moment I'm not so turnd on by absolutes(or spirituals)): I'd rather We talkt about Us -"(coaxing):" How old 'r you then exactly ?"

ANN'EV' (unflinching): " Sho me your watch - ? - : 21 years 3 months 3 hours and 6 minutes. (?)': m=m; 'm not teasing. - Now yóu tell me : how come this 's calld the 'SpindlerShed';('t's a fam'ly joke, isn't it ?)."

(and M tells how the name originated with Olmers & Grete,(brother'n'sis) : for it was here one day that A&O had run on about a certain SPINDLER. And besides there was an inn by the same name on the RidgeRoad in the RiesnGebirge, between Schneekoppe and Hoher Rad,(not far from Agnetendorf,where Gerhart Hauptmann...))

MARTINA: " A&O found a piece of a beam from the timb'ring round at the back a this gingerbread-house, n took it with him. -(?)-: So what; Ev'rybody's out of date n one way or another;(most folks n fact in sev'ral). -";(Suddenly she straightens her back; and starts to sway back & forth from the waist up, getting a fix on -:?-?-):" Hey. Someone's coming."

ANN'EV' (calmly):" 2 men ? - Well, I said that [redacted] just a few minutes ago : what d'they look like ?";(since,from where she's sitting,she can't see back down the path tward Kalten Hagen).

MARTINA (describing): "Onev 'em's unnecessarily tall, a regular chaumigrem, (and 's got a yard-long stride t match) : one arm's bare, with a monstrous club attacht to it;(reminds y of Excalibur)." (She ducks her head for a better view-:?): "'s wearing what looks like a coal-sack. Almost think I'v seen him before (or maybe onev his close relatives), in Grimm's fairy tales."(She growls disapproval):" Damn short too ! - In comparison thother one's fitted out like in a Sears'n'Roebuck catalog; altho even he's got no moren a kindev academic gown on;(but at least it reaches his ankles) : pushing some sorteva wheelbarro. - :?."

ANN'EV' (nodding knowingly):" That's the Bastard Marwenne,(the tall one), he wears a kindeva hooblang: y ought t see him lift boulders; he kn break a plate-glass door just by knocking : 1 whack a that crosse; n y kn hear bells ringing from 7 neighb'ring mairees !"

MARTINA:"And may it be the devil's own clan. - "(She watches still more closely :?; indignant):" Que vedo ! What do I see : what's that sticking out down belo... It beats all creation : what a barbarous utensil !"

ANN'EV' (soothingly):" You'll have to over=look that. (I know, it's so big he kn never get it into one a those duckcans they use in hospitals;(and of truly standalous length, 'tis true)). By the way, he's a divinity too,(knows [redacted] neither fear nor joy) : whenever he yawns it's a sign he's spoken with other gods - don't y like him ?"

MARTINA(resolutely):"Noo; I'd just z soon hug the Great Bear ! (And as far z the yawning goes, [redacted] according t that, the gods and I 'r engag'd in permanent conversation : what gruesome d'tails !)."

ANN'EV' (quickly; for the Two are already rather close): "The other one's Egg : a man of letters and the historian of our group; space=citizen, n replete with mimic arabesques;(from a very old familia drinkers !) -"(to calm her):" You need have no fear."

MARTINA (offended):" Wdn't think of it !" -

(meantime the two strangers have come so close, that they can be heard. BM's rawssian bass :"...promist 3 miles ago !". Egg at first simply whistling in a strange melodaway. They come to a halt at the north gable of the 'SpindlerShed'.)

EGG: "'How ought I conduct myself in a Magic Forest ?' : tss, one is struck by 4 boards and 2 slats. Small enough t pinch your nose in, tho inhabited; we did see that much."(shrugging his shoulders):" P'r'aps 't's a john.) Ah well : 'Let us knock!', as the visitors always say in old comedies. (If they are ladies, I take it you'r quite prepar'd ?)."

BASTARD MARWENNE :" I swear by the glass-cutter ! I am !";(as at one time they must have spoken in Sparta).

EGG (sticks his head around the corner :?-,- and jumps back at the site of Ann'Ev's hand rais'd threat'ningly :! Then laughing, he [redacted] thro's up his hands, and shouts):" Comrade ! Comrade !". (He steps forward,(at the same time pushing a lite two-wheeld barro; which is riggd with a sail in case of fav'rable winds.)To BM:'Our Goddess of Sundust !'):"Albo dies notanda lapillo !";(again to the Bastard):" Wêll ? : What 'd I tell you about my hunch ?!"

BASTARD MARWENNE :" Nothin' !". (Hair around his ankles like Beelzebuck; he scratches himself rough'n'raw. It's a good 2 handbreadths from eyebrow to eyebrow, each as thick as your thumb; eyes small & brimmd red at the corners; and halitosis like the blessed Hunter of the Palatinate - he has pickt up Martina's scent and emits a sort of brunting sound :'!' ?)

ANN'EV': "Controll yourself ! The young lady's name's Martina; is only 15; and it is not permitted t pay her cour in any fashion whatsoever : you=two kn behave like Lacroix's bagaazh elsewhere."/(Then,because BM surls with his teeth :!)/:

" What do you want ?! :'Humanity be damnd' ? -";(she holds her gray eyes on his steady=waterblues for 1 moment :!- Then, calm again):"Try changing the record. "(to Egg):" How'd things go by you ?; fifty-fifty ?" "(reassuringly to Martina):"He comes up with some real whimsifull notions at times. Kn lie, however, worsen the tailleur just off the Rue Wagram -(?)-: He was the one who claimd the Grand Duc let no one but him turn his coats n riding-britches."

(Martina politely extends her good wishes upon this occasion./ Meanwhile Marwenne thro's himself onto the grass; with staff and rough pouch, like a sylvan hermit. / And Egg, whistling rarditjes once more, rummages thru his worldly goods under the tarp;-,-; and pulls out a flask of kirsch,'to counter boredom')

EGG: " Magnificent drinking weather ! "(he gazes apprehensiv'ly at the tiny bit that's left :?):" Are there any human settlements n the vicinity ? - we'v been walking along round non-about ways for a good hour now : the land yields but one fruit, pinecones; at nite one kn hear, from the distants of sev'ral hours on=foot, the barking of farmers' dogs...-(?): why certainly : in the Hôtel de la Belle Étoile." (add ''s where we slept'. He gazes at what's left, shaking his head;-; and then finally :chugs it ! - He continues): "We arriv'd n the neighb'ring village by overcast, somewhat warmish weather - methinks I'v walkt 'pon smoother paths ere this ! - and since the pastor was holding confirmation class in the inn, I succeeded in gath'ring a lov'ly etym of the 'con'=group: concerning hymnals as an abnormal substrate for etyms. 'tanyrate it cost us no little toil t find you : do I not bear n astonishing dissemblants to a man gone astray ?"(He whistles; and observes his shado, as if he envyd it its comf'table position.)

MARTINA (to Whom he has half-directed these last words, incredulous): " Lost ? In the Wilderness of Foehr ? : one wd have t go about that véry cleverly !"(she mutters):" Queerish eyes. -"

EGG (a bit irkt):" Nomads upon the tundra of error : that is Our Fate ! "(sparcastic):" But, since your young ladyship is so wise, you most assuredly will recognize this : ```^^^``-"(he whistles an opera-motif. :?)

MARTINA (who has listend patiently):" One more time : that last little curlycue..."

ANN'EV' (skeptical):" Y won't be able t figure it out, y know; we'v tested it on 4o people already : taken partly out of old theater manuscripts; or it's something he's invented himself;('cause he has a grand aptitude for prevarication !)."

MARTINA (businesslike): " That's by AUBER. 'The White Caps', rite ?"

EGG (thunderstruck): " Wow !; doesn't happen t me very often ! - OK; We'll set things t rites again at - once... -"

(HE roots around in the shallo barro - :/:a jocous piece of attire. A jester's rodlet. A little clump of moss;(a souvenir from the nether-cleft of an abus'd statue of Venus). A stone, which he identifies as 'graywacke from Jan Mayen. A piquant pipe : long, thin stem, tiny bo'l. 1 fourth of a share in the lottery,('Only a five-digit win n the lottery kn help us now, or the discov'ry of a good-siz'd treasure')...)

ANN'EV': " Y needn't make a big shangfuh now;(y kn do that later) : sho her your books. "(Explaining to Martina): "You see, he really is something of a writer : sortev an international sticky-finger." (And then again to Egg): " Exert yourself. She's gro'n up with books (and book people). So no big song'n'dants for an intro : !-"

and EGG (delited): " Aha! will there be a duel ? : sedinility vs. vagility ? By Doederlein ! Between Us, We who are but pilgrims wending from site= to site= to sity, sin hoy ni mañana - and the torpid self-complacency of old farts, snoozing on tward dusty destinations ?! -(?):n you'v been put up in a mitey barrel ? : well now,if thàt isn't a good omern ..."(he reaches into a cardboard carton, once white and now bound up, not without care, by twine...

(meantime the Bastard Marwenne stretches out his hairy feet; and rubs one eyebrahme jinngerly;/ Ann'Ev' leans back; with a melancholy fatal ease,(as if she'd been druggd with the serenity of poppyseeds)/and Martina remarks polite=expectantly :'that for her it wd be as a wee mo'n meadó;(but shd one split her open,one wd find no other German poet but HACKLÄNDER within)'/ EGG (who has achiev'd fame by enumerating all that he could sing if he would) plucks out fascicle upon fascicle : galls upon the tree of the indogermanic languages, wonders for posterity's ear : 'APHINCTURAS SECRETS' ('a work into which angels passionat'ly desire to peep : each new draft more unseemly than its predecessor !') / : 'CENTAURS BOOTS'; a book of verse, subdivided into 'Draughts',(ie from time to time - more correctly 'at brief intervals' - there is supplyd an exhortation to take a drink :'almost too rich in those turns of poetic phrase that others have us'd before me') / 'LETTERS TO A YOUNG LAD WHO WOULD LIKE TO STUDY GYNECOLOGY'; basic'ly a more didactic poem,(an extensive redaction of HIRSCHFELD, fashiond into alexandrines - of a liter nature; something like your PIOUS HOURS - I also intend for it to appear under a pseudonymn, perhaps 'Egg von Phalluhely, teller of meses' : Hungarian 'mese = a fairy tail'; he adds as an ignoccent explanation; and also 'Klemmata; by the Servant of the End./ Here however ! : 'CARMEN ON THE OCCASION OF A WOODSMAN'S MARRIAGE' !;('In an attempt to be exhaustive,this work contains good descriptions of all known species of fowl,cocks & hens : dactyls fing'ring, ghasels grazing, (more ferarum naturally in trochees of four feet). My client explicitly requested the most monstrous obscenity; and prior to submission,I subjected my little composition to the examination of sev'ral members of our group, for the purpose of suppressing harmless expressions(or for that matter, chaste thoughts !);and I like to flatter myself... :?') /for a smirk has shov'd all of Bastard Marwenne's features to the edge of his face : a terrible laugher !)

EGG: " Ah-yes; you did sirvice on that select comemittee. "(explaining to Martina):" The private tutor of many boyars' daughters : when he's feeling savage, he gobbles down his coconuts whole. -(?)-: No; I presume I break no confidences. when I reveal to you : within Our entire pack there is hardly 1 hat to be found : it behooves us not to walk with coverd head before the face of Him Up There !"(All but scolding).

MARTINA (puckerd lips; with a look askants tward the wild=ass across the way):" But with uncoverd etcetera : that's respectful ?";(rather exotic doctrines.(-:'anti=authoritarian' ?); (scornfully):" I hope to live for a good long time yet 'under authority': I'm taken care of ! Don't have t worry about a thing!:I'll never live so carefree again !";(but t get back to the point):" You'v got only unpublisht material ? Nothing but this folderol ?(Gully Bill's Travels; and a cigarbox fulla poetic foetuses ?)."

EGG (hurt and triumphant):" And what do you call this ?! -";(he waves a coupla sheets of printed matter held between thumb and forefinger of his rite hand :!)

MARTINA (having gaz'd at them briefly):" Galley sheets. -";(she stretches out her lf arm and makes her request with a movement of the forefinger):" - 's that all ? (Damnd thin.). "(she skims the first few pages:...;... -)

EGG (eggstatic):" IMAGINATIO : the quiv'ring lite in the testa ! ";(he gives himself an autograph; and then, turning to AE and BM, goes on): " The 'KING HARD'; well-known as the tenth of ten-thousand precious words : priapic pinks; experiences of a man's bosom; an ear=trumpet for the did, by Arsepoeta. -";(to Martina):" Wêll ?; 's the cat got your worthy tongue ?". -

MARTINA: (disparaging): " Much ado about 1 sheet a paper. (I'm accustomd to other formats.) -"(shaking her head, she reads a few more lines -;-?):" Hey !: since when is 'Nille' written with 3 'l's ? - And you use it as a 'masculine' ? : I know it as a euphemism for 'girl'. In onev SCHILLING's novels an apprehensive father wants t marry off his (aging) daughter, 'otherwise I'm saddled with the 'nille''. -(?):Why, just like the coin :'schilling' : 1766-1839 bestlov'd of authors. -(?): Why because he was a captain in the artill'ry; the Major reads nothing bút that sort!";(she mutters):" (Eggnorant. 't's a fact : big mouth & nix t back it up.)" (She gives him back the diary of his heart : has playd with it enough.)

EGG (defensive):" I did not come prepar'd for quite that method of classifying literature."

MARTINA: " And why not exactly ? Ev'ry group a people (in fact : ev'ry single person !) has its his own literature. One must always include some 'Lamb' for the preachers - you'r only int'rested in con=trib'd matter. I shall be polite, and so I'll simply say : one's just as good as the other. -(?)-: As far z the content=itself 's concernd, certainly you'll allow me my own opinion. -(?):Well,I'll express it with all the faients I deem justifiable : slobernly as a wild=ass !"

(Egg replies but casually, 'most courteous of her', and 'he wdn't give a glove fulla gillyseeds for it'. In the course of the exchange he has brought out a pack of cigarette papers; he tears off 3 of the tender leaves, and rolls them tgether in the middle, so that each of them takes on the form of a butterfly. He pulls a fan out of his barro; thro's the 3 paperlets into the still=golden air - and, moving slo'ly back 'n'forth, he begins to work at keeping them hov'ring aloft with leisur'ly swingings of the fan : they flutter alternat'ly up and down; without ever escaping the compass of his dominion; sometimes off to one side as well; and always just a bit ahead, with faint=gay movements, like real butterflies. With a stolen sideward glants, he assures himself that Martina is watching him, fascinated. -: ```'''...

ANN'EV': " He kn keep it up for an hour. He kn use 6 of 'em; n not onev the things ever touches the ground. - Do any of you ever play chess at hme ? (Yes?): that'll be a help to Us. -"(she nudges Martina):"Do y want t try it? Huh?"

MARTINA (as if waking; breathing deeply): " Incredible ! - (Me?): Noo; mite z well play the fiddle with boxing-gloves on. -"(but): " Beauutifull ! Yah, y kn make good use a that;(n the police 'd even be likely t lend a helping hand...?"

(For Ann'Ev' seizes the opportunity offerd by this latest chain of thought to secure Martina's support : Egg and the Bastard Marwenne kd come along with them this evening;(and t'morro there'd be still sev'ral dozen more members of the club arriving) : kdn't they all camp in that field next to the house ? : some (voluntary)subvention of food'n'drink...(one us'd force only with great reluctants, 'twas true that some pounds of home=made explosives...?/ Whereupon Martina readily obliges : that 'the latter'd hardly be all that easy, since the Major was an accomplisht marksman; but with her whole heart she wisht upon Klappendorf just such a quatering for a few days'. She considers, and goes on)

MARTINA: " I take it you have no letter of safe conduct, à la 'civis federepublicanus sum'...?"

(for the Bastard Marwenne has broken out into monstrous laughter, and swings his dreadfull cudgel about sev'ral times :'!!!' - then he utters something, violent, without clarity; some kindev Scythic=wisdom./ Which AE translates):

ANN'EV' : " He says : that 'there'r forests which require 1 human sacrifice per annum -(or a human being must somehow lose his life therein) - and that this one here looks damn likely to him' -"(consoling):" Needn't be afraid; he doesn't mean you; (he's not allòwd t mean you : it's unlawful t molest robins and titmice !)."

MARTINA (cold-blooded : that sort of thing sounded pretty Tyrolian to her):" Did ever barbarian answer thus ?..."(to BM):" 'your heart wd bear witness leading t your acquittal' ? : you'd be better off t consider what the local judge'd have t say to that !"(to AE again):" But that'll work out fine : we'll run a hose across to you for water. 'n I'd trust myself anyday t be able t smuggle a carton a cannd=beef over the fents. (But that won't be necessary atall : Olmers'll be happy t foot the bill for a coupla gypsy nudities.)". (But I'd like to ask a favor : that for the moment we 'march off in sep'rate columns'. Very softly to AE):"If only on accounta Martin." -

(AE makes a sly 'Ahà !'=face. / Then the gentlemen are admonisht as to their future behavior : first one more quarterhour's rest. After that, follo the path straight ahead; as far as a small bridge, where it joins the road : and from there one kn already see the, relativ'ly solitary, house. /The ladies themselves wd take a diff'rent route thru the pond=labyrinth, for reasons of decorum, and for a change. / Egg asks the distants ;if possible, in Chinese linear measure : 1o ey make 1 pu; and an ey (Egg!) is 24o paces. :?)

MARTINA: " Then it's 8 ey." / (The ladies exit. / Egg, sighing, takes possession of the SpindlerShed).

Scene 4

(There are still some very green oaks and alders ! M, a yarro blossom in hand, jumps across the ditch,far and strait enough;(a turn to the lf, tward the north, wd bring you to Siederland - where there's a large swimming pool, with diving tower;'so that I can't imagine the inhabitants in anything 'xept trunks n bikinis' - they bind up no sheaves of straw for the gods; sleep by the stumps of trees they'v felld themselves; (in contrast to the sober Kalt'n Hagerians) they'r flitey sweet-tootht folk,'y can't walk thru the=ir native quarter without their buffeting your backside with jokes n compliments : what's the oppositev 'confident-inspiring' in French ?-: prè=cisely ! : that's what they'r like over=there !' And 3 flowers gro there : He who picks 1 of them is in real trouble - 'what kind ?' no one knows./ Beside the path an old willo, half-broken-off by the storm, greening picturesq'ly./ She holds Martina's hand)

ANN'EV' : " If y swat one horsefly dead, 2o of 'em come t the funeral. -: Well, how did y like them ?"

MARTINA (well as regards thát): "He's sure got a miraculous dink there : to set children screaming ! If somebody came

up n tryd t practice on my belly with a tool like that, I'd go stork-raving mad : if thát's what's suppos'd t make it so worthwhile to have embarkt upon this earthly existents...! -(?): Uhm, wdn't y say there's something very=nomadic about that costume of his?: that immoderat'ly short coat; in conjunction with that hasty tactless gait : if he shortend that piece a plumbing by 1o inches, there'd still be enough ohprobebrium left over." (She falls into expectant silents.)

ANN'EV' : " Well, you'll have a real eye-op'ner when y see th others : no god no chief no master no guide. -(?): Listen,most girls like that : a nice fat one, z thick as your wrist; n no one's distresst by the length either : drills til he hits water - He's got a pied=à=terre in ev'ry town. Out n the country he earns his way by servicing the farmamas[redacted] ; and it'll work exactly that way here too : he's able, willing, n randy. - (?): I mean, he knows no terror when going into battle : he wades in like the Shepherd of Aasselbur !(At age 16 he beat up his father, and then fuckt him.) -(?):Noo; I'v no in=herent knowledge of him;(but anyway, y needn't fear any man who makes love t you, n were he ever so long n tumid)."

(The sun proceeds to gold : here are no paths that plunge ruthlessly down and away from one;or mountain atrocities that block one's view of the clouds ! / And on to the edge of the 'numb acres' - once a genial stand of timber; and now nothing but scrub - where M bends down, with a small cry of joy: !: a deer antler;''v always wanted t find one !' And hardly damag'd atall : they don't come much bigger; usually stop at the 'Royal point' stage.)

MARTINA: " I'll take this along for the Major. -:?- ";(sshh, quiet -;-):"Noo, 't's the bells:-:someone must'v died. -(?): Nah;not on a Tuesday. Some woman or other.";(why, 'cause the sexton's 'taling' : 1 stroke for children; 2 for women, 3 for men):" Ahwell; replacement's being workt on already : -"(she points with her chin thru the maze of stumps; to a bower of juniper and young pine : - : where 2 grayhaird individuals are for be getting themselves with wild kisses and embraces -)

ANN'EV': "Leave the quick in peace t do n say as they please -";(reluctantly her eyes cheat,for M sho's no slack'ning of int'rest in the proceedings):" Do like the Little Man from Arel : never worryd about nobody, n got rich in the process. - Tss; havn't y ever seen it before ?".-

(He's taen her by the milk=white hand
among the leaves so green.
And what they did I cannot tell -
the green leaves were between.)

(Coeur à coeur & main dans main : 2 faded flowers, annecksing one another./He, got up in a litegray=fitted jerkin ('with reservoir') above the rolld collar of which hangs his long graysing hair, indescent to look at, still at love's visitation : with the prettents of a little struggle, he pulls her shoes off;(and bites into the high rose-red heels as a sighn of his passion :!).At the unicorn's hole, in the gray-brush : he peers in with deep de=sire. And then presses his face, fondly and bravely, into the fragrant [redacted] fundergro'th :! /And she lustily rubs her hands up'n'down his body;-; seeking a member: -,-that she vainly strives to explose./ The rubber pinches him noticeably... -)

ANN'EV': " That's why the maidy is a trap. C'mon : pull yourself tgether." (Walking on):" Egg, by the way, loves nothing but venera[redacted]bards : ashgray & blond mixt, they'r his hobby. -(?)-: M=m;He doesn't screw y t death : he's more for jestling with your rear; a vast admirer of suet - at the moment he's working on his Lament on Impotents. -(?):'t's it exactly; your Olmersians 'd call him a 'gerontophile'."(she shakes her head): " Oh, he's [redacted] sleasy enough t take, really; sortev a clericlown. Wears his madcap t bed, and's got more tics than an old hounddog : in winter he knits mittens for us all."

MARTINA: " But what does he actually do ? (I mean in the same way that Uncle Olmers was a librarian ?)."

ANN'EV': " Nonev us do anything. (I understand, tho : my grampa was a shemannde=ferreast; and my dad's with CECA...?-You don't know? what 'CECA' is?)Then what do y learn in school ? ";(she's surpris'd. But then explains):" 'Communauté : Européenne : du Charbon : et de l'Acier'. D'you have another name for it ?"

MARTINA (explains to her that around here it's calld the 'MontanUnion'. Then formulates her question diff'rently): "Even in love men'll make martyrs of us with their wild jabberish; I expect nothing else. - No but, how does he earn his money ?";(the Major always says :'Where there's money, the devil's t pay - and where there's none, pay two !').

ANN'EV': " True enough; but 'financially speaking', allev us 'r long since on the far side a debits & credits. If they'v nothing but lousy time(s) on their hands, they'll go collaying affishes. Egg's even workt z a prayer-leader on pilgrimages;(once n the heat a summer, during the tourist sessong, he playd the cormoran in Neuburg on the Danube). Officially he's the historian a the group : preserves my utterances and BM's deeds;(tho, a course, he's not the world's most accurate). But if left to his lonesome, he'd disappear like a shado."

MARTINA (dumbfounded, gently scratches her head with [redacted] the tip of the antler. But finally declares, politely : that she'll believe it, even if not given under oath. Murmuring):" Quaint precepts. -(?): There's shade just up ahead : the path cuts in at thother sidev the road, not moren 1o meters - don't y feel good?";(concernd).

ANN'EV'(weakly):" My head feels funny."(too much sun & heat t'day).

(Martina, making soothing noises, gives her her arm; and leads her into [redacted] the long thickgreen shade./ On both sides of the path - it's barely more than 2 meters wide - a high thicket of willo birch alder. Here'n'there an aspen, within its swishp'ring foliage those sbarkling boughs./After a few (at most 3) minutes the ground becomes more moist and dark; the green tunnel elbo's sharply to the rite -:- they stand still;(if a large birch, rt a lov'ly red-armd fir=twin); before them now lies the pond,(more precisely 1 of a great=long chain). Partitiond by long dikes. Still in the shade themselves, in front of long sword=sheaves of rushes; the far shore all yello in the ev'ning sun. A coterie of coots: moves rapidly away,(and checks around anxiously for that kite !). From the broad footbridge (no railing) across the 'Strait', Martina points to a fox, not far away atall, that stands there;-:then makes another bound)

MARTINA: "Looking for mice. "('t's a shame we didn't bring binox along. /They walk thru the lavish grass of the dikes: first along one short stub to the rite; then on across to the other shore;(where once again they come back into the sun;and Ann'Ev' lays her yello head way back, and puffs thru her nose)./ Martina):"Hey look : over there : [redacted] some woman picking rushes. - (I'll bet y it's somebody from Celle again, the beast !)."

(Yes : brite blue suit, black hair, brownish flat face; rite next to the oak-triplets. They walk, with nary a greeting, on by her. / Martina carefully gives her new friend a helping hand up the small slope : onto the road, to the massive bench)

MARTINA (to buoy her up):" Let's rest here a little first. (And then it's just a mere 5oo paces : at the outside !)";

(she lays an arm around the gaunt but broad shoulders : -,-)

ANN'EV' (just a second): " 'm not operating at full power at the moment. (But go ahead n talk; please : I like to listen.)."

MARTINA: " You ought t live in a quiet commotionless place, too - like here.(Tss, may God grant me seclusion: I can't believe you=folks aren't happy t have laws; insteada first having t go to the troublev inventing them yourselves ! One certainly has enough other things t do.)"(she hummms softly with her mouth clos'd,a method for ex=pressing simple melodies, a wedding march) " 'Lo' n green' -(?): oh, without the music it's a rite passable story."(she draws the deepest of sighs):" All joy has departed this world."

ANN'EV' (struggling to smile):"Oh, you'v succumbd t boredom. What 'r you in need of here ? A trombone p'r'aps, to attract some attention ?"(She draws a difficult, audible breath. Another : -. (?)):" Nono; au contraire : 't's a sign that it'll soon be better."(She glances at Martina slyly -):"Pretty pair o' names by the by : 'MARTIN & MARTINA' :?"

MARTINA :" Hah; that's a very=sad affair - (but sweet !!) I'd give the skirt off my back if I knew how t get it all out n the rite way -";(she gazes at Ann'Ev' with questions=pleas :?):"I'm just plain stupid n love - no way I kn say it."

ANN'EV' (patiently):"If there's no way t say it, then sing it : to wit, the aforenam'd boy...?"

MARTINA: "Rides with us t school. Sits kitty-korner from Us=girls n the train - Each blanches before thother -naturally I act z if I don't see him; but We always end up in the same compartment tgether. His glances tell me many gratifying things about my features;(and Eremburge swore t me that she once caught him painting the most delitefull consonants on the fogg'd-up windo'pane a the compartment) -"(?:'MF', sure;and):"That he follo's me with his eyes, with love=litent stares: unmistakeably adoring; all the while trying to walk precisely where my feet 'v left their traces-";(she sighs;anxious): " he'd have t mints his steps to do that,(he's pretty tall); otherwise he walks like a fine young lad should : gentle ways, his eyes traind on his shoes. He writes poetry, y see : glorious things, I mean it ! -(?): no, I havn't actually read any of it; but one time his friend, Heinz, let my girl-friend, Patrizia, read one [redacted] n strictest confidents ; she went half-mad with envy ! : and because of his burning love has never exchang'd one word with me ! - ?"

ANN'EV' (stop it; you'll make me jealous !): " Which means, you two shy creatures 'r driving each other crazy par distance. (I mean y get n honest-t'-goodness relitchous look on your face when y come t the part about this Toggnbuerger.). Despite it all, it must be most gratifying t create such a powerful impression ?"

MARTINA "Uh-húh; little by little y start becoming int'resting t yourself."(lost-in-dreams):" When I sit there ev'ry morning and watch the way the others exchange their written homework from the nite before - once I even wrote him a letter,(but of course never deliverd it to him!): made even me weep just writing it;and I'm certain it wd 'v toucht his cruelly delicate heart. - I ran into him last week; [redacted] he was standing all alonely=lost amidst the noises of the Main Square n Celle; he lookt up at me, and mov'd his lips the while, sadlysoundless - I know I turnd pale, clear down to my gills !"

ANN'EV' (serious): " And you ? what'd yóu choose ? : the Downcast=Look; or did y use your eyes for looking, too ?"

MARTINA: " Yes !; de tous mes yeux ! - Ahh, since then I'v sufferd greatly in my mental=gaming on his account;('Forever yours' ? : I mean, that'd be the least a my vows !): when I picture it to myself : no moren 1 wee hour a rubbing nosies...!-"(With her thumb she rubs along her left forearm, where a blackberry bramble has scratcht her tender flesh. She suddenly lays that aside;and stares quietly off tward... /An arrowplan way up there,(aluminumb,litely [redacted] gilt;(or it mite be a Europlan, too;(or even a honeymoon in an eroplan ?))) -

ANN'EV' (consoling): "If you mention him, he is present."(and):" not t worry : prescients for young ladies is stronger than for young men: wd y like me to prophecy ?"

MARTINA: " Noo, don't, please -";(reluctantly she raises her eyes; and lets the lad of her dreams depart;('that's what I call using one's imagination - I still feel all dizzy -')):" Hhhm, well, what do y think ? : Mite this sensation be love ? - If so, nothing kn keep me from paying him cour. Just imagine it : one wd have Someone with whom t converse in the nite; and when the osculatory impulse struck fire within one (or two), one wd know where t go with it. -";(she twirls the antler between her fingers, 'forpeyned and eek gay'):"Goes without saying, we frequently debate the topic a monolove - (the aforesaid Eremburge's already highly skilld in neckromancy and groping=therapy) - and certain Basic Principles seldom fail t give us plenty t think about. But we'v allreddy workt out what seem valid, fundamental definitions : of the 'pure' and the 'applied' male -(Dr.Rosenbaum had clarifyd the terms for us n math class) -";(she pusses her lips, and stares at the prickl'd oak trunk, in the fernybed,across the way -)

ANN'EV' (understandingly; sure, We are often as bad as ourselves[redacted],and 'the choice' 's gen'rally limited:" A pretty wild=boar, lascive et impure. On thother hand : t what avail is a man who, while lying n your arms,'s unable t tear himself away from the 'Times Literary Supplement' ? The young ones 'r crude n ungrateful; and the old ones... ?-";(she shakes her head slo'ly;and makes preparations for getting up.)

[redacted]MARTINA (annoyd):" Now that's iron-clad comfort ! : why shdn't there be a miracle once n a while ?,(even if it's only ev'ry hundred years); and Martin were all mine :? - Take Peter frinstants,in the name a Jesus Christ he brought a smok't tuna back t life ! -(?): M=m;Olmers 's got it all down in black'n'white : z gray as Jones' jackass, n gets more godless and perverse ev'ry day."(sure, he talks about a future judgment, but he's not doing anything t prepare himself for it; says [redacted] real wittily :'that a belief in immortality isn't necessary for his peace a mind; that n fact, a future 'd hardly be expedient for him'):" You feeling better now ?"

ANN'EV': " Uh-húh; wasn't so bad. -(Move your kue; the rest'll follo). - But I wd like t take a comprimé -";(she gathers her hair out of the wafting air;-;and strokes it forward over her shoulders -):"The last time,(a few days ago;on tne

way here), thât just about finisht me - poopt z a lame pup ! (I don't think I kd 'v taken one more step. And I must 'v lookt like Miséricord & Co.) -".

(They walk out onto the road : tired of air, dusty of foot; edg'd in gold by ev'ning's ray. /Before them and to one side, a little troop of cattle plods along, clumsy and humbl'd, spotted cream & white; (unusual for northern Germany !;but they'r the usual black'n'whites crossbred with Charolais - looks very nice,grazing under trees). /Behind them a howling child; and 2 women with sunset-red hats;('her=on-the-lf - :that's the village nympho - discoverd by the truckers'). - /On-by=on-by...)

MARTINA (picking up again:" Yes ma'am, I wd'v lov'd t 'v seen thát : the way you walkt in on them ! - Olmers, the beast,got fresh on the spot, didn't he ?";(Asta told me all about it).

ANN'EV' (grumbling):" That's a je=m'en=foutiste ! Looks like Death by Ikey, and stinks like a Prussian ! Prob'ly thought I was just some carnymarie; or a strampette. -(?): I'll never be rid of it; it's mine for 99.";(her angina pectoris namely;('Alas,I shall most likely be a goddess very soon !'). She describes it briefly:how her lf arm becomes stiff & sore; her lf ear stands out red,hot; shortness-of-breath; heart races weakly...)

MARTINA (sympathetic):" Say, I recognize that ; A&O has the 'xact=same thing : when he slumps there in his chair, not a word, white-sweaty face, mouth hanging open - specially lov'ly it doesn't look !"

ANN'EV': " Does it disappear if he takes a pill?; or does he have t have a peekur ?"(ahh; they'd never get Him inside a hospital ? (Me neither;'d rather be outdoors when...))

(While M's feet, under a good head of American steam, still move ahead,/ she stops in front of a large adder, its head crusht (smasht beyond recognition), on the left shoulder of the road, beneath a bool de nash. Tow'ring over it the hollo tree of the future. She bends slo'ly down; tears off a fistfull of weeds; and lets them fall upon the few loops. With dull heavy eyes;behind delib'rat'ly cold [redacted] veiling lashes -)

MARTINA (uneasily): "I'm no more superstitious than any other reasonable person - but I wd'v rather 'v run across a sail-plane. - C'mon; the sun's already lying in the Hesser Woods. And the moon's coming up so pale, that the maria look more like holes -";(she pulls her along by the elbo coaxingly):"tell me more about it : you came tottering up; not a drop a color in your face; just a wan inscrutable smile, and eyes like a sleepwalker's - : look;there's the house already.";(not moren a minute away; just flap the soles a your courageous feet).

ANN'EV': " I wasn't even thinking anymore; about anything. -";(reflecting):" He carryd me inside [redacted] in his arms..."

MARTINA (mumbles): " Even tho He's not suppos'd t do any heavy=lifting [redacted] ! - Tss; you'r t be envyd -".

ANN'EV' (with a knowing glants from the corner of her eye, amus'd): " I do envy myself as a mattera fact. -(?): Yes; with that old blue velvet robe on."

(They walk out into the ethereous rose-red : (2) girls, with yello leaves worn at their throats, come out of the autumn=wood;(one of them even has foliage on her shoulders). / In the costly even=lite the house watches them from windo's, like burning mirrors.)

ii. Act

Scene 5

(Terrace along the front of the house; pav'd with (irregular) flagstones of reddish=gray Hersfelder sandstone. The house itself has a groundfloor, an upstairs; and a flatroof, with a balustrayd for taking one's stroll up=top, (see floor plan with room-layout). On the terrace a lo table,(but with sturdy legs and solid top) ne'ertheless big enough for 6 people, albeit with something of a tite squeeze, to fit around it./ The pond across the road, encircl'd by trees, brimfull of gold=water. The moon, making phaces at us, has just now disengag'd itself from the fine-tootht rim of the wooded Rammelsberg in the East - (discoverd by the horse of Rammel the Hunter;that's why). Whereas on the other side, a sunne, way=down now, so that one kd look directly into it without molestation - the practist eye,with naught but the weakest of optical instruments,is able to perceive on its surface a large formation of sunspots, which has been wand'ring across it for sev'ral days now, from top lf to bottom rt. On all sides, now closer now further away, a wooded horizon. / The roofs of Klappendorf confin'd to the SW=dector (tho also bedded in trees). The nearest at a distants of circa 3oo m; the fisherman's house in the NNW, a mere 1oo. / Ev'ning's quiet. - Only now & again [redacted] a belated tractor : back from milking;(the cows are still outside). And Baader's son is laying on his horn again, really heimdallying : far off fortunat'ly./ Seated at the table, Mrs. (Grete) Fohrbach : a thin violet dress,with very narro straps (in this heat !); and a décolletage so lo that two thirds of her mitey breasts bewilder the whole of male society. Corpulent nose in concert with a thick sagging lo'er lip; the fat, lardy collar of her neck. Ostensibly darning sox et al. - Asta (the 'housekeeper';Ladies first) walks back & forth. A warpt board of a virago : 'When measur'd exactly, my dears, 5 shoes 11 inches and 5o years'. The view from out her waterblue eyes alternates between the shortcake in her hands (toppt with yello plums & rhubarb) and the depths of the longest breasts in the immediate area,(but she knows just how to project them into the twilite so that they create a positiv'ly rosy effect). / Among the 3 old men, Eugen (Fohrbach) has unstrappt his legs,and sits pond'rously=at=ease in his wheelchair : his grayblond hair (strangely) half bald half luxuriant. Massive brownish face;heavy torso;(as with all amputees, one cannot estimate his size very well). With vitrifyd eyes (ie glasses), he reads a small brown two-in-one volume : HACKLÄNDER, 'Collected Works', vol. 1 & 2,(ergo the 'Untitled Tales'). To one side of him a box of index cards full of the same;at long intervals he picks up his pencil and jots down a note. - Olmers (the oldest), tall and lanky; with a small Frisian face to match, his thinning white hair combd carefully over his pate; wearing a long gray duster (one more memento from his days as a librarian), sits in the rocking-chair in his special corner, reading. A small stack of books lying handy for him on the table -(for Those=Who 'r int'rested: W.HOMANN,'Diary of a Male Bride' and 'Love in the Next World';HAFFNER,'What Ladies' Maids Tell'; OLMLER,'Secret Chambers'; all good unclean fun)- next to them the very pipe with the stigmatic lady embosst on its bo'l. - the third man, finally, A&O (=Glaeser), has seated himself in such a way [redacted] that, with his back to the S, he kn watch not only the sunset, but also the evening=emptyd road, and the 'barrel', too/: for in fact on the rite side of the terrace (in the E) [redacted] there lies upon massive trusses a great'n'mitey barrel - bought originally perhaps merely as a suitable ornament; (or as a kennel for one of the [redacted] more athletic canine breeds?) - at the moment the pseudo-domicile of Ann'Ev'; who belongs to a sect whose members avoid 'houses' by all means at their disposal. Rite up against the mouth of the barrel the green velvet footstool belonging to Martina, who by all means at her disposal is cultivating this strange new friendship : a world of lips a word of laughter;(at present, however, the two young ladies are not yet back=again)./And so, shaking his head, A&O begins once more to inspect the lov'ly SCHWERDTNER medallion in honor of FREUD's 5oth birthday (1906), on which,amusingly enough, the first name is written big'n'bold as 'Siegmund',(it is of course only an illustration,in the correspondents FREUD=JUNG); he too with wither'd hair, the face full of arabesques; before him a tumbler of 'Schweppes',Indian Tonic Water./And stillness./At most, an occasional bleat of amusement

from Olmers./Or Grete hawks her eyes tward the hillahay on the neighb'ring lot, -?- : where Egg and the Bastard Marwenne have just now begun to settle in...)

GRETE: "... well-kempt beard - well,if it's nothing moren that,fine. But that Tamerlane=look's a sore for my eyesite ! - (?): why Hím -"(=Egg it seems):" looks more like one a those hot-air artists out a DADA=days; They ran around looking like tramps too. But apparently we'r about t be saddl'd with the whole hedgero'=horde -";(she leers anew hillahaywards; and pays for her curiosity by pricking her nose on her needle):" Hff ! - Take a look at how He runs around...'t's a standal! Like with your zihim and ohim ! -";(outrag'd to her brother):" Egon ! : what d yóu say t this ?"

OLMERS (shrugging):" Y mean Bullcephallus there ? Well now : a jaw like the one found in Mauer; and n exhaust=tail like a bison : they say Maximinius Thrax was a good 8 feet tall too. (And 'Egg' reminds me of:'castle and island off the coast of Inverness'";(he looks over tward A&O : rite ?).

A&O (confirmative):" I'll buy it. - There was a painter by the namev Egg too, by the way - a good friend a DICKENS COLLINS BULWER...(?): 'Night before Naseby'; n my day it still hung in the Tate=Gallery."

GRETE (arous'd): "Justaminute !... :I'm talking about how it's gonna affect the edibles n potables,(n p'r'aps s'mother things [redacted] besides); while you fuss & discussbudgets...tss=really : Men, lowest form of life ! -";(with sweet=sarcasm to Eugen):" Well ?; doesn't our domestick=yokel have something pertinant to add ? 'll bet my alpaca coat that your next sententsl'll begin with 'HACKLÄNDER' - 'd I guess rite ?" (She leans back, fully overweening : (thereby prowdly displaying two rather swollen white pièces; the rite one illuminated on one side by a twilite's red gleaming as if angels were doing their baking./ So that at once Olmers implores, -)

('On chante encore, on craint encore / de l'Astrasie au Périgord / la Belle, la Blonde,/la terrible Frédegonde.')

OLMERS: " Hold it like that for a second - just one color-shot ...";(he pretends that he's actually going to get up:...)

GRETE (irate,(tho basic'ly flatterd)): " Shut your dentures, you old glander ! (And y needn't grin like the devil when he wants t pass for a minion a the lite, either : tss just one look at the front a your trousers n my heart almost sinks to my feet : behold the '3 old men' !)";(she turns once more spousewards):" Well ? What doyóu suggest ? (N turn that pencil around; you know perfectly well that I can't stand someone pointing at me with the sharp=end :?)".

EUGEN (just as you think fait. He first turns the pencil around; and then, with his unerring hand, taps calmly on the teak box that holds his two parabellum : ``. And makes one more entry on his index card : the tenth squabble t'day to disrupt the usual=marital silent disharmony.)

GRETE (who hasn't faild to notice this):"Oh bosh; no life without passion n poison.(And 'why', when y get down to it ? : on accountev a measly hundred ! Now that we kn afford it, we ought t blo a little of it !) ... -: What was that ?! -".

(For the Bastard Marwenne, standing high atop the hillahay, has broken wind; and as hideously, half gospo= half dromedary, as if he were us't to bolting down a Bessemer converter for desert with ev'ry meal :'!' -)

GRETE (stammers at first):" - and if y can't get it by asking nicely, then try ranting'n'raving. - No, now that beats ev'rything !"-(indignant to A&O):" And all because a that trampolina there, your Diogena ! Y only have t take one look at the shadoxy squatting there, her face the color a gingerbread : and as sooty n sassy z an urchin's : hallo eyes, and a smile like n evil spirit; godknows there's nothing primrose petal'd about Her, just plain uncouth n scruffy ! And then there's the unwasht hands'n'feet of your darling idolly - (not t mention more intimate parts) : y have t boil ev'rything She touches before y kn pick it up in your hand again. -(?): Ah piffle; how's a pitiful thing like Her suppos'd t pull off great miracles : a stealthybred, [redacted] wantone sorceress, who easily slips into any roll She wants t play. Let me tell you : She's full a sirprizes ! (And callous:[redacted] when She's sitting in that barrel, it doesn't bother Her that=much, she'll sho y the whole premisses of Asshole & Co);nóó sir; that's absolutely the last dregs a nothing -"(wry and cynical):" Your 'Silken Owl'. (Pf !;men'r positiv'ly all alike; n the bestev 'em hardly worth baptizing !). - ? -"(she stops to listen: "Quiet a second -";(altho No one, except her, has said anything):" Isn't that them coming now ? - "

(It seems to be; for they kn make out moren 1 pair a heels clicking along the asphalt. Which, however, suddenly stops :? -('Prob'ly coming round back, over the fents'.[redacted] (The picture of 4 long nicely-thighd girl= legs comes into focus.)) Apparently for all 3 gentlemen : for A&O pulls (inconspicuously,he thinks) at his shirt collar. Eugen licks disecretly at the the corner of his mouth. Olmers bleats into his book.)

GRETE (notices all of This of course): " Oh, you nonentitties ! ";(all for thát skinny whorn-out monkey, and your long-neckt daughter ! to Eugen):" What were you thinking about ?"

EUGEN(with simplicity): " About carp. : with warm coleslaw and grapes."

GRETE (allowing only her contours to quaver with rebresst disdain. To A&O):" I don't even have to ask yóu.(Tss, all because a some wretched little reptlica of a female : useless n juiceless; She whistles just drawing a breath...?):ah go on !,'purely humane int'rest'. What I hear coming from you doesn't sound like bonhommie : that's VALIUM !". (To Olmers): "N you ?; had another attack a distraction, huh. -(?): 'Misread' ? Well, out with it;(but spare us the free associations, and re'Member'ances): ! -"

OLMERS (noo : here; in GRAUL; in his travels t the East Indies):" 'v read it before : 'Water beneath (=ø)...Tamulland (+ mulier), where there is no lack of artesian wells (ø again !)...Ah, that you but knew what bringeth a man peace (=piece) ...voluptuous (!)...precreative power (!)...issuing from out seemingly scant resources... Jungle (+ ø=hair)... sex thousand ...fissures (once more ø)... but directly below, close to the fort itself, lies the unAssuming dwelling of (and here it comes) old Father [redacted] Bellock (!!!), who in his day shook the proud pagodas with a hardy hand (=pa-gonads + hard-on).' -(?)-:Certainly not ! On the contrary; here : volume 4, p.117 -";(he wants to approach her with the opend book -(in which the skeleton of some tiny insect has lain for a hundred years)-/ but a ball of yarn flies tward him :!/ Olmers merrily): " Nownow; turn not your nipple from me. -"

GRETE (her mouth puckerd, stares at him from cocktail to clubfoot :'!'. And then hastily tends him these words): "Senile indescency ! Were I in your place, I'd break out into infinite silents ! - Oh Goddd ! -"(with 3 'd's; as in the TIECKer !). -"

and ASTA (appears from around the corner of the house - an endless=sullen shado preceding her - with a discreet bass voice from a (e)motionless [redacted] countenants): " There's a face in the barrel... -"

GRETE "Uh-húh, we'r on our way t help rite-now. - :And out a courtesy We'll have t send something over t those two rascals on the hillahay : don't y think ? (Give it some thought. 'll be rite there.)."

(Asta, temp'ramentally taciturn, simply nods; and exits. / In her stead Martina appears, coming from the house;(Who has allegedly 'chang'd'; ie, domesticated fairy with some pretence of clothing - but then too, it's still 'Who knows how hot !'.(EUGEN)) - the gentlemen regard her with appropriate pleasure; whereas)

GRETE (wrinkling up her plump face):" Well, Mamsell Nonchalante ?; 'v y taken Your Royal Simplicity out for a long-enough walk ? Where were you=two charmers ?"

MARTINA (litely): " Went to a dants in Tull. " (She courteously proffers her greetings around. Then walks over, and offers up a friendly ear to the Major : 'O').

EUGEN ('Let me be embracéd'.):" Don't y know that you are to come before my face : with fear and propriety ? ".

MARTINA (answers): " That sure wd be something too. " (Then,as she flatteringly kisses his thumb):"Well, how goes it with the Major & the Bookworriers ?"

GRETE (censuring): " I simply don't like t see it : you galavanting about the countryside with that smart-alecky, frozen-faced scarecro : She's not your guardian angel ! - (?)";(to Eugen):" N don't you stick up for Her : if She's only n hour late, She calls it'exemplary punctuality'; n when She has t turn a hand or two around here, She'd just z soon sink thru the floor;(only for meals kn She do double-time !). All you lackt was the companionship a thát totally debas't creature !"

MARTINA ('debas't' ?): " That's just not true ! Ann'Ev' [redacted] is a decent, and may I add well-nigh learned female; She leads such a quiet & secluded life, that one kn be thoro'ly edifyd by Her : my intercourse with Her 's already enricht my fantasy with imperishable images : arcana verba audivi. -(?): She doesn't go around 'naked' : Ann'Ev' has a dress=of=lite on ! ";(pf,'de=bas't' : that'd make wooden Indians laugh ![redacted] (Possibly a little spare on the back-side; but the perfect human is yet t be born.)).

GRETE (She's not gonna [redacted] blarney me):" Y only have t look at Her, shamelessly asquatting there, knees spread apart : that lo forehead; those sunken cheeks; the meagre lips. And that paira spooky eyes, leering out from under those yello eyebrows - : All that needs t be done's the embalming !..."('seriously ill'?):" Well now, don't you worry : smart-alecks have a strong will t live. (And the same goes for your other schoolbuddies too , with their tepid jokes : skinny things adjusting'n'disgusting; who fall on their knees before themselves, n then wave up at ev'ry helicopter that flies by : Saint Peter won't need t polish up his key on your accounts !)."

MARTINA (collected): " He who is in the wrong, gladly pileth it on. "(And as far z my conduct a the last 3 days goes): " The [redacted] arbiter within my bosom has more nice things t say t me than I'v heard from him since my confirmation;(and I lay great store by my own applause !). - I suggest, for brevity's sake, that We listen t what an impartial observer has t say concerning the entire relationship: A&O..."

GRETE (interrupting with a forc't laugh):" Haha 'impartial' ! : Men in the neighborhood a 50/60 have the strangest notions about such things : that ought t provide us with a humorous disputation ! - (?)" /(for Martina has thro'n in a "Well now, thus spake Zarathustra !')/: "That's enough - no backtalk : set your sails for the kitchen; n help with supper :'Set thyself to do some work, and no sickness shall befall thee' : d' y hear me ?"

MARTINA :" I always hear ev'rything. - ";(despairing):" 4 billion people, and it's always Martinele."

GRETE:" Hop to, bring the tablecloth; y kn be back among 'em in 1 minute. And if y don't do it, then t'morro y kn find yourself another mama." (To Eugen):" And you mite fearlessly add a word or two n that direction to the windsome demoiselle from time t time, too : a sloth is a weasel n comparison t Her !" (She raises herself up, majestic'ly, as befits such vastness; and begins to collect her sewing=apparatus into an attractive handl'd basket of plaited brown straw:...,...,...)

EUGEN (in a threatening stage voice to M): " Tremble and obey ! "

(The unpolisht virgin -(actually a pleonasm)- scratches behind her rite ear sticks her tongue out as far as possible and makes a [redacted] caricatur'd curtsy all at once. Disdainfully turns her heels to the Table-Round; and makes her exit to the accomp'niment of insubordinate movements (chiefly of the shoulderblades) - passing by Grete as if She were wearing Siegfried's magic helm. / And the men's eyes follo her,as above.)

GRETE : " Yes 'ndeed. It'll be a downrite blessing when that bit a purgatory reaches its majority, and 's found accommodations elsewhere. -"(She requests in her usual commando voice:" Clear the table. - (N tuck in your shirttails, so y look a little more like gentlemen;(tss getting more slovenly n provincial ev'ry day !))."

(She sets her bulk in motion. / The men watch her departure as well.)

Scene 6

(the mildest twilite air, gro'ing dark handsom'ly, (but still so that one kn differentiate between a white egg and a litebrown one). A rye-crisp moon. / Various noises from 2 directions -(one hears those from the village only very seldom)- in the western twivilization the table is being laid for supper : forks clink, plates clatter; Grete brings out the hot water cum tea-bags and NesCafé; Asta the platters of sandwiches; Martina, in her workaday smock, finds herself,as usual, in sev'ral places at once : she has just carryd her green velvet footstool over to the barrel, and now appears again, laughing her head off;about her long maidenfeet the cat Schnorika & the tomcat Snorri Snurrluson. / It is almost still at the barrel : Ann'Ev', seated like a grave Turk, naked to her souls, little bouquets of hair at her armpits and belo her lap, holds her face in one hand. / In contrast to all this the goings-on at the hillahay : BM, a Baal of Hairs, disorderd yet further by his wild activity, is rearranging things : he howls at the moon (:'9 times 99 penillities !'). He stales. Juggles bales-o'-hay. (And lets loose another curse : it kd have driven a training-ship for three trips around Hiddensöe !). Egg is busier entertaining than helping him. / The 3 oldsters meanwhile have gatherd at the table; rather listlessly - Each of them has 'to watch his diet'...)

EUGEN (who, shaking his head, has hearkend to the East): " Does Hé ever have a pair a mitts ! Sortev a doomsman among tramps, huh ? - In case he snores,(which is hardly t be doubted), the monster'll do the work a 3 sawmills for us."

MARTINA (softly but savag'ly sacramentizing, enters with the fryd-eggs):"...t do than a one-armd wallpaper-hanger ! Horangues y with C'meer n G'thair...(?): oh shoot ! (Take a look at what's on its way back !) ";(she sets the plate down in fronta the Major;(accomp'nyd by gestures most adequat'ly expressing her thoughts.))

for GRETE has now appeared (coming out of the door; close behind her Asta). As brigady-o'-the-house, she surveys the table :?-:?-. then sits down; and explains):" 's got a tongue like a chow=chow, n contradicts me when I say she's been nibbling blueberries : slovenly from nothing but pure boredumb. Yawns n gapes for lack of anything better t do, and then honors her indiff'rents with the title 'Repose of the Wise Man' : yesterday She fell asleep n the bathtub ! -(?): What ?; 'pickt some berries on the way' ? - n excuse of some eminents. -"

MARTINA (chewing):" I swear it : on a clover-leaf.";(she briefly raises the representatives of the H.Trinity tward heaven, plus the fork between thumb and littlefinger. -?):" No; from the fields directly into the 'Long Wood'. Just strayd around while contemplating fundamentals, til our heads n feet got tired : if there hadn't been something uncanny about the woods tday, I bet I wd'v broken my neck ten times. ";(to A&O especially):" Ann'Ev' said some glorious things :that 'presumably our universe's a prison for disobedient stars; whereas the moon's more like onev Us.'";(she inspects the heavenly body in question:-?-): "His cheeks are sorta homey-colord, aren't they ?";(?:'n what else'?):" Weell - : about cockchafers..."

GRETE (at once):" Thère ! And you still claim that y wd'v wanted GOd & ev'rybody list'ning in ? Really...";(she has to wrinkle up her face, and sneeze):" Eggdsshoo ! -".

(Whereupon M pointedly wishes her :'God bless you richly with children !'; and taking advantage of her opponent's verbal incapacity, stands up and walks off carrying a nicely-garnisht (but small !) plate in her lf hand,(:'A pattia butter for Ann'Ev'). /Tablemanners of the others : A&O eats very little;(already too late for digesting). - Olmers both shovels calories and reads as well. Asta dines stately & squarely.)

EUGEN :" Mealtime armistice holds. : doesn't anyone have some other intellectual nourishment t offer ? (Ah well; 'Folly is the female's jewel-casket')";(he clears his throat militairily :'!').

GRETE (astonisht):" Forheavensake ! - : Did you just spit blood ?!"

EUGEN: " Nope : Red beets. -";(to A&O):" That must be relativ'ly very=recent : the word'Ketsch=up' n German. -(?): noo; forget the Oxford Dictionary : I mean in German."

A&O (filling his glass with uncarbonated mineral-water:- ('CONTREX';from the Vosges)):" M=m. That goes back well into the last century. I'v got n old translation a 'Barnaby Rudge' inside, from 1845 : it was known then allreddy."

(however precise his information may be, his attention is singularly diverted; at first, proforma, it dwells politely on Grete's positive chest,(truly not your bas=relief !);then, however, while he's still drinking, strays 1o meters further on...

* * *

(to the barrel, before which Martina and Ann'Ev' are sitting, foot to foot, eye to eye : supping on sour milk, both in spooning out of the same bo'l. / The barrel itself is roomy, and doesn't do badly as a summer's quasi-residents : 2oo long; 9o wide; 11o high at the mouth (largest internal Ø reaches 14o - which by the by means a capacitia 3,ooo liters - transverse section, as noted, oval)... (?): the best oak ! The farmers of Klappendorf purchast 2o of them, of various sizes, at an auction in the wine-country for use as dung-water vats; and this had been pickt out as one of the finest; whether as dog-kennel=cat-acomb, or merely for asthetic ornament;(on its base, burnd-in deep, the French manufacturer) / A carpenter has installd a level floor; on it Ann'Ev's 'pahyass', a pill'o'hay on that. On the back wall,(which thus corresponds to the sometime barrel-bottom), a small shelf - (what it is that sits=lies upon it, she will sho presently). Above,coming from the house and then thru what once was the bunghole, there is a cable which ends in a large four-way plug - it must be, (Martina remarkt rite-off), quite cozy to sit in the glomby lite of the barrel, when the wind of a storm's teasing outside;('Or when it's haling : a fantastick racket !'). / At the moment, then, the supple throats of the chatt'ring Cola-tipplers)

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MARTINA (the 'compleat visitour', has brought along a 'felicitatory potty' as a present):"... aluminumb : nice n lite. -(?): She - ";(=Grete):" really laid into me again !; and she'll be made t pay for thàt in this world !";(she admires herself in her COLA=glass; and then continues):"I still can't get over the fact that He installd the intercom in here for You : I mean, He's never done that before ! - :Say, you=two kd call each other up n the middle a the nite ?! (N carry on a conversation.) -" (She clearly becomes lost in thought).

ANN'EV' (responding initially to M's first comment): " You get your sottisses ready-made from that hulk eva blond, don't you ? That obscelete Delila with her yello lard - and's as conceited z if she were a nièce t the kaiser's cat ! "; (she extends fingers outside the barrel to sho just what she thinks of the lady-in-question : Ø. Darkly):" I'll make an approach t her windo some nite. -(?): if I stare at someone in his sleep, he has bad dreams !"

MARTINA (grateful): " Do that. She claps her trap at Us nite n day. - Will y drink a cup a coffee with me ?"

ANN'EV' (moving her head slo'ly):" M=m; not suppos'd to. - Oh, give it a healthy dose a milk; n then three drops a coffee. -";(she reaches for it with a yeast-colord hand; and watches Martina tease the cat to open its mouth):" D'y suppose that when she growls she's laughing ?";(she sighs):" 't's possible. At the moment [redacted] I don't haveany mémoire - n then I just sit still,n can't speak; but the owl does that for me." (She sits there, head presst atilt against her body.)

MARTINA (almost with rev'rents): " Say, rite now you'v got the verysame 'abstracted' face like in the BOSCH, the same exquisite little breasts;('xcept not a one of them has any=hair there - while you'v got that lov'ly frizzy veil at your [redacted] shoz: like short golden silk=smoke). -(?)-: Oh, he's some oldecrepit painter : 't's over in A&O's room." (With respect):" Are you perhaps a lady-o'-letters, too ?"

ANN'EV' (indignant):" Well now; that's all I'd need ! How dare you even think such a thing ? -(?)-: Very simple : for fear of growing double !";(and still with narro'd angry eyes; which only little by little gro more cordial, amidst M's amaz'd apologies): " 'Artist' ? : Not on your life !;(as it is, among my ancestors 'r people who never liv'd). Y need desp'rate courage t become an artist. (I mean, mostev 'em never even think about it; don't know what it is they'r doing.)"

MARTINA :" I never wd 'v thought a that on my own. But it's true :'Books' 'r a peculiar sort a creature; [redacted] (hm;I really do profit greatly from your company) -"(coaxing):" Wdn't y like another squarev choc'late ? Or some peanut-turtles ? (Take some, please : that way I'll know you'r not angry with me any more. :? -)."

ANN'EV' (reluctant at first; then accepts 1 'BOUNTY'. [redacted] But now): " Merci; 'v got sufficient. -";(she takes a bite, sedate & gracefull.)

(From the hillahay, not far from them, comes the deep laughter of mockery,and BM roars:"Done in 1 jiffy !". (With his customary speed he digs out a 'Ruède=grotto' at the foot of the hill.)

MARTINA (shaking her head):" What n organ He's got !";('Oh he's broad at the shoulders, with looks even bolder'):" Now I understand what those fairytales with giants are all about, where they tickle each other t death with upcruditrees : Hé sure knows how t take hold !"

ANN'EV' (confirmative):" He roars thru the nite with a voice that most people do not understand, but that all of them hear. - Say; wd y like to do another good deed ?";(Yah?):" give me a tag-end a ficelle; my shorts 'v got too big for me -" (she produces a pair of wretchedly tatterd hot pants : -)

MARTINA (smartly): " Use some elastic !"

ANN'EV' : " Havn't got a sue."

MARTINA (cheerfully): " Ohh, I got 'plenty a nothin'' myself : my total savings'd prob'ly amount to 1.2o in brass,(or s'mother shiny coin) -"(she considers : Wait !):"I err, I err ! : there's one a those Olympic 10-mark pieces, silver. Do you want it ?;(may I give it t you ?) -(?)-:aeh that whole world behind on my back kn go to !"; (mereiad semi-corpses; They sit around like poor souls that Charon forgot n left behind on the shore. Tss):"These old folk don't walk n talk (to say nothing a how they sit) like onev Us. The worst a course is the lecherous matround : a sitting-mechanism of brutal voluptuosity;(n a bosom y kd count out 1o dollars worth a pennies on : she kd reptilize a saint). Just a few minutes ago I was so mad I had forgotten my own name : I'd love to tear into her ! -(?)[redacted]";(tuning-down):" You'r rite; the garrison kn moren likely hear. "(coaxing):" Entertain [redacted] me : [redacted] y wanted t sho me what all you'v got there in your match=bag - ?"

(Ann'Ev' first follo's along a portion of croze with her finger:...thoughtfully=kneeholy... . Then nods. Reaches behind her. Pulls her knapsack on by her; and puts [redacted] it on the flagstone between herself & M : yellobrown, rough-o'-coarse material,(?-:'From a GI'); she tugs it open; stares inside, consid'ring:-; and then produces a coupla things : 1 wooden dish for eating; 1 ditto tumbler,(?-:'Juniper; tastes bitter'); 1 long narro alumimum comb,('4o4' written on it; gift from Martina;''v always had nothing but bits n pieces a combs'); 1 canteen, alu with felt upholst'ry; 1 awl-purpose item:'part spoon;part furshett', (and an unevenly-tin'd one at that). And now the brandnew potty. A ponnyar,('leftover from my geed days'). Way at the bottom the blue robe she wore on arrival...

* * *

(meanwhile, at the foot of the hillahay, Egg and the Bastard Marwenne, sitting on bales, partake of the rations Asta sent over : a blood sausage; leftover masht-potatoes; a 'TARTAR' cheese,(upon the approach of which even BM, [redacted] normally not the most eloquent, let loose a 'GOodsnakes !'); an imments jug of Duckstein; and finally another little bottle as well, Astamade - a drink that wd have driven Apis the Ox [redacted] to his knees ! / They follo after her with their eyes, pasturing on her moon-shone backside,('and upon the mountains hung the night'); until at last, with his famishing eyes still fickst on her bottomost point, Egg erupts into speech)

EGG : " She's one I'd love t take my stand on - I'd do it for Hér for free ! At the risk of life and limb ! -(?)-: You shd by now be familiar with the fact that I'v a faible for Lov'ly Remnaunts; and especially that Raw Beauty 'd be worth a tap by the (k)noble sword : anus longa, vivat brevis !";(with both hands he rejects the TARTAR;and warbles instead:'If I

were an untam'd phallcon, I'd gladly swoop down upon that !')

(They eat a few more spoonsful of the [redacted] 'tater=sausage=mix. / Then BM makes a lapidary announcement : the crusty old dame's not to his taste,('droopy-tits, n with saltcellars on 'em like n old nag'); but the spouse of the unfooted fello with the barkeep's physiognomy well mite be : stiffbreasted, mitey cr(b)ackt, most embraceable : T'morro at the latest he'd sho Hér the great Tippu Sahib !;(he laughs zoroastriac'ly) / Whereupon Egg,at once agreeable, begins to compare enticements and possibilities)

EGG : "Indubitably; sa vue fait battre le coeur : a big wench with broad shoulders; enchanting deltoids; breasts of uncommon gravity, unflappable in the wind; ev'rywhere a most tantalizing embonpoint,(altho precisely thàt produces a dev-'lish exudate !). -";(he rocks his head back'n'forth thoughtfully : Which of them wd be the larger, which the more naked ?. But ne'ertheless):" Let me have my long-legged ollady : what an engrayven two-hundredweight idoll, that hasn't yet seen that much a the territory beyond fifty : in matters a skin & hair, nothing's impossible with that sort !";(he takes another bold look at the cook : sex feet tall; and's in chargev the ministry of f(ood/ut) - both of which reflections provide his [redacted] powers of fantasizing with abundant free play ! Nono):" Mouth cheeks deteriorate faster; but that doesn't mean the nether=[redacted](attractions) can't still be in rankest bloom : a charming double-chin, n [redacted] elongated udder; the secret(full/ory) part(ner/s) of this bulless; antediluvian ham(bones) : a power=squaw !";(he smiles, lust[redacted] full as a watchman; and adds a veritable Thales=dictum :'The angle of the prairie between two hemispheres is always a right one !').

('The door it was quite low whereon the landgrave knocked :!-: within [redacted] it now, a virago:?') SIMROCK)

and [redacted] the BASTARD MARWENNE (confirms this;a cobbler's awl in his mouth,(with which he also reams his pipe, and repairs his belt)):" The blondie's for me : fat & horny ! -(?)-: !-;(he gives a mitey snap of his fingers :!):" Those butterdroasters & beeftoasters !? Sortev your transparent ol'fogey and dadda : afterall, those codgers 'r still living an old-fangl'd life : side-trackt sergeant-major types;old sored pommels and fieldmarmalade faces !-;(he holds his thumb up to the moon, measuring :? 'Not too long til time for the news'. -(?)-):" Kiss my ursus ! : 'm I suppos'd t let ev'ry unbeardead old man encrotch upon my rites ? Nom de nom : onev Us 'd be a jackass, if onev Us didn't stick around !" (Altho it's strange actually that neither of us has n appetite for this young=chick):" 's got a thing no bigger than a buttonhole [redacted], n y kn hear the wool gro'ing on it : that'd hardly be my p(r)ick !"

EGG (nods with conviction):" They'r all a lota stuff(t) & non(s/sc)ents t me too; can't compare with a'bustfull matron' - even as a boy phrases like that made an epiqueter out a my entire body; a delicate fire spread beneath my foreskin; I felt I must aspire t be the stem to ev'ry such bearded flower. GOd Anitey : one doesn't recognize posteriora just by the odor !; (tho I must admit that I screwd one=once for one reason only, because I'd found her naked in the high grass of an unmo'd meado : that aroma, only the smallest part of which was JERGENS, had lur'd me on from 3o meters away - 'twas rite at harvest time, and were We ever holding a carniphal for you : hundred thousand tons a tits, what a canapiece !) : fouiller dans l'inconnu, pour trouver du nouveau !";(he jumps up enthusiastic'ly,from a bottle that's empty anyway; and commences to take off his long-flo'ing overcoat,(which [redacted] reveals that one may boldly omit the 'over' from here on out, there being no 'under' -)):" Tanyrate I'll stick t my opinion - (say what you will)-,that such a broad voluptuous belly, floodeliting=country-spreading, not only engenders an (e/a)ffect at once luxurious & robust... (?): you simply lackt the aptitude for it : for such a magnifiscent=farflung desert,(which begins t form dunes beneath one's [redacted] menzelling hands); n before long the lov'liest oasis captures one's eye and inflames one's fantasy !";(nono :'ASTA on her back' ? : seen from belo, a bird's-eye view, 'twd be, I shd say):" as if a toothless angel were t be seen smirking from between the iv'ry towers of a fairy-castle, visibly Hairy. - (Vous permettez ?)."

(He counts off 2o paces. After which he squats down,[redacted] leeward of the hillahay: -/While BM bursts into intractable laughter. Flatulates bass=borreassianly,(the sort that rips calico). And then utters something to this effect:'And the nubian she's to be harried'; and 'better a little something sooner, than nothing et-al later'. / To which Egg ,(who is teasing the cat while he shits)

EGG: " From 'nubere', huh ? : coire always, nubere never. Rite : Him a sortev old Castricius; Her a still-vigorous Popilia;(but then moren likely you'r no longer up on CICERO's letters).";(he lets his water sloose [redacted] more freely. (Cursing the pain, he wipes himself with a bundle of straw :'Goddam etiquette !'). And comes back again to put on his (over)coat. Casually to BM):" Your appearants renders fruitless the query of :'whether you mite be in possession of a comb' - well, could be that Notre Dame de la CECA kn help me out. -(?): Certainly; heaven itself did not cover its nakedness t'day;(say, that pretext never wd 'v occurrd t me)."(but):" You about ready ?; so y kn follo me inconspicuously ?"

(They saunter, more leisur'ly were impossible, tward the game fents. BM needs lift neither leg nor garb much to climb over; Egg gathers up his coattails decorativ'ly,('approaching antique form'), and swings his plump thigh over)

EGG (glancing tward the western firmament):" Look : orbs of gold, all numbered : 'But ye worlds all aflame, what then art ye ? Perhaps but mere atoms,/ in the blood of the great universe's warm creature revolving,/ who perhaps on still broader expanses with similar thousands / all like him is sporting ?'. -(?) :'Shit' ? :wrong again : HERDER ![redacted] - But now I want you t clear your throat [redacted] discreetly : so that the ladies'll notice that Someone's approaching. -"

(BM clears his throat :'!' - with such success that immediat'ly the entire canine population of Klappendorf starts baying./They hesitate politely, for a few seconds. Then they walk onto the terrace.)

* * *

(Brief stopover at the barrel. / Ann'Ev' sits and plays with a stone 'Who shimmers more fairly by the moon ?'. / Martina is just now returning, having done yeowoman's duty as news= (via gossip=) bearer among the terracians,('She who is flitting from branch to branch'[redacted]; in a style something like :

a) :'Gone abroad n matters a the heart : tward the fisher's' (the tomcat namely)
b) express her unfelt sympathy for mommy's cut finger, and fetch a 'bandaid' -(?) - :'A dispute for our mutual amusement.' - (?) - :'She's off metempsychosing';(=Ann' Ev'). - (?) - (missled ? : Pff):"Better twice misled, than once dead !',(And to this extended her finger in scorn :! -)
c) (?) -: 'Hoh, then I'll just have t shift the blame to our stars. (Maybe thàt's why I querelize so much !).'
d) and even now one hears yet another of her disparaging remarks :(?) -: 'Well if that wdn't peeve the milk in the ice-box. 't's a miracle of ingratitude ! : that'd make [redacted] a dove think a thro'ing a tantrum !';(she approache whistling :'As for us; as for us; why we're not for it. On the contrary : We are against it !')) -

MARTINA (sinks exhausted onto her velvetstool):" I'm really not onev your simplestons, as both GOd and my all-girls-school are aware; n I kn differentiate most precisely between an oak and a mushroom...(?): Sure, just ask. [redacted] For a purple piffle : n for thanks a good sharp stick !";(infuriated, she pours herself some COLA;-so that a coral of airy=pearls stands in the glass...)

(Egg's & BM's gallant request that they mite take a seat : ? - /Meets with a refusal : on grounds that this is the 'maiden-corridor' (='Passage des Demoiselles'). -(?)-: No; neither M nor AE have their jour t'day. -(?)-;- : Wêlllokay : male society may peripateticize back & forth in front of (or round-about) the barrel. -(The new comb is lent, on receipt, to Egg;-;(who gravely demands his note-of-hand back after 3o sec.))

MARTINA (still unreconcil'd): " They'll talk y black & blue in that house !;(I understand better n better how it is that Eremburge recently came t say : that old people literally make her flesh creep). They go into such transports over 'primitive-cultchers' - okay, fine : then why shdn't we start driving off all useless old-folk, too !;(or slam the kids up against the nearest wall when they get on your nerves) : d' your customs permit that ? - Aahmee -";(she's already sucking away more contentedly at her straw. Asking): " Doy want t come along for some tubing ?" (ie TV).

ANN'EV': " Havn't been t the sinema for ages.(But not if it means more molestation for you; We kn just z easily get along without the 'news')... ?"

[redacted] EGG (cutting in earnestly):"Altho I'd really like t know how the New York stock-market stands. -"('swore' ? t shake neither the Tree of Knowledge nor that of Life unnecessarily ?):" I have sworn an oath : never t swear an oath;(besides which, I am a schemer; n I'd gladly cross tongues again with such ancient garrulicians). - If I mite be permitted the question, your ladyship : how large is this property here=aeh... ?"

MARTINA: " A snail n good health kd crawl around it in a day." (And z far as your 'crossing-tongues' goes):" Hopef'ly yours 's long enough. -"('Genius' ?):" I was already a genius when my shoes were but 5 inches long.";(comes the rebuff. And then once more, reconcil'd with the world, to Ann'Ev'):" Since I'v met yòu, I feel myself t be just that much more infallible : thàt was a true Moment of Luck' -";(to Egg):" Do you know the book ?"

EGG (politely):" N case it's by HACKLÄNDER : no." (And also no, if by SPIELHAGEN/ JENSEN/ SCHÜCKING/ ETC.)

ANN'EV' (mediating): " But at the moment we'r still 'by the hatch'; and therefore serviteur, and not a crotchet more ...(?)" (and what's 'hatch' suppos'd t mean ?): " Well, sortev 'in obscure back=alleys'; on the edge a the village, where it gets swampy, and the poorer folk live - real=precise prob'ly 'toadlane'." (But you understand something a thát yourself):" Listen - ";(she turns up her end of the intercom to its loudest: ! -)

(Ev'ryone bends an ear : ? - / A few bars of sqreeky music can be heard (as if from a badly scratcht record from the 2o's). Then a, ditto raspy, female voice announces the longwave=program of the GDR 'with the news'. -;-. :'Then it works z a receiver!?' 'N not for the German-fed. radio either; but for ...'. Hm Wêll.''parently a GDR=product : so that your subcon'll get irrigated by nite ?!'. Curious.)

MARTINA: " I'll ask the Major;('mong other things, he was a 'radioman' too).-That's pretty funny." (But I'd say the moon's now arriv'd at just the rite position n relation t the house...(?)):" Why so that our charms'r illuminated at their most flattering."(She stands up. And stretches her arms and tummy into the warm air[redacted], trilled as a candel.)

ANN'EV' (nods; and emerges slo'motionly):" Yes, let's go in, n make our salue."To the men):"And you'll come after us a minute or so later. -"

MARTINA (already a bit ahead[redacted], stroking herself :?-):" Oh terrestrial horror ! -(?)-:Have t pay Orcus a quick visit -";(she hurries into the house, as if on pinions of the wind...)

* * *

(Meantime at the 'family-table' ev'ryone's l(aco/u)nic, sated with supper. / The ladies, at first [redacted] mere fragrant shado's,(:'After Limburger ! After potted=herring !'); have by now acquir'd chalkt arms and hands,their breasts cleft deeply by cast=shado's. / The men pursue diverse pastimes : Olmers turns a half-empty glass of Saar-wine between his fingers. Eugen smokes;(and now & again makes a remark, whenever Marwenne scratches himself so loudly it kn be heard clear over here,(or farts the hour from the topa the hillahay)). A&O simply sits there,(his lf arm across his chest, the knuckles of his rt hand at his mouth) ; one can't tell if he's dozing or thinking. Regards the moon in the plastic-tub. Listens in the direction of Evanndria,('a woman pale emaciated,travel-dusted earth-sedated')./BM=rumors once again ?!)

EUGEN : " Spy GOd ! Fello looks z if Polyphemus'd sir'd him by Medusa ! (And does he ever have a staff ! : ought t be calld Vulvram.)"

GRETE (scolding): " Really, there's absolutely not one honest 'proppriate word comes out a your mouths; (hardend heathens who plop into bed without a prayer on principle !). -"(insinuating to A&O):" What 'r you looking at ? - Aah, a skele-

ton coverd with goosebumps is untangling itself from the barrel : Oh joy bells ! (And thrice woe upon the evergreen of our finer feelings !)."(Just in gen'ral): "I certainly don't demand that a guest arrive all mummyd-up; but without 1 stitch between neck'n'knee ? (N walks around as smug z if it were the empress' new clothes ! If she at least had a figure a some sort; but like that - the delapidated marcebille, with her dirty sullen facade, and that yello thatch roof : that'd be some ornamentum mundi !) And then there's that insolent sharpie tone a voice the transparent female uses, with her pittants a table-French. -"(cynic'ly):" Have no fear; she'll be sitting in the palm a your hand n just a minute : beggars 'r faithful;(leads the life of a bumblebee n clover around here !). There's always a stall ready somewhere t take in that kinda hedge=Circe; and that insensitive whorhead that kd hold up under rain'n'hail : n it ud e-owl above, toad belo. - I'm truly not the world's most eloquent,"(she -(amid gen'ral laughter & applause)- goes on):" but you kn write this down : if I were a man, I really think I'd prefer a young lady who hasn't seen quite so much a the world !"

EUGEN (in his lo commando-bass -(since both girls are now embarassingly close)- to Olmers):"I wanted to ask y before : What does the word 'NIGRINE' remind yóu of ?"

OLMERS (immediat'ly):" Of shoe-polish. ";(he drinks what's left; since Asta and Grete have started to redd up)

A&O (eyes fixt on Princess Alzette):" 't's onev Lucian's dialogues. -"(to Martina,(Who,with special tenderness - to annoy Grete - plants a little red kiss on his cheek:'Mmmm')):" Well, Piccola ? -(:many thanx !)- aeh=what does nigrine make yóu think of ?"

MARTINA (snuzzling up,'Mmmm',('d like t be somebody's sweetheart too.(And get carryd into the house n his arms !))): " A min'ral : rutile. -(?): Not so long ago Dr.Mohs brought a whole crate a that (n similar) gravel into class : see, you'r not just thro'ing money away on my tuition. Ah, 'm in constant fear that I'm becoming almost tóo perfect for this world !" (:that river in Africa's simply calld the 'Niger', isn't it ?; ahyès.)

GRETE (nodding for emphasis :'You & tooperfect !'):" First learn t make yello-star dumplings ! True enough ;when you'r around, the Rest of Us havn't got a mark left - : pick up that tray there, n lend a hand." (Why the great screwpulation ? Your 3 sugar daddies aren't gonna run away : move, take it inside;n when y come back out, have a smile on your face.)

(Openly muttering against Providents,('nothing like being born with a silver spoon n your mouth...'), Martina audibly shoves a coupla cups together;and departs with them, a decided grouch upon her face, ('some people appear to exist only for the benefit of other people -'). / Ann'Ev' sits down, naked & still, on the (perhaps still warmish ?) flagstones, next to A&O : she pulls up her rt knee, and bends her face down to it; brings her rt arm around in fronta her face,(and uses the hand to take hold of her left upperarm near the shoulder;her lf leg comes across her rt foot, the Turk=position;and finally her lf hand takes hold of the instep of her lf foot : a mute'n'lov'ly tangle !/They all watch the twosome : Grete with incredible dégoût./ Asta, of the inscrutable face,(in her thoughts, however, trying out something similar ?); strides into the house now, a chair in each hand. (Follo'd by the birth of dull lite in the 'salle'; and sundry noises.)/ Eugen and Olmers take care not to deliver up much of anything interpretable;(tho the latter appears to inquire about something from E :(?)-; self-satisfyd bleats:' Goddess ? - Well, she's as good z 'Maximin' anyday !'). They both gather up their books and notes./ Martina comes back again, as if blo'n lazily in their direction...)

MARTINA: "When 'r we finally gonna screw in some briter bulbs around here ?: fifteen watts ! 'darkness visible' ! -(?) :What if I'd ended up sprawld all over the floor ? With my face in the cups ; maimd forever & husbandless, you'd never 'v got rid a me for the rest a my days;(n I'd just sit there, sobbing softly on my sleeve) : methinks that's unpoohpoohable." ;(she sneezes most politely, and expectantly falls silent;(happy for any eventual pause in the debate a/o work)).

GRETE : "Don't fall asleep on your feet. -";(to Eugen):" But if she's not suppos'd t see anything, then she's got eyes like a sharpshooter. Seems her hearing's getting feeble already too : shout z loud as y like - she reacts the same as if she had no name atall: She takes the place of half a dozen sons,your sweetie does ! -(?)-: Sure;with other people, maybe : street angel, house devil, well-known syndrome. -";(to M again):" Take a good look at me, girl ! n drop that balld-up fist : full well you merit all you feel - and more ! (Only proper thing for you 'd be a healthy thump on the plafong !)."

MARTINA (sampling a leftover wedge of cheese):" I'd really rather have it on my plangshay;(n from Uncle A&O !). -" (Miss-demeanor): " Ughastly - the grocer'd be better off t put that variety in storage for when the Russians come !"

GRETE: "N now march inside !; You'v made your contribution for the day. (Our Savior didn't have marzipan on His table ev'ry day either.) Don't spend a lota time wagging your tongue : arrange the chairs inside; 't's almost eight..."(she turns to inspect the slo'ly approaching guests :?)-

(Egg, with roguish face of monk, pilgrim from abar, breviarlaymaniac'ly,('with your permission') / behind him BM of the elephantine manners,('ex pene Herculem'); in good Seljukian fashion he beasto's a special greeting on Grete. / While the others eye him, half disgusted half fascinated : !...?.../ Ann'Ev' whispers something to A&O : '?' -:'?' -)

ANN'EV' : " Yes, that'd be commode for me. " (She unfolds arms and legs. Rises easily. And then goes,with A&O, into the house. -(They kn be seen inside, thru the big frosted-glass windo of the 'salle', as they disappear to the rite, into A&O's room)

GRETE (muttering spitefully): " Oh the swivel-eyed, pairiscopic, foot-dragging creature ! "(I'll guarantee she's hitting him up for more ! - To M):"Now that's a gossamere snippet, that Ann'Ev' a yours. -(?): And wipe the simpleness off your face : Listen, they don't call a calf 'brindl'd' if there's nary a speck a black on it ! -";(she calls after Olmers,/ Who at the moment is rolling Eugen back into the house/):" Go ahead n turn it on. -";(she watches as BM and Egg walk on by her... -. To M):"Do they sit down ? (Or do they usually lie ?).";('a mattress' ?):" Then go up n get your gym=mat n bring it down."(dreamily):" p'r'aps a dish a cc-kies...". (Musing athletickly, she strides into the house).-

MARTINA (alone;softly but boldly): "Well serve 'em yourown, lady ! -";(shaking her head):" There ! just look at how She moves her rear! like nothing decent ! Don't need t drop my hat t tell Which of Us Two 's more ungainly -"(with emphasis):" and s'mother things too !" (She nods sev'ral times. And is the last one to enter the house.)

iii. Act

Scene 7

(In the 'salle' of the house - (ie in the front hall; circa 6 by 2.5o;(the name has its origin of course in Grete's megalofemania)) - the TV is already aglo ('in color') : the murmurings of a world deceiving itself, a gaudypied double of the earth; deliria mundi senecta. / Along the wall, on a mattress, Egg sits à la Buddha, like one of the more comic monks in SCHEFFEL's 'Ekkehard'. Next to him slouches the Bastard Marwenne, he of the super-abundant lap; his head proppt against the wall -(there will be a conspicuous imprint there t'morro)- he is ogling the mater-iall (namely Grete's). / Grete, sumptuous in her wicker chair, grants a portent of her thighs. / ('And s'mother things, too' thinks) Martina; who for her part (at)tempts a balancing-act, her rear atop a hollo terra-cotta cube -(the which Grete for her=part stares at silently)- the yawnfull genius switches frequently back'n'forth between 'sodapop' and 'Zanzibar' (large chocookies, outh with peppermint filling). / Asta with housekeepher dignity, has brought a lite-weight armchair for herself out of the kitchen. As the program proceeds, her legs reach out ever more eggwards. /The 3 oldsters, all at different stages of skepticism : Olmers, at root the most disillusiond, is paying atension to a portion of TV=breast; Eugen, who still takes an honest interest in politics, is prepar'd to get wrought-up. A&O, as a cultural=melancholic, has the least idiovisual look. His greatest enjoyment consists perhaps of / Ann'Ev'; who in her charmingly cold-blooded fashion promptly seated herself once more on a small pillo on the lf=belo=beside him; barefoot to her forehead=fringe, above her thin muscular mouth the winderfully large eSpahiing eyes; between her tannd cold fingers she holds a daisy,(which A&O will later find on his desk, slippt there by shy= & awkward fingers - an elvish heart). / And ev'ryone of them is engag'd in providing quick= (= often mis=)witted glosslets.)

OLMERS (who has just been orderd by his sister to do some 'adjusting', peevish):"The fault lies neither with me nor the set : here !... - : ... :! When is that - that=aeh - (ohgod !) : that antenna doctor suppos'd t come ? (You did call him, didn't you ?)"

GRETE (yes,sure; nothing works anymore since Meyer died n that awful way. Indignant to M):"Sit up like a lady ! (Tss, nothing above, n nothing belo) : 'Eyes winking, feet making signs, fingers pointing.'."(Ought t be asham'd !).

MARTINA (first lets her eyes wander up=, and then back down her, (à la 'yóu'r telling mè ?!'). Then,calmly): " 'll tie a knot n my shirttail; so I don't forget. -(?)-: Me ? 'm not hiding behind anything ! -(?)-: Okay, fine. I'll slay myself by some gruesome method; n then you'll see : I'll come haunting nite after nite, n turn the whole house upside down." (Motto 'Martina's Suicide'. She snaps her fungers; and eats some more Zanzibars.)

(First the domaine mechant of advertising. / :'Insure what you hold most dear ! (Or even your wife.)'/ 'Hats', childishly debrimmd. -(?:Why, 'cause it defeats a 'sombrero''s purpose : shade in the sun; protection for your glasses in the rain !'). M,profoundly:'A hat looks alot better when you'r in the mountains than in lo country.';(why is that, actually ?). / Now young blackgirls dancing, bodies naked to the loincloth with improbably hard nipples, erect and undulating ? -:turns out to be a commercial for a sex-salve;under the rubric of Luke 12=33 :'Provide yourself bags which wax not old !' / The tallEst=thinEst=blondEst Rule Britanniass imaginable had a horoscope cast for her fav'rite cat. (For a prepay=ment of 15 marks 5o)./ The children of this world read 'The Times' (a rev'rend from his episcopaseat): let Us read 'Eternity';(=the new church weekly). /the 'Anti=furniture Shop' : Ozanne Leckebusch, coift for protest, exhibited some of her newest models : chairs without legs & seat; quilted blankets of hippie=hair,(as a bonus, 'Sleepyllo's' made of cork-oak, so-calld Alcor=Nocks); the latest mobile-camper : -(and do they all pay attention now :!- :in the form of barrels ! made mobile by a sort of...hmmm... (Eugen placidly:'gun-carriage'.) : Wheels for summer;runners for winter. Simple & practical interior : here the holster for your Colt,(complete with rasp;for those quiet hours when you'r making your very own

dumdum bullets)...)

GRETE (maliciously):" Well now ! [redacted] Once again we'r out in fronta fashion." (Tss; heterocynical riff-raff. Who knows what they live on - if not the wind, or the grace a GOd. Ahwell; mainthing's the toes 'r pointed tward the ceiling.)

('You probably haven't the least idea, my dear, just how uncouth you are ?! / '!!!' : but one kd see the practical application at once : howling in the fisty forest. 'I will never agree with anything !' Demonstratorettes, who flung their infants into the faces of polysemen : !;(and gorilla-tacticians, who came running round asshoving'n'screaming). Irritators scatterd plentia counterfeit money into the crowd :::::: (whereupon an enlargement of a bill was sho'n; and the pressision of the reproduction prais'd). Against the background of the scroaring cohue, polyglott malcontents spoke into the obligingly offerd microphone : from the newly-founded 'Band Noire' -(?): distinguishing characteristics of its members ? : painted blue; and with small bouquets of flowers stuck up their trunknail-studded asses - an immodest maiden from Franconia, a good 14 at the very least, displayd it readily : Ø;(and then stood off to one side; and provided soft, writhmical applause with her breasts). Their demands : lo'ering of the voting age to 13,(in case not fulfilld immediat'ly, the pope wd be kidnappt !); each'n'ev'ry museum and library to be leveld - in the future only one forma poetencia : the 'Ex"'-most definit'ly not 'press', but rather - 'plosionism' : We are blasting Our way to freedom : Let tramps be trumps; prowling in deserts of their own making ! 'Death-doomd' wd be the lo'est rank among them; nor was there a shortage of note-bombs : he held 1 of them up high :'!' -(and They actually mov'd in obediently [redacted] for a 'close-up': the inconspicious envelope (harmless [redacted] return address); and rite next to it the little handbook 'The Everreddy Rabbellion'. All the while the police were keeping up artistic fire with hard-rubber bullets; the shots formingan attractive tracery about the figures of reporters and interviewees.)

'But littel suffrance ought be given the rabell, els it renne mad; and it were more readie in such case to snatche 1o yards as to yeeld 1 handbredth, yea, 1 fingers bredth; for the rabell hath and knoweth no bounde, and within euery such dwell 5 tyrrants and more. .../ A dysperate, damned thing is this madded rabell, which no man but he be a tyrrant may properly rule : the which are the cloges bound about the neck of the dog.' MARTIN LUTHER

EUGEN : "And meanwhile our police 'r dead-asleep ! Ah well; people 'r not accustom'd to enduring humane treatment : good times drive 'em mad. Flying off into the air's easy - working difficult : ce sont les bouches inutiles qui crient le plus fort; n it only takes two good feet to be a protestor. -(?)-: Just look at 'em, the way they perform their epithreat battles (be)for the TV cameras; the perevers hirerut erants a the young creatures is amazing. -"('acting on their convictions'?):" Uh-húh,if only the 'extremists' a left n rite weren't so much alike : red t'day, Nazi t'morro : the downfall of a nation's immeasurably aided by the'political maturity' of its citizens." (You'v got t watch the citizenry like with a (toma)hawk.)

MARTINA (thoughtfully):" 't's true : at the 'Princess Anne' wedding not long ago there wasn't 1 longhaird=bearded face. -Hm -";(she falls silent; she mumbles: 'to think like everyone else is never wrong'; a sentents that doesn't seem to taste a hundred percent rite to her either;'hm'.)

OLMERS (with the discourteously shrill voice of the elderly): "Worst thing's all this education twaddle : this senseless proliferation a 'universities' causes such impudents among schoolteachers n students, creates such a doctor= and professor=proletariat...(?)-: why, 'cause a polytechnic 'd do for all these advanst fine-mechanics -";(he points at the tube with his chin):" call themselves the student=body;(just so they kn forfend get how t work). I'll stick t my guns : Fewer Universities ! -(?)-: Sure : they'll soon be paving the schoolyards with the philosopher's stone !";(with more fervor): "Do y recall that Mormon program here recently ? : no long hair & beards among the boys; no miniskirts, shorts or bikinis for the girls,(won't even wait on 'em in the stores there !); no Negroes; all hard-working n decent : not a bad state at all ! ... (?): Why, weren't you watching thother day when that girl, a student, was confronted with the 34=volumes a the BRITANNICA n had the chique to ask :'Does it have t be arrang'd alphabetic'ly ?' - n so found it t be 'compulso=authorito=terror' to arrange one a the most important works a human-knowledge on the basis of ABC : n shê was, naturally, a 'student' ! -"

A&O (with a shrug of his shoulders to M,(who apparently has addresst a question to him about the relation between freedom and necessity)): " Two sentences : 1.) Youth is stranger than fiction; and 2.), No wise man ever wished to be young again. -(?)-: Ah Martina my dear : political and religious ideas 'r never 'true'. Truth happens to ideas a that sort; they 'r made true by events, because so many millions a people fasten their EMG's onto them, because their rulers recognize them as tranquil= (a/o stimul=)izers and propagate introduce=misuse them. -";('Human=Sacrifice' ?!):" You'll have t forgive me, but I pass at that point : my psyche's simply no longer a match for a discussion a such matters."; (never was in fact.)

(Because at this point the Bastard Marwenne laughs roars outloud polyphemic'ly '!' /Ann'Ev' makes a whole lot of talismanic faces at him; and begins to dis--charge a volley of strange words at him as well -,- / (mite this not well be some newly=invented language ?)/then, offhandedly reassuring)

ANN'EV' : "The radicals - (the 'Red Cells' etcetera) - don't consider us t be 'total'; We'r too cerebral for them. -" ;(she is sitting all-bentover at his knee).

(And THE LADIES have assembl'd once more :darkblue close-fitting suits with linen hoods,(like inhabitants of Mercury); at their head the Presidentperson with silver-cap and millstone-collar. And what speeches, what demands ! beginning with equal rites for girls - don't build a sno-man, only a sno-woman !'The boogey-woman'll get you, or contrariwise Santa Claudia's coming to town !' (At the very least, from now on, 'Ms & Mr Claus !'). / Know=how=mothers were teaching Do=it=yourself=daughters. / Instruction for volunteer firewomen. / Vire Tuominnen,the Finnish delegate, demanded the introduction of bonnets for men,(and hellmets for women); the establishment of 'Compartments for Men' on trains : woetoHim who sticks his nose in elsewhere!; also male stewardesses, in exchange for female pilots. / The chimneysweepess : chic, in black with top-hat, long=platinum wig : the househusband who opens the door to her is to be considerd fair game. / A poetess, who only wrote tragedies in which no men appeard, was awarded a prize :'No more history, only herstory !'/Statement of the women's 4oo meter relay team : the whizardesses demanded absolute objectivity in love-making :'When the female returns home of an evening, the male is to embrace her about the knees : '?-' - You may live, is the responts of the gracious marital comwomander.' (From now on nothing but oneday arrangements ! The 'yesterday=man';(can if the necessity arises claim retroactive impregnation=benefits). / An energetic young=mommy : watches the birth of her child, in an overhead=mirror : how it comes= on=out. (?):'Conception, obviously, in like womanner !' / A most uptodatess, with wings at her shoulders, (like the goddess of love and the aeroplan : her hair chang'd color according to her mood; became red with rage; black with sorro;blue hopefrilly; all-golden with joy; green with jealousy;with lust murky, and she demonstrated them all), /(?:''m I rite, Olmers : that's a feed for the subcon ?')/ dewomanded straight-out,'that the rite eye of all new-born boys be put out and both thumbs choppt off !' -?-:'Docuwomented

herstoric'ly : during the Bohemian Magdewar the same legislative proposal was introduc't !' (And the cavalière was greeted with considerable applause : `````-). / And now the final scene : female students; goslings in bellcaps, bespectacl'd and bookbaggd; vig'rously pursuing their self-foolfillment)

OLMERS (yawning):" - who, at the outside, 'll manage t get a 'Dr.Phil.' (And meanwhile ev'ry meal in the Holy Roman Empire lies burnt in the pan.)."('A rite to academic training (& titles)' ?):" The good fortune and pretents of the literate, dear sister-mine. 'Nothing dumber than a specialist' as '(Some)One' has [redacted] said. - When but an adolescent,I once devis'd a utopia in which men and women dwellt=liv'd separated from one another;(not all that dumb...)."

EUGEN: " When viewd from the military standpoint ? : most women' [redacted]r only arrested gun-totresses (=recruits) anyway; n when it comes to slaughtering 'r more famatical n cold=cruel than men. There were Russian women - sorta 'Tanya la Guerillera', y know - who castrated quicker than the most expert butcher. -(?)-: Aahyes; with their equal-rites claptrap they 'r just sawing off with their owntoolittlehands the very branch where they'v been sitting trouble-free for so long, all the while basking in our (excessive) admiration : The Princess and the Plumber.";(he puffs at his cigar phlegmatic'ly).

and even MARTINA ('al simple as a dowve'):"I'd much rather let myself be spoild=protected, n lounge around the house : the man kn work; I'll read, n listen t music : there's considerably more self-fulfillment for me in that, than for the poor nanny-guts who let themselves be convinst a how much finer things are in the fact'ry."

GRETE : " Na=turally : when the old birds start singing, you have t 'peep' too ! - Hoh, look : isn't that sweet !..."

(? -:somesortev musical. With sets that had swallo'd a coupla hundred thousand, if not.../ And the racket ! : Popstars, who, blesst with talent for careers as operetta extras, had never heard the voice of nature. Fagotten malodies :'I wonder if it's really true, that You are only paint' - which didn't apply in the least to the female-lead, who except for a thin-golden chain about her hips had little more than that on,(the golden medallion attacht to it coverd but a fracktion) : angelus in penna, pede latro, voce gehenna. And in the back=ground the chorlet clapt its hands, as if there were no other musical instruments to be had; ('Volk Lore'; it had become fashionable to pronounts it that way;(chiefly by people who thereupon went out and voted for the 'Labur Partie'.)) Germany's Rearend. And the audients, predominantly between 9 and 17, went delirious.)

A&O (to Martina -(who joind in bouncing on her rear;and now stretches her hands tward the others,soliciting enthusiasm :?!)): " Ohyes; if Tito Schipa wd sing Massenet, or Donizetti, why even his most famous colleagues 'd pay attention."

MARTINA (scowling):" Aeh, you n your stale super-sirens ! (Already know Who's coming up t bat now :'Renata Tebaldi'; 'the Schwarzkopf'; or 'Joan Sutherland'..."(softly):"... got the same kinda hots for them..."

to which GRETE (forbidding her such expressions. Then, however):" Oh, those really=brite-shining tenors ? Leopold Simoneau;or Jan van Kesteren..."

OLMERS (eagerly): " But then, when y consider that certain ranges a voice 'v been lost to us completely - and maywell-be the most ghostly=beautiful [redacted] : there were n fact manymany op'ras written for castrati...(?)-: pah, y havn't the vaguest ! One fello, who was a full-fledg'd artist, WILHELM HEINSE - just a minute, 'll read it aloud for you..."(he gets up, slite and haggard;and fetches the little volume of HEINSE's letters./to M):"Turn that shit down -";(he reads: -/while on the screen almost=mute novitiettes play on):

'Fruits of anti-authoritarianism' : a father is presented who apologiz'd to his 3= and 4=year-old children for talking so long to a well-known writer and having made them wait. / yet another gang made up of 8-9-year-old children has gone into business in Berlin; commanded by a captain; with mistresses of the same age. Preconditions for acceptants into the group : the stabbing of one's father with a barbecue skewer, and the taking of one's mother to bed. 'The flatus a privilege for adults only' ? : that has finally been done away with;(a demonstration of which follo'd at once). The most int'resting gang-member, daughter of a multi-millionaire smuggler of men (helpt inhabitants out of the GDR and onto the mine-fields),had, in collusion with her captors, had herself kidnappt;and was now extorting from her daddy one G after the other; which was then blo'n communally - with ghastly self-reliants she tosst her pigtail and strippt./(Ah me, not a good omen to have youth on one's side. 'The ideal would be for schools to disband themselves one day;and for parents, uncles and aunts to become the teachers of the children.' (AUERBACH)/Noo;in that case the great flood near Emden on the North Sea coast were preferable :a cemetary had been washt up,and the coffins were floating all over the place./Eruption of Votzlicoitl;(but only some=6o casualties - gen'ral enervation of the world:even the earthquakes aren't worth much anymore,or the flood-godastrophes)./For some time now there'v been shops in Denmark with private service !/Founding of an association for hermaphrodites, 'Teiresius, Inc.'/Wood imports from Venus,rafts traveling in space,one planetary sleigh bound to another,(on the tip of the mast of the last one a pretty weathervane./The inevitable elephant that had a goldtooth made for it./The Japanese it's true have produc't neither soccerers nor ice-skaters;but instead they'v just won another inter-nat.gymnastic=tourney : of Jesso's lineage coming. - And now news from the European Soccer-Cup playoffs ! SENSATION ! :Liverpool had tried and tried but had not been able to win against the Luxemburgian champions, 'Jeunesse' Esch

'For the opera seria alone they have 2 castrati; the first, and one of the best in all Italy,is Pacchierotti. I had never regarded these unfortunate victims of musical epicurism as anything other than self-playing instruments; but by virtue of his passionate acting he often made me forget that he was one, and my delighted ears have often heard :'O benedetto il coltello, che t'a tagliato li coglioni.' One can simply never hear a sweeter voice; it is a true constantia from the Cape;and what this man or semi-man has at his command in both art and natural talent surpasses all conception,and one must hear it for oneself: no female,say what one will,has so many pure,perfect tones,nor such a chest ! There is such strength and stamina of tone that the soul is borne away by it as if upon a flood. .../Just back from Pacchierotti in a new opera, 'Guilio Sabino',in which the music was far superior to that of the last,and he inspired far more admiration : I have never heard song so completely transmuted into passionate speech ! - There is in that moment a small but holy spot in a grove full of flowers and spring's perfume,wherein the most love-stricken nightingale lets loose his song,while the bright brook murmurs across its bed of pebbles,and all else seems to listen silently in rapture:but an inadequate picture of the hall and boxes,orchestra and Pacchierotti;mere still-life when compared to rich human life full of the beauty of enjoyment, the triumph of the loftier heart and spirit over the baser. When this P.lets the fullness of the sounds of his soul flow so purely about him,he appears an angel come down from heaven to gladden mortals. Far from being deficient in some way, he is, rather, free from the bellowings and growlings of brutality; like purest spirit,he is himself aflame.'

- and for one moment those famous flying men were to be seen : horizontal goalies;and [redacted] 6 stormers (& stressers), their heads in the air and stuck to a soccer ball. Nevertheless, an unexpectedly good sho'ing for the Luxemburgers.)

ANN'EV' (murmuring): " And with panash !'

and MARTINA (remembering):" Hey, yah ! At the olympix they even interviewd a one-time goldmedal=winner from Luxemburg - (fifteen-hundred meters or something) - n he us'd 'avvenamenta' (pronounst it just that way) for 'events', too."

(Back to the humdumb world./Mister Verbal up=front rolld his eyes more reverentially : news from heav'n. - And there He was; in Apostle=look, half Wandsbecker Bote, half Rheinischer Merkur,(and a great talker, like all believers);in the background pretty christian shiksas, warbling pious old-standards and dispensing Odeur de Belem,(half in=half nonsense). He smil'd, proud & shaman=depressive;and then prayerclaimd : how he had just rusht into the studio straight from Dervishabad,in order to bring to all technologic'ly-int'rested men of good will an up-lifting message about the more than total success of the ecclesiastical space program : ENOCH iv had made a smooth landing on the moon ! In the crater Hierosolyma Nova. And there - tho not unexpectedly,he added most=calmly - had come across a small chapel; surmounted by a cross...: one kd see it now; [redacted] thru the magip of televiscious...above the simple arch of the entrants an inscription 'ELIA FECIT'. The camera obscura bows down, exact and enlarg'd:...:and there verily were the prints of naked feet in the moon-sand ! Unmistakable;(and of authentic'ly prophetic shoe-size;at least 11's!). Ergo, the omnisapients of the DIvine scribes was corroborated anew : Evoe Maria ! He made himself invisible; and then predicted the outcome of the current legislative session. / Aid to wido's : fidegenerative employment for aged female-christians of allah denominations. During work-breaks small bo'ls of Roman salad; accomp'nyd by lite reading: 'Was the executioner who naild Christ to the cross left-handed ?'; they were to be paid in money enscrib'd with bible-verses - Ghostly advice was at once dispenst to a wido who died of ensuing joy. (Here the omnipresent commentator (he tóo dressd now in a holy-suit, his gaze blackend) cuts in, his voice heavy with import : most assuredly the church owns nothing; she merely acts as trustee !) Quelle nuance. [redacted] Further holy instrictions ?! - / It appeard that it was still undesided what position one ought to take in regard to the American revue 'Jesus Life' - (?) - : the music for the 'Entry into Jerusalem' sounded damnd similar to 'El Capitan'. Well; at least it went to sho that christ'ndum - (he [redacted] gave an elegant=limpious-wristed benediction) - then as now has exercis'd, does and shall exercise, the most beneficial influents imaginable on the arts & sciences ! (Now one more small promise anent the nonexistent, interspurs't with threats from the exact-same provenants...)

EUGEN (yawning): " Oyes, would but we were there. - By the way, there really was such a thing, round 1650,in Gotha, threepenny pieces with bible-verses on 'em" (? - to Grete,(who has calld him an 'obnoxious wiseacre')):" Neither am I a christian, nor can, nor will I become one : there'r institutions in this world which have fomented such evil,(or at the least tolerated it), that they have forfeited the rite to further existents."

GRETE (contemptuous):" You'r all so deeply profound. With your free-thinker smiles; n y know what, with your free & easy attitude to all Sacred Scriptures : what'd [redacted] prob'ly happen if people didn't believe anything-atall 'nymore ?; ('cause if there's righteousness without religion, I can't say I see it all about me!). -(?): Well, they really do try : isn't the Great Reformation=Ball coming up again next month in Sandwedel ? -"(to Asta):" Where your brother's the sexton."

ASTA (nodding):" When they'v got a non-cath'lic patient in a cath'lic hospital, they place the chair beside the bed n such a way that the=ir chaplain knows rite away 'ahà, a heretic'; n walks on by then with a barely-courteous Allah=hu." (sighs):" It always us't t disturb [redacted] me greatly in my meditations, when up=there n the pulpit was onev these deputies of Our Lord with a name like 'Ramsbottom' or 'Hotchkiss',(or something even=wòrse !).";(blushing charmingly, she looks down tward Egg;/Who, smiling the confessor's smile, lays a hand upon the Holy Leg : !)

MARTINA (chewing):" I'm a the opinion creation's 1-great-big bluff; n nothing more -(?):not 'impertinent' atall :hell's nearest when the need's the greatest. And omnipotents shd have its limits too;if only those that (perhaps attendant) omniscients ought to 'v set for it. -(?): Well, weren't y watching last week :? when Cousteau sho'd how a sea lion hung around the watering hole a the poor penguins, n then outa pure maleviolents wip't out hundreds a the little fello's [redacted] ? - just for the funev it ? Well then, nobody need come visit me bearing cobwebs from Bethlehem's stall."

OLMERS :" In lite a the gross ignorents a the country-folk, that sortev farce'll find fertile soil t fall upon for a long time t come.(And a course the bible-brigade starts in screaming at ev'ry reasonable man just like thieves did at the inventor a the lantern.) -"(suddenly he bleats):" hae-hae ! Back when I was at the university, we once put a young teacher under hypnosis to analyze her : She had some very unusual ideas about her 'Redeemer' who 'hangs on the cross'. -(?): 'abnormal' ?; not n your wildest dreams, O Sister-Sweet ! Sometime y ought t read about the 'spiritual marriage' of St. Francis of Sales & Madam' Chantal : you'd die-laughing at the way those two kd camouflage their love-sickness with religion; their 'effusions' for one another. He promises t bring her into 'sainte nudité'; n she's moren willing:'There is within me that which has never once been satisfied...come into my soul !' How often does he think of her daily !;when he begins t pray the 'Our Father' - or no, rather at its close, so that he may then linger in communion with her that much longer, 'but for heaven's sake, tell this to No One,for I am saying a bit too much...o, how very happy were Adam and Eve, as long as they had no clothes !' He never reads the mass,but that he thinks on her; yes, he reads it primarily for his sweet friend.He thinks of her when he carries the H.Sacrament about in procession, when he is refresht by the Lord's Supper, when he spreads out the corporal. If she is sick, then he envies the nurse who is allowd to care for her. And then back to her: 'no earthly creature matters to me anymore,when compared to my beloved Father';whence arise her torments, that constantly, gradually reach a dreadful pitch of intensity, during which she waives all claim to blessedness, and ne'ertheless does not relent from thinking of her Francis, whose presence (vision intellectuelle) exhales upon her a sweet perfume and extraordinary tokens of favor. And he then writes her as to which seat in the choir she ought to use so that she doesn't take cold; and shares with her such intimate information about his own physical condition as kn hardly be found among married couples ...(?): I mean, 'spiritual onanism' is the weakest expression for it ! Húh-uh; a closer acquaintants with the Acta Sanctorum's never strengthened anyone in the faith.";(he signs off with a wave of his hand, and closes a canonical eye.).

A & O (the reconciliator): "Let's put it this way : each level within the personality has its own religion : the id its animism, or polytheism; the super-ego is strictly monotheistic; the ego attempts t steer its way thru with a reasonable

agnosticism;(the 4th level sacrifices at the altar of Laughter) - t the aggravation n scandalization of his contemporaries, that's what good old PIETRO POMPONAZZI propos'd long ago : a theory of multiple truth in 1=&=thesame person. -";(to Ann'Ev'):" N what d'you think about it ?"

ANN'EV' (her face secretive): " Things furnish us with a mere image of themselves; which image does not give rise t the truth about the essential object. -"(? 'God' ? 'gods' ?):" Poor people havn't got any god atall; only the rich kn afford something a that sort. There'r certain groups among Us who say:'Prayer ? : means t make the seats a the gods so hot that they get up and help? do something for mankind.";(she shrugs her brown shoulders impartially; and lets her mouth come [redacted] to rest on her knee again. She mutters):" Matter's just striving for form."

GRETE (scornful):"Ridiculous : z if they were two diff'rent things !";(inquiring ironic'ly):" And is there such a thing as form without matter ?"

[redacted]NN'EV' (without moving in the least, to her knee):. " Yes, music."

(For sweet peace's sake almost all of them turn instinctiv'ly to watch the brite-dappl'd screen : / : workers in Hannover, reduc't to poverty, stag'd a protest in form of a car-cavalcade. /Silesians driven by their homeland. / In North-Shamerica a new vice-president gave his inaugural address:'I can take my bribe as the best of them !'/Nites in an Irish madhouse : a calamitous skill for concealing bombs,(in which subteens particularly distinguish themselves); and All flew up into the air roundabout, were he Lazarus or Dives. / The SPD : left-wingers unable tu manage left-wingers. Mass Civilization and Minority Culture. Stormy times : lotsa money for lotsa people, and not one head fastend securely onto its shoulders. At the borderer-crossings, workers on their way to tour Italy : 'T getta goo' look at Vezoofyus fur wunst...'

OLMERS (ironic):" 'And now the only thing we still haven't got...' -(?): Well now, n my day We learnd the language of the country n question beforehand; concernd ourselves with hist'ry and art-hist'ry; n only then, with trepidation a the heart, dar'd go into the Prado...(?): oh no ! : on the side ! during the little bit a (for the most part non-existent) free time we had. Not 1 signev it ! : judging from my not inconsiderable experients, they don't want anything like culture. Half of 'em 'r averse to; thother half incapable of education; n they have z little use for art as their cattle or machines have : one shd systematic'ly point out the disjunctive element in all antipodes & emphasize it; never the (possibly extant) commonalities. ";(he spreads his hands,chiefly tward Eugen and A&O : well, isn't that rite ?).

EUGEN (smoking philosophic'ly): "I wdn't want t formulate it quite so stridently - but the inevitability of bad/no taste is truly incredible. (These 4o=hour=a=weekers 'v got all the time n the world t improve themselves; but a desire t do so just isn't there). -(?) ";(with eyebrows rais'd high):" Now just a minute !; if we'd 'v thought the same way n the military : that on Friday,at 3 pm on the dot, we kd simply drop our weapons - ? - : n just don't start imagining, ladies & gentlemen, that there aren't going t be any more wars ! The Great Designer's probably got some most attractive ways-to-die still on the drawing-board for us.";('rigid, out-a-date views' ?):" Well, then I think I'll put them into the strident form that is their due : -;- or noo;I won't either; 'm too lazy." (Your cigar just goes out on you, n your tea gets cold.)

MARTINA : " Fine, but aren't those all simply the kindev opinions one gets when one mixes drowsiness & misanthropy ? If I'm suppos'd t look at my new minihaha skirt n think a naught but that this world, in some sents, has already met its doom... aeh, then it's Satan who's in charge a this creation !"

OLMERS (shrugging): " Biology and world-history do lead to that apprehension."(N y don't have t make any grand intimations that because we'v gro'n old we'r strangers t creation. -(?)- o, the 'solution' 'd be very simple):" For the next 3o years there simply ought t be no more people born; then the world population 'd be back down around 2 billion - just 1 'd be abundantly sufficient. -"(He bleats his annoyants):" That'd have some other unusual results : no more little kids n the streets. Schools superfluous; tgether with teachers & nurs'ry personnel; toy-stores clos'd, no more ads for baby-clothes; textbook publishers'd have t close up shop : finally 'd get some peace from 'new-math' and 'Sesame=Street' - not bd at all !";(to A&O with handmotions à la 'Tell me, old fool, don't you have some other calamity to add ?').

A&O (that I'm a cultural=melancholi[redacted]c's moren sufficiently well-known t you all): " Altho according t television & the press 'creativity' now figures as such n ostensibly wide-spread talent that it'll soon be impossible t get any=body t work, a truly unbiast opinion kn only be :in the country there is none whatsoever; n what goes on in our metropoli is the collapse a culture. There is n fact so little [redacted] demand for it, that one sometimes feels tempted t regard 'culture' as n abnormal gro'th, a kindev brain=tumor n the form a pictures, books, n music. -(?)-:Well,just read the 7th letter in the 4th book a 'HYPERION' sometime,sweetie, where he lifts up his voice : The 'upper-classes' ? : shriveld & petrifyd/ the middle-class plodding & craven/ the workers vapid & flippant / the farmers crude & clumsy / the youth... (?)-: ah, listen, my Martina : is it not true that you really do prefer the wailing on your cassette-recorders t the most beautiful DELIUS ? Your hit-charade t the profoundest work a BOSCH ? Your 'abstract' (or for that matter your 'concrete') poetasters t...(?)-:n now I'm going t tell yóu something : brutality & profanity 'v gro'n so imments so gruesome, that for you a VERMEER has no value anymore unless y steal it & then extort money ! - No; after the next war,(ie within this century), a long, unciviliz'd period'll come back again - like before; between 4oo and 11oo - quite possible that writing itself'll be lost.";(which, by the way, wdn't be the first time : what do We know about what-all happend in the ice= and/or between=ice-ages ?)

'Thus I arrived among Germans. /Since ancient times barbarians, of every divine emotion entirely incapable,to their marrow deadened to the joys of the holy graces, dull & atonal as the shards of a discarded vessel. / I tell you:nothing is holy which is not profaned,is not demeaned to a poor makeshift thing by this people;and even that which is kept in its purity divine among wildmen, is practised as one would a baser trade by these calculating barbarians./It rends the heart to behold your poets, your artists...the good ones live in the world as strangers within their own homes;just as patient Ulysses,who sat as a beggar before his own door,while insolent men in his hall clamoured and asked:Who was it that brought us this wandering tramp ?/All of them godforsaken ! Any other star is better than this earth : yet viler still,grimmer these humans grow,and all the gods are fleeing.'

(-(?)-: oohhnoo; not the GDR=news now;(we kn pick that up s'mother time). / But the weather report !-? '...from behind a lo-pressure area over..very warm and humid air out of the Sw is being diverted our way ?' : tremendous ! That's all We wanted t know !)

Scene 8

(The 'salle' has become brite, friendly. They are still sitting tgether, over pretzel-sticks and Schweppes (=Grete Asta Egg); Olmers and A&O content themselves respectiv'ly with mineral= and just-plain=water; Martina & AE have waded into some sort of fruit-jello,(appears it tastes very good with a pottyfull a Cola)/ BM, remarkably Spara Cuntaleer-like, is working on a 4o=proof item. / And all of them are - well,'all-ears' wd be an exaggeration...)

EUGEN (in his staid way):" A coupla cold meatballs, a glass a beer, and HACKLÄNDER - 'tis refreshment fit for a king." (To Egg):" 'A literature of disruption and riot', such as you demand, is not for philistines, who'r accustomd to ent'ring their houses via the doors - particularly since as they gro older they become [redacted] less'n'less out= and moren more insiders. -(?)"(amiably): "'xactly : subjectivity, n that's where y get into hot water. - Nono; HACKLÄNDER wd truly deserve serious reproach only if he 'd aimd at serious praise; but instead a that he writes, quite modestly:'I want to say in all honesty that I had no greater ambition than to contribute to the entertainment of my readers; and was content with the achievement of this goal and the pleasant,comfortable life it provided me.' (He was by the way only just=3o when he wrote that;lateron he did think somewhat diff'rently about the matter. "

EGG (glibly): " Precisely what I mean, a monstrous ponderositia faded words : a desolate multiformitia 8o=9o volumes of self-induc't mediocrity. You must admit that the perusal of such authors may well be a sign a the degeneration of one's powers of reading ?"

EUGEN: " A subsidiary, tho valid, point; which wd carry more weight, if you 'd ever read anything by him. "(With his hand he politely puts that question to the tramp-faction : ?)

BASTARD MARWENNE :"I'll make a dinner of my own beard, before I ever touch that kinda Makart kitsch...";(he ends his sententes with rumbl'd belching).

GRETE : "Well 'f y ask me, the name HACKLÄNDER's one from which (all in vain !) I'd like t flee til I came to the outermost parts a the sea. (Not that I'd prefer the basterpieces a your modern overtraind Pegasses.)";(she falls silent, her pretty mouth pouting plumply; busy with 'light feminine work' (as H.himself wd have expresst it), ie she mends most coyly a prodigious brassiere,(nor does she neglect to turn it so as to sho off its 'cups', either :'!')).

MARTINA (tolerantly):" For something t smile away the time with before one falls asleep.- I dunno : I like mosta what I read.(Just so long z it's none a these moldy, deep'n'dark, eskimoteric things; or that endless=affected crap by Prooost.) - Hey, why don't y sho Ann'Ev' those lov'ly super-vignettes by Caspar Scheuren; (the ones in 'Day and Night', rite)."

(whereupon Eugen passes around a coupla illustrated volumes : [redacted] a folio of military stories. The 'Fairytales', with steel-engravings by Zwecker,(which are really quite amusing).A coupla portraits of H.;at the ages of 3o, 45 and 55. And finally Scheuren's truly profound large-initial designs for 'Day and Night')

EUGEN : " Uh-huh, Scheuren was an int'resting man; n exentrick, n almost tóo inventive...(?): 181o - 87. He created a whole new=personal genre for himself there; a conjunction of landscape, figures and ornament, very clever and imaginative." (The Burg Stolzenfels Album, the Venetian Album, the Tales & Sagas of the Rhine; I don't begim t know them all.):"Born'n' bred in Aachen, n for that reason alone wd 'v had to run into H; who was n fact almost a contemporary - 1816-77. - This 'Day and Night' isn't únint'resting, inasmuch as it's n attempt : t construct a novel with a great many characters on an hour by hour basis, rite on thru an entire 24=hour day - (?): m=m; naturally long before Joyce; 1861. - Until 6 pm he manages it brilliantly; but for the last 6 hours time n place had t be juggl'd around; 't's a shame, for it wd 'v been quite possible t pull it off; but as it is, it's one more classic example of how n author (however high his reputation among laymen) faild t carry thru with a form t the end, because he hadn't plannd it out well enough before hand - (?): Well, SCOTT's 'Redgauntlet' 'd be another example... (?)"

for ANN'EV' (remarks slo'ly):" Pretty. "(Namely the fantastic arabesques) :"We spirits 'r caught in this world as if in a trap; and thät mite supply a method for how one goes about filing at the bars -."(She quietly goes on leafing thru). EGG (holding up the portrait by August Hüsfener at a critical distants :?-):" An appretierd mussyur. -'s he got a biog ?; then vouchsafe us the essentials thereof."

EUGEN : " 1816-77. / Mother(the daughter of a pastor RÖHR in Erkrath), 's already dead before '16 is out;(only 33). The father's an insignificant teacher, who ne'ertheless edited a dozen years of a 'Children's Almanac', he + in '28 as well. Sothat H. at age 12 is a total orphan. Rite away his relations shove him off as n apprentice in a textile shop - (since I went thru much the same, I know how t give such shit its due !) - he describ'd it semi-autobiographic'ly by the way in his novel 'Trade and Traffic'... ?"

for MARTINA ('curteys and quyk', supplements):" You'v forgotten t say that he was on the small=side & a protestant; voice, 2nd bass; and had 1 sister. - (?)-: Oh, 'v got a weakness for 'omnishents'."

EUGEN : " Ahyes; 'Julie'. Marryd a textile-dealer herself : Gustav Büschgens from Crefeld,(workt for the silkdyers von der Leyen); n had lotsa kids,('annual expension'); bas't on personalinquiries, I know there's still material t be found among the descendants. / Anyway, outa desperation he volunteerd for the 'mounted artill'rie' -(which belongs then to my specialty as well)- but he was unable to get very far with that, 'cause at the time only members a the aristocracy became officers; n after a few years he quits. At least he had learnd how t ride impeccably;(which was shortly t serve him in good stead). And above all else it provided him with the materials for a whole new genre, the 'military novel'."

EGG (wrinkling):" Mushstasht dreams that GrandFather (even more, p'r'aps, Granny) dreamd. Sorev 'humoresques' [redacted] for

the better vulgar : aggrandisement,(even glorification !), of a state that's twothirds=slav'ry - laugh for us, BM !" (And does he laugh - (so that even Martinlein, who's certainly us't to modern hit=parades, is vext and [redacted] holds her dainty ears clos'd :'that kd make a menhir mis'rable !') - and then, with great speed, he breaks a poker into little pieces : `````` - : - / Which in one sents displeases Grete. (But in another admits of inf'rences as to his personal strength;hm...))

EUGEN (calmly continuing): "'A Soldier's Life in Peace/War time'; 'Guardhouse Adventures'; plus his reports from the Austrian=Italian campaigns of 1849 and '59 - z a mattera fact he was the official (n not just war=) correspondent for the 'Augsburger Allgemeine' - 'Gunner Wortmann'; 'The Last Bombardier'..."

EGG (interrupts): " It hardly makes the man quaestionis more lovable because he sang Prussia's gloria : onev these fello's who was suckl'd on the Stahlhelm; who loves NATO über Alles and his BundesKanzler as himself...:Brrr !";(he shakes his head; and decides he'd rather have some Schweppes).

EUGEN (at ease):" Tho of course n those days both authority and thrashing were still t be had. - Sure he made good use of dashing militairy language, can't tell y how good; and also of the situation=comedy that crops up often enough. But the total-impression's most certainly something less than one of unbridl'd patriotism; indeed for his day it was so much 'less' that it led the Prussians to threaten him with names like 'refractaire' and 'disloyalist' : he was, y see, a 'Big-German', and spoke up in Austria's favor ! He sho'd mo enthusiams for Bismark, either in '66 or '7o='71; he sav'd that for Radetzky and Novara. And he certainly wasn't knighted [redacted] 'Friedrich von Hackländer' in Berlin, but rather in Vienna."

OLMERS : " Or t be more profound : the man had a Rhenish carnival=personality; liv'd n borro'd his carefree way thru life : which is why he instinctiv'ly got along much better with the flitey Austrians than with the Spartan=stiff Prussians. - (?): Me ? 'biast' ? : hùh, sometime y ought t read HASENCLEVER's 'Outlaws', what hé thought a the Saustrians ! -"(to A&O) :" Well, isn't that rite ? : 's there such a thing as 'national character,' or isn't there ?"

A&O : " Why sure. Stew'd=humanity'd be a horrible thing;(I'm all for apartheit, you know that - altho squabbles about it awake no personal responts on my part anymore;(n by the way, that isn't suppos'd t sound like 'wisdom', 't's more n admission that when you'r on the far sidev 6o, you'v only got a kindev surrogate soul.)) ";(he shrugs his shoulders).

EGG (ready for the ambush):" Whereas one's int'rest in the arts - :?"

A&O ('the arts' ?): " Lit'rature's beginning t look more n more like rhym'd campaign-posters,(n the novel's exclusiv'ly 'engagé'). / Music ?: bello'ing set t noise. Painters ? : not very far from house-painters. Sculptors ?: closing in on the brick-layers. ";(he quotes THOMAS A KEMPIS): " ' I have sought peace in all things; but have not found it except in solitude & in books - except in eem Hoecksken met een Boecksken.'. "(To Olmers):" Now I remember what I wanted t tell you about whatshisname - ";(to the guests):" - I'v had some contact with writers in my time -";(again to O.):" He always maintaind :'that translating was satisfaisant to his feminine side; writing=hisown=books to his masculine.' - now is that profundity or further stupidity with an Oechsle of 4o degrees ? - ".

(Since Eugen simply lets page No. 1o3 of REYMANN's maps be passt around in silents - the 'Spellener Heath';southvice of Wesel;(equivalents of the others :'Neuhammer';'Encampment at Munster';'Semne') - he picks up where he left off)

EUGEN: " And so he quits the military. Becomes a salesman again. But since all 3 firms that hire him end up bankrupt one after thother, he recognizes the finger a God, n moves to Stuttgart. - His first reading-experiences, by the way, were : WEISFLOG; and SPINDLER's 'The Jew', 'I gulped it down whole' !"

EGG (with approbation): " Those weird names'd make proselytes all by themselves. -";(shaking his head,he again picks up one of the volumes;-;-:and suddenly breaks out into sheer-laughter):" Here's the signature of the owner :'Alphonsus Bellerheim' - (a name that practic'ly 'speaks for itself' : the fello was definit'ly a cath'lic)- n then after that:'bought and paid for in Leipzig.'; appears not to have been his wont."

EUGEN : "Once in Stuckert he tries ev'rything in a rush : first he wants t be n actor - he describ'd his debut as 'Fortinbras' with particulars=humor in the 'Untitled Tales' - so nothing came of that. At which point he met an equally unemployd gentleman nam'd Lindner, a 'theatrical secretary', already n elderly man; and H., who thru-out his life quickly follo'd the lead a circumstants, falls for the apparently absurd idea,(and it's suppos'd t keep both of them cloth'd & fed at the same time):to write something ! And, n order t speed up the process, he dictates [redacted] over Lindner's shoulder."

OLMERS: " Yes, that's always stuck n my craw : the 2o=year=old greenhorn dictated, like the hoary GOETHE, or HAUPTMANN ! Ahwell; we'r all grandchildren of a fool n the end; [redacted] 't's paper's nature t rustle, n it's always good for one's ass."

EUGEN: " His almost=first work - simply to illustrate his early manner & style - is a translation from DICKEN's 'Master Humphrey's Clock' for LEWALD's 'Europa' : n since he doesn't know 1 word of English, he picks up a French version, and pacing up'n'down blithely dictates it 'more or less approximat'ly' to Lindner.

A&O : " If I still allowd myself t get upset, this 'd be a splendid opportunity for it. -";(sighing):" Well, maybe it is only 1 prejudice out of our curious collection that says there's more t be achiev'd in literature by hard work & precision [redacted] than by impudents & exactly 1,ooo words a ragtag German."

EUGEN: " After that he dictated his 'Soldier's Life' as well; and did the same lateron with [redacted] 'Trip to the Orient', too. -(?)': Well, that's what I was about to explain. Because a their vig'rous freshness,(and n part the quite critical [redacted] view of military pompassity), these soldierly anecdotes had met with such approval, that a certain Baron v. Taubenheim, a rich nobleman from Württemberg and at the time Overseer of the Royal Stables, hir'd H. as his trav'ling-companion (and, as it turnd out later, historiographer) on a trip t the Orient, on which vT. was being sent to buy genuine=oriental horses at place of manufacture. He took him up on it ride away : had nothing else plannd; his rear-end was still nicely callust from army days; and before him lay a carefree exciting year-or-so; plus a connexion with nobility ! - so let's [redacted] spend 184o in the Orient. And then there were the more exotic reasons, '4o' is divisible by '4'; and 'I have always regarded numbers

divisible by 4 as propitious';he was once overjoyd with a hotel-room No. 44 !) -(?): Round the whole eastern basin a the Mediterranean : down-the-Danube; then thru the Balkans to Stambul; by ship t Beirut;and finally, by horse or camel, on round to Alexandria. Then, riding the length of Italy, he brings the horses they'v purchas't safely t their stalls in Stuttgart. -(?): Oh no; he 'got around' a great deal lateron too :'A Winter in Spain' tells it all n the title - (I have yet t follo thru on the 'Spain=Portfolio' of Theodor Horschelt, the painter who accomp'nyd him on the trip; it's certain that at some point, however, he became H.'s hanger-on. When he was no moren half-gro'n,he ran around with painters who later achiev'd fame : Rethel (of the 'Dance of Death'), or Achenbach (Andreas); he even contended that he was a 'very-close friend' of Freiligrath). I'v already told you that he found extensive employment as a correspondent : in northern Italy, in the war; at the great World Expositions of London (1851), and Paris (1867). He'd become councilor & secretary t the crown-prince in 1843 - accomp'nyd him t Hungary,and on his wedding trip t Petersburg. So that a map a Europe with H.'s journeys trac't on it wd prove that he was acquainted with most of its nations."

(a soft murmur rises up from Martina - with nary a word; but nonetheless easily understood by Ev'ry-one;(sort of : how She wd certainly have no aversion whatever to similar journeys;(and that at the mere mention of the word 'ride' one's behind starts itching !))/- for which she is properly reprimanded)

GRETE: " Just don't lose site a the fact : that you'd have t write a long=tedious essay about ev'ry one a those excursions : those were all business=trips for Hackländer !";(n besides):" Didn't y get t come along with me to Malente=Gremsmühl'n [redacted] not 2 months ago ?"

MARTINA: " Sure; just like a black-slave wd do his trav'ling.";(complaining to the others):"I was kept on the hop skip & jump rite down t the millionth partev 1 second; was patient & kept my peace - I kn keep a brutal peace, when the occasion arises;(when it doesn't matter, then a course I kn carry on a conversation for three) - but after we'd passt Uelz'n, at ev'ry station I had to ask if they had any dill pickles - : the people n the waiting-rooms lookt at me z if I'd just arriv'd outa the last century ! - so I finally spoke up and invok't my human-rites." (Dramatic'ly, the Douce.)

EGG : " So he sycofantasiz'd his way rite on up into noble circles ? Servile & ever-smiling ? - Ahwell; prob'ly wasn't impractical in those kinky days - (although that wdn't be anything for our friend Marwenne=here)..."

(Who just stretches out an arm and shakes it; and with his colossal voice rumbles)

MARWENNE: " Losing proposition ! ... "

EUGEN (who is slo'ly toying with the antlers Martina brought him, waits politely til the thunder has subsided. Then): " 'tanyrate, the sum of his experiences in the matter 'r containd n the sentents :'Nothing is more human than a king.'. - His most intimate acquaintants was with one Count Alfred von Neipperg, who'd marryd Marie, the eldest princess of Württemberg;(his father, moreover, had marryd Marie Louise of Austria, Napoleon's wido); n it was at his castle, Schwaigern near Heilbronn - why even Vehse writes, n that customary litely=insinuating tone of his:'The great friend of the house was HACKLÄNDER, the well-known novelist and travel-correspondent (under contract) for that newspaper which serves the potentates of southern Germany, the (Augsburger) 'Allgemeine'; and he stood in the particular favour of the Princess Marie, as well as in that of the other princesses of Württemberg.' -";(regretfully):" just for the 'diaries' n such, sometime I réally ought t...but then y can't even get at 'em...hm."

A&O : " Did I tell you that ev'ry year JUSTINUS KERNER us't t send birthday= or sometimes condolatory=poems t the Princess Marie ? Sure, one a the longer ones 's even calld 'The Garden at Schwaigern' -(?)-: Why, because among HACKLÄNDER's fairy-tales (some of them rather nice, really), there's one longer one calld 'Schweigern Castle'."(reflects):" As a boy I ownd a'Book of Fairytales' by Amélie GODIN; in which - as I'v learnd since - were included a couple by H. :'The Man in the Moon'; the 'Magic Horse'; the story of 'One-Arm'...";(he falls silent, pensive).

EUGEN: " He was n extr'ordinarily busy man. For a while was intensiv'ly involv'd with the theater - which is then reflected n his books, very intensiv'ly and comic=instructiv'ly; in the 'Untitled Tales', in 'Life of a European Slave', in 'Dark Hour'; again n again."

OLMERS (wrinking his nose): " It's mainly the gigantic apparatus that makes the theater impressive - if y remove that, for the most part there's terribly little lit'rature left over. Altho sometime I would love t see/hear the 'Rain Brothers' that H. mentions. -(?): The op'ra; by MÖRIKE;(music by Ignaz Lachner) : premiere in Stuttgart, 1839."

EGG (int'rested, raising his hand : '?'): " 'Life of a European Slave' ? - ";(explaining):" y see, I'm n admirer of &(tolerable) savant for trivial literature; n that title reminds me alot a the 'Slave'=series a KARL MAY,'The Prince of Misery' : kd there be some sortev connexion=there... ?"

EUGEN (nods in confirmation): " Indubitably. N not just something a the milieu; but n both cases the hero & revenger a the disinherited 's cald '(Baron) Brand! (It may even be that H.'s influents has crept all the way to 'Ardistan and Djinnistan'; since that 'artistic statue of a mounted rider' found among the "Ussuls', 's already made a similar appearants in chapter 5 book 3 a 'Guardhouse Adventures'.). - You'r surely familiar with the fact that that all started with SUE."

EGG (nodding): " Enormous influents; and even now hardly assessable : Gutzkow; Bourdin=Heyne; Freytag's 'Ancestors' inspir'd by the 'Mystères du Peuple'; George Lippard - a desperate reading-enterprise : takes your life; or even longer."

EUGEN: " 't's also worth mentioning that he founded the 'Mine' - it was the period when such literary clubs or coteries were n full bloom : Castelli's 'Ludlam's Cave' n Vienna; the 'Tunnel Over the Spree'; the 'Krokodile' in Munich - n so Stuttgart had its 'Mine', with HACKLÄNDER as 'shift-foreman'...(?)-: well frexample RAABE;(who liv'd n St.for a while). In 'Eugen Stillfried' Hackländer provides an amiable parody a the carryings-on : the 'Leimsudia'; - but all this prob'ly doesn't int'rest you much, his founding of a coupla magazines 'Over Land and Sea', (which kept rite on going after 1858 for a good many decades). You'd be more taken by something like 'The Chaos', as more appropriate for your natural state ?"

EGG : " I'd formulate that a bit diff'rently; let's say : The discontent in our culture - NB in most circles - has

gro'n so overpow'ring that... Just a minute -";(to Marwenne): " Say -'Stillfried'? - : didn't you fullfill husbandly duties for a Countess Stillfried at one time ? (Or 'm I thinking of a wide-place-n-the-road in the March ?)."

MARWENNE: " When I get the urge, I'v got nothing against a job in that department. -";(to Eugen): " Doesn't this Hack have any trusty Likedeelers ?; God's friends & the World's enemies ?" (He grumbles his contempt ahead of time.)

EGG (explaining): " Comp'rable to this new HESSE=boom - you'r prob'ly aware of the kindev success He's having over yonder in the California communes, with his 'Journey to the East' etcetera...(?): I only know it in the English version."

A&O : " What's surpris'd me the most is that they'v never thought of ALFRED DÖBLIN - consid'rably better; n even more usefull for your purposes : the 'True Weaklings' of his 'Wang-lun', aren't they your typical hippies=hell's-angels=beatniks ? And in his other books too, there'r always these ma-neuv-ling-ring,pil-fer-lag-ing,man-iacal-slaughtering bands a people roving thru, afraid a work & bloody=poetical : 'Mountains, Seas & Giants' is plainfull of 'em. I spoke to him about it many years ago - when I was a young=aeh - unknown writer,n so kdn't cut'n'thrust with much skill - but t my horror I was forc't to accept the fact that he was inordinat'ly int'rested (at least in theory) in all these 'Circum-ce-llions', 'Victual Brothers', half [redacted] religious sect, half terror-organization...(?): if y like, fine, the 'Ring Associations' from Berlin=Alexanderplatz, too. - But he can't really have been completely in earnest about it (at least that's how I sorted it out for myself lateron) - anymore than Hesse was, who was a lot more weak-kneed : the incongruity of it was just too jarring for people ! There he was about 80% semi-civil-servant, Doctor (of psychiatry) with the rank of n officer; a breeder of cacti a hundred-times-over,(which [redacted] presupposes a considerable love of organization & pedantry); a prolific writer, n precisely for that reason had t be hardworking n neat - so that all this theoretical slumming was finally unconvincing, and p'r'aps best understood as a projection of his agressive= and vagrant=tendencies. On the one hand, therefore, the indefatigable (numerous children !) author inside his paper castle; on thother the show=offender, who traffics in dreams, and herds his readers (the young ones at least) thru forests of foolishness."

EGG (who has listend attentiv'ly):" DÖBLIN - I dispanst myself a him a long time ago...(?): necessary for the rhyme; read it somewhere - :aaeh=mite I take a peek, t'morro maybe, at that 'Wang-Lun'=aeh ? Excellent. -";(to Eugen):"But let's hurry up n get the grave dug for this HACKLÄNDERUM - please note the oblique case ! - : he marryd, he begat...?"

EUGEN : "That too. One 'Caroline Opitz' :'von Boberfeld', quite rite; she was a descendant. He lost his position with the crown-prince - jealousia the old-timers for the 'strange'n'new' - but when the c.p. ascended the throne, he was hir'd again for 5 years as the 'Director of Royal Buildings and Gardens' - and forc't into retirement once again...(?): Wêll, I'v already alluded to his Rhenish flityness. Then too, his fame (granted : often watery) had brought about some swelling of the head; and unfortunat'ly he belongd t that class a writers who'r of the opinion : that they'r quite simply entitl'd to, let's say, 'an elegant carriage', and 2=3 villas, and a trip-around-the-world once a year. N when a half-dozen columns were left over from building the 'New Palace' (the construction a which, of course, was under his official supervision), why he quite simply found a place for them in his suburban villa - the largest part of his so-calld 'autobio' cnsists of naive refutations a that sortev allegation. -(?): M=m;insignificant work; only goes z far as his 33rd birthday. - Loses an eye lateron, but remains incredibly productive, and dies then in his villa in Leoni, on Lake Starnberg, at the age a 61."

MARTINA (nodding wisely): " For which there's no known cure : 'ne trepegat ne spryngelle / ne perrerer ne mangonelle', (as it says n the epic that bears my name : Major,'s the way I'm flatt'ring you with medieval militaria appreciated ?)."

EUGEN : " 'tis appreciated. And within a few years you'll be rewarded with a promotion to yeo-wo-man of the house."

MARTINA ('marriage' ? When ev'ry day you'v got this one before your very eyes ?): " N that case I'd rather be n old hen sitting on the roof! (T put it in plain=English) : Nope.". (She holds a steno-whiserents with AE :?-:!-:- /Who also soon rubs her mouth across her knee disapprovingly :'M=m.'/ which Martina translates in triumph):" - 'therewith would woman's independents undone be, just as, sur le pont=neuf, le quat' Henri."

EUGEN (giving orders): " Nato & Damnation ! : Quiet in the ranks ! - A bibliographia HACKLÄNDER lies n a state of distress : doesn't appear in GOEDEKE atall. The more recent,(à la KOSCH), refer you to old encyclopediae; where a course the information's down & rite inadequate. The so-calld 'Collected Works' - somev the volumes a which 'r among the most errata-plagu'd in all German printing - contains only something like 2/3 a the publisht material; there's next t nothing known about 'first editions', 'newspaper articles' etc; no textual criticism whatever. The few,little, studies done on him, from EDMUND HÖFER thru THEODOR HEUSS, 'r prettymuch worthless...(?): I know a 2 dissertations : both of 'em by females; so from the start both 'r doomd to inadequacy...(?)-; ;(to Grete, with dignity):"Well, pardon me ! But I would insist that whoever does work on H. ought at the very least t be an artillerist !" (Y know:'Gynecologist Prof. Dr.Slittmar' ?)

EGG (suppressing a smile): " Uses lotsa 'swappt-babies'; or 'names that speak for themselves' ?"[redacted]

EUGEN (quite willing to honor such objections as valid): " As to 1) : only seldom. And 2) actually only once, where he uses it for parody, a 'Lieutenant v Bietemmupp/Dr. Restorer M.D./a singer Wailsom'. - Altho it'd be perfectly possible t trace somev his names : in 'Dark Hours' one a the figures 's n English lord by the name a 'Lotus'; while in the yearbook a the Württemberg court,among the English legation n Stuttgart there's a 'Lord Lofftus'. Or when in 'Artist's Novel' onev the gentlemen's calld 'Lord Lytton'. - But more important, naturally, 'r certain stylistic peculiarities..."

for EGG (interrupts him in the most int'rested=courteous way):" Is he one a these double-bold coiners a words ?; damned to everlasting fame ? ";(hard to imagine - he takes another look at the portrait at the beginning of the 1st vol. of the Col.Works : ? - : Nooo; not with thát physiognomy !).

EUGEN (placidly):" Prob'ly not n the sense you mean it. - But for my own use I'v compil'd a brief list of his principal vocabular fossils,(arrang'd, by the way, according t the year a their appearants : that kn be most revealing !... :?"

for OLMERS (bleats his way in):" Haehae ! I once knew a writer who for sev'ral years running developt a peculiar pref-

'rents for the obsolete, superph(a)luous word 'flat-out' - 'it would be flat-out impossible',etc. - it (this pref'rents) grew n grew; it began to appear ever more conspicuously in his works... - N then we analyz'd it (tgether); and what we found was, that it had t be a 'veild lament over impotents'...(?)-: Why, it was 'flattend out' : n the same way that anybody who drives a car knows what it is t 'have a flat' : when the air goes outev a [s/r]ound firm [redacted] ha(i)rd 't(r)yre'. The phenomenon disappeard then all on its own; after the complex n question [redacted] had been psychologic'ly digested, I assume."

GRETE (disgusted): " Keep your anecdtdirts t yourself ! Tss; those kinds a verball jokes before childre[redacted]'v got ears like mice z it is.";((?): naturally : 'FREUD'):" The world's fed up with the word a God - so now Asmodeus'll have to amuse it !";(she thro's herself back into her chair, with an [redacted] audible gurgle (cf gaggle) from her full belly [redacted] To Martina) :" Enough libertine smiles : young ladies don't smile like that ! -(?)':In my day at least one pretended t be asleep."

EUGEN (Who has patiently waited out this cunversation): " For now just a very=superficial once-over : insteadev 'to prick up one's ears', he likes to use 'to point up'; ladies' satin bodices 'fulminate' n ev'ry book; the gentlemen don't knock or brush the ashes from their cigars, rather they 'butt them off'; one 'tats' a child on the head, with 't'; 'so' soon as possible. Most peculiar is the fact that even the finest most=delicate ladies carry with them neither hand= nor pocket=kerchief, but a mousseline !;(that may be n incursion into your specialty, Olmers). Plus some solecisms, certainly : the fatal inversion '...and should not I succeed'; his translation of one foreign-word's totally confusing : 'the sea was relevantly calm', for 'relatif',('comparativ'ly' a course). His accoutrements 'r also (apparently) most significant : in ev'ry onev his novels,from the time a the 'Crystal Palace' at the London Exposition of 1851 on - and he never fails t re[c/m]ount it with admiration ! - the fashionable villas all have pompous 'winter-gardens', kingsize, with tumescent tropical trees, and the coziest corners, fountains spurting ev'rywhere, [redacted] buds bursting into chalices. Out of all the myriad kerosine smudge pots of his day, he had a fav'rite that each of his heroes has t fiddle with : the 'Carcel-lamp'...(?)"

for EGG (interrupts with a question): " I am well aware that our GOETHE of redundant fame wanted to award a prize to the inventor of a new candle-snuffer [redacted] - but what was the special feature involv'd in this apparatus ?

EUGEN : "You'r surely acquainted with the form a the normal kerosine lamp,now that the 'camping=movement' 's brought it back into fashion; it had, however, 1 fundamental drawback for an age hungry for lite [redacted] - to n extent inexplicable for us nowadays : the tank, sitting as it did directly under the wick, threw a broad circular shado precisely=there where the britest lite wd'v fallen were there no tank. The desire t be rid of this difficulty was the mother a countless inventions : setting the tank off to one side; or giving it the shape of a ring, as with the 'Astrallamp',(so cleverly designd that it threw almost no shado atall, n so was calld the 'Sinumbra-lamp'); n then finally the one by Carcel : where the base a the lamp also serv'd as the tank, and the kerosine was forc't upwards by a timer that controlld a pump with piston and barrel -"(to Olmers):" doesn't bother me if that's another sexual=symbol, either; bong."

EGG :" Well that's easy t remember :'With mousseline and Carcel-lamp n the winter-garden' -";(rocking his head back'n' forth):" ne'ertheless up t this point I wd 'v had t resort t force t bring myself t read onev his works. Certainly; the saying goes that a wise man ought not know what boredom is; but I truly miss bold metaphors, incisive psychologica, formulations distilld from events - did he at least succeed when it came to heroines busy destroying their bodies & all levels of their psyches with impossible chastity ? -"(with roguish gravity to Martina):" Your young ladyship will excuse the informalitia the foregoing inquiry, e'en tho 'twas made from strictist (literary) int'rest n the matter ?"

MARTINA (politely): " 'Formalities are the true reflections of virtues : fixed so as to preserve the latter, recall them to mind, and perchance in some cases replace them.'"(Besides, nowadays they enliten us way back in the 7th grade;(n I was able at least t keep up my end...)).

EUGEN (steering away precautiously): " Oh, he kn sho off plentia refinements. - Frexample, in 'Prince and Cavalier' when he tells of a [redacted] poor fello, deeply n love and out wand'ring thru the countryside:'And so he strolled about, harking to the song of the birds, whose call had for him today an often strangely mocking similarity to a name [redacted] (=Victorine) which he could not strike from his memory, although he had indeed often endeavoured, most earnestly and honestly, to forget it.'...(?)-".

(:'The reader has every right to demand that he be told whether it has rained or if the sun is shining;whereas it lies in our own interest to inform him if our lunch was exceptionally bad : for, as a fair-minded man,he will then disregard the several ensuing,perhaps equally badly written, pages.'(Winter in Spain))

for EGG (with a hand [m/d]emonstration): "Nothing unusual about (a sensitive) someone seeing faces on [redacted] old=bank'rupt-tur'd walls : what's the special refinement here ? "

A&O (jumping in): " The 'today' of this text. - Our bath=cum=john at the enda the hall, eg, is til'd with exceptionally fine=gray chex,(n so more combinations'r possible than with a coarser pattern); and what you 'see' there 'r most assurnedly not immutable [redacted] (c)hexograficks, but rather you'r treating yourself to illustrations a what you'r busy with subliminally : the momentary surface a your sub-conscious. Expresst less subtly : you experients what you are thinking... -"

for GRETE (flabbergasted):" Lord, that's true ! 's afternoon I was occupying myself with the new NECKERMANN mail-order catalog; when suddenly I was treated to... - oh ! -"(she blushes charmingly; but goes rite on courageously):" nothing but heads=faces; with flutt'ring blouses beneath 'em... :!"

EUGEN (nodding briefly):" My experients has been that after I'v been sorting notecards for a coupla hours : I discover the whole floor is coverd with letters=words - n the remarkable part is that they'r in a minuscule similar t that of Celtic=late-Latin=old-high-German manuscripts,(prob'ly enhanc't by the special mix a materials plus the way the small pattern is rounded off somewhat.) And yet it's completely ephemeral : let's say, frinstants, that the very next morning, after I'v been thinking about the military, on the very-same spot I see nothing but horses." (But may I come back again, ever=so briefly, t something at which he truly does excel almost all other writers):" He has a most=remarkable way of personifying inanimate things; a power for anthropomorphizing even the most reluctant of objects... ?"

EGG (suggests): " - primitive mode a thinking ?; 'animistic'... ?".

EUGEN (defendsiv'ly): "That still wdn't be so rare; n the end, there'r (all-too)many who manage that - I see I wasn't quite precise enough - okay, one kn personify'Clouds & Winds'; form allegorical [redacted] figures from the 'seasons' : 'Autumn'; that's standard, and HACKLÄNDER kn do that z a mattera course, so that 'sparks flee up the chimney toward escape'. Or 'Autumn had turned about. No more the easy-going bachelor - aging, but merry, graceful,well-dressed - a bestower of fruit,a giver of sweets. No more the man of the world who gladly strews by the handsful all things good and golden, who laughs even when one calls his attention to dying leaves - who,although his hair has begun to turn grey, still [redacted] likes to dally with pretty young girls,a danger to scarves fluttering lightly at a bosom ...',(unfortunat'ly I'll have t forego inserting the entire passage, a good 2 printed pages long; it's from 'Artist's Novel', the beginning a chapter 24, and he executes it so charmingly & delicat'ly that rite away one has a better understanding of why the man was calld in to arrange the most splendid 'festival-parades' that were all the rage at the time - think a KELLER's 'Green Heinrich' : the chapters 12-15 in this 'Artist's Novel' describe something similar.)"

(MARTINA gets up so suddenly=resolute ... - /(Grete):'N where'r you going?'/ :'Just gonna take a look at what I'm [redacted] thinking.' : -/...../ Returns slo'ly,lost in thought./ AE :? /M: !:(allover, HIM !) / :?/:!: Stark-naked ! / :?/:'With a...:!';(she demonstrates infronta her lap :!-)

EGG (defensiv'ly): " Typical rezheesir's=mentality : always [redacted] just 14 days aheada the times,(n not 1 day more !)."

EUGEN : " Y didn't let me finish. As I'v already stresst, I don't mean simply a description of, say, gaslite :'There is something so cold and severe about that face;and when one watches and listens to such a gas flame, the way it bursts forth spitting and sputtering, the hair combed straight up and stiff,with that delicate pale face, etc.' - from the 'Tales of a Weathervane'; where y kn find a great deal a pertinant material. - No; what I wanted to emphasize kd be expresst something like this : We normal folk 'r only at home with anthropomorphisms of the 1st, at most the 2nd degree; whereas HACKLÄNDER kd sense and knew how t present those of the 3rd and 4th. - because this one=here, taken from 'Eugen Stillfried' - not a bad novel -, is obviously not the only one;(which reminds me I ought t give quick mention to onev his characteristic peculiarities : he never divides his long novels into 'books' - 'Day and Night' eg into 'hours'; the 'Weathervane' op.cit. into 'gusts' - but almost always [redacted] into chapters that run n sequents from beginning t end; 'Stillfried' has 6o of 'em; 'New Don Quixote' 64; 'Artist's Novel' 6o, etc.)...:?"

(:'Like most of his fellows,the path ran unchecked on across fields just as the fancy of the moment took him;here, without any apparent motive, he would turn to the left and then there,just as unintentionally it seemed,back to the right,...in order to pay a call on a sand-pit,a lime-kiln or some such;and when he had completed his closer inspection of various objects of this nature and had satisfied his curiosity,,,he soon became capricious, as is the wont of your certified and bona fide country path;for from time immemorial it has been a tenet of faith for all lanes and cuttings never to avoid hill or ravine...He is at the top of a rise now and looks about him : on all sides one can see more of the same old paths waving sociably with their sandy white beds against the green of the fields; they are all much better acquainted with one another than we can imagine - during the day they wink at each other.../Yes,one really ought to be aware of just how intimate the rapport is...among these country lanes.It is a sort of natural telegraph system;for they make contact quickly with one another,tangle themselves,criss-cross in all directions; and it is by such means that whatever occurs along these paths and cuttings of a night soon becomes known throughout the countryside. Most certainly the neighbours were not watching when that fresh young country lass sat down at the foot of the hill there, accompanied by the hunting-gentleman...but has it therefore remained an eternal secret from all the world ? Certainly not : they were sitting close by the old cutting;and although the wily fellow pretended that he was headed peaceably on over the hill,he stopped at the corner at the top and full of curiosity peeked back behind him;and when,probably close to midnight, he ran into an old comrade, who cut across him at right angles down in the dale,the [redacted] two old busybodies sat down beside one another and began to relate what each had seen and heard...and when they had rested and gossiped enough,the four arms of the crossing toddled off separately...came finally to the village...only to meet again, in fact, on the highway, where the murderer pursued by the law was keeping a terrified watch all about him...'(EUGEN STILLFRIED,chpt.32)

A&O (interjecting):" N there you'v reminded me a something I'v been wanting t share with you of late : I found n old=relevant remark, which suggests a total awareness a this technique; and is of still greater importants because it originates with a great philologist, who also happend t be n author of wit and a translator of some fame : JOHANN DAVID MICHAELIS; in his 'Critical Collegium/ concerning the 3 most important Psalms of Christ' from the year 1759, n a discussion a Psalm 16,verse 5;where the Hebrew 'chelek' kn mean not only 'dish=meal', but also 'portion=inheritance'...(?): the central idea is that the priest/Levite is to feed himself from the altar of the LOrd,and is to enjoy that which has been made holy un-

(:'Should it be translated by 'inheritance'?...It is commonly understood so; and LXX, Vulgate, Jerome and the Syriac have translated it as inheritance. It can, however, also mean 'dish, and portion of food', which GEIER wishes to understand here...Indeed I believe that both meanings were in the mind of the poet ,and for ourselves we do perceive that a word which has two suitable meanings in a given context will be used by us with more or less both of them in mind : which is to say, at first we imploy it in but one sense,the other, however, occurs to us and gives occasion to a subsequent idea' - with this footnote - 'The hermeneutickal rule that a word may have but one meaning at one time is hereby subject to qualification,the which every man who give heed to his words may find example and proof : how often may a word of multiple meanings lead us, especially when in the

only t paranoids,(cf SCHREBER, or FUHRMANN), and

(image)

to the LOrd; thus 'Jehovah is my inheritance nourishment and my cup.' - Seems t me that the citation includes the rudiments a just about all the essential insites."

BM (out of sorts):" N what 'f it does - what does all that have t do with this HACKLÄNDER=shit ?!"

EGG (placating): " Should we learn naught from this except to doubt, 't were sufficient. -";(he looks at this fello in pu hi rsuit of an answer -;- reflecting):" with aforesaid anthropomorphisms 2 pictures must always be amalgaMated n the mind a the A'morphucker. -"

OLMERS (derisive;à la ''tis there that you and I differ'): "Your error at this point is somewhat more bearable than usual : we are concernd with the simultaneous benefits of both visual= and verbal=materials. Arise outev sexual images familiar t most people - naturally keep on popping up with Hackländer too, considering how creative and popular he was on paper - what always amuses me 'r his 'railroad'=mataephors; for it's curious how often his (2nd) hero is n engineer for some railroad : a young man 'who's studied design, and whose raison d'être is the construction of a bridge over n int'resting forest ravine outa which willd water gushes, n over which the snorting locomotive (= look or lochia= or locus=motive : mount=Eve + Spanish 'loco'=crazy) will then be driven back=&=forth : a 't'ailroad...(?): latch onto 'Prince and Cavalier' there, Eugen; and read a snatch of 'this is how a railroad is built' aloud for us [redacted] -";(slyly to Grete):" You'll have to excuse us if some impure mathematix creep in where there's so much 'heavy traffic'. -(?):'You hear nothing? See nothing in it?'; ah-há, well I'll provide some aids t comprehension : 'over the tops a younger gro'th he has n open view into the v a u l l e y lying before him. /deep cleft + embankment. Boldly sweeping cuntryside. A lively brook (p)oraling along : n we know all about these mossy mounted springs !/ Uprights + ap=parently (=bare !). ram Berg is 'a name that speaks for itself'. 'Stood erect'. Is envyd for his 'conception'=impregnation;n now pay close attention: especially this creation is long + ne'ertheless oh=so sweet; at the end satisfaction + bliss; the finest reward for all the toil ! -";(uh=you are asleep now, aren't you,Martina ? /M acknowledges the accuracy of the statement with silents/ Olmers giggles, and goes on): it comes out even more clearly in 'Secret of the City', a later companion piece t this one; n [redacted] it's so absurdly identical that y kd pick the whole shoze up n both hands - just z FREUD says, the effect a riding a train's so fascinating that ev'ry older child, all the boys at least want t become conductors at some time or other : they love t watch ev'rything that's happ'ning on the train, and with n int'rest both mysterious n set at a fever pitch, and, when they'v reacht the age where fantasy's n bloom, use all this z the core of n exquisite sexual symbolism.'(FREUD='mself had a dreadful phobia of railroads; ergo, punitive arrangements impos'd by the super-ego z a result of all-too luscious boyhood dreamings, similar t the Hackländerisms particulariz'd above.) - But my lovely sister doth threaten me now with her great eyes : I know only too well that you aren't fond a this sort a 'ecdysis'; (otherwise I wd'v had another beautiful=trivial bit from 'A Soldier's Life in Peacetime' all ready to go)."

GRETE (with emphasis):" N let me tell you once more what I'v already told you many a time : People can not bear reality strippt naked of all illusions ! : don't rob them a that region a fantastic=dreamlike bliss and perfection; their asylum from the bitterness of the present..." -

('our hero's nam'd Welden (=Walden);is n engineer with the railroad; n loves Fräulein von Rivola (= Italian, 'brook') :here again there appears the exact same wooded ravine that must be bridg'd,with a 'splendid cascade within,that was oft the goal of our walks',(about which he dreams at one point,'how he pushes a long,heavy girder across it').An int'resting Bi=symbolism becomes especially clear here; for on the one hand their fav'rite trysting-spot's exquisit'ly feminine,'the lively mountain stream leading its clear torrent along moss-covered rocks ...which often seemed to him to be the figure of this young girl,totally embodied in,yes identical with,the wonderful perfume of the woods, the heart & soul of the refreshing spring,a graceful blooming wild-rose',& he feels as if he'had climbed down inside the Hörselberg'/But on thother hand there's the 'waterphall' as the appropriap male cunterpart; the engineer n fact approaches Fräulein von Rivola at a ball,n extends greeting 'from an old gentleman with white hair & beard,- to whose muttering one gladly listens,...and who wishes that he might be remembered to you.' The girls try to guess:'Do you have any idea?!;until it finally becomes sweetly= clear to Lucy:'Ah,I know who he means by the 'old gentleman',who now (=in winter) has white hair & a white beard: is he not, despite it all, still very spry nowadays ? quicksilver=restless,so that he constantly fidgets to move on,&,though he still strives to move onward, ne'ertheless stays fixed at that place where we saw him...:he means the waterfall,surely !' (And W gives her a sketch he's made of it, as a memento.))

transports of poesy, to a new thought, in which the word is understood in yet another manner !...to permit oneself to be captured by such on occasion is no error,but more probably a refinement. The poet, moreover,should not philosophize about his words over-carefully with concomitant excess of reason,...but in extemporaneous speech as well one may find like examples.' (p. 125 f.)

(the path led the wanderer gradually into 'younger growth and new seeding,over the top of which he had an open view into the valley lying before him.There he saw his goal at last,toward which he turned his steps with sudden decisiveness : from the deep cleft between the hills on his right emerged the embankment of a new railroad in easy curves along the hilly countryside; until right before him the boldly sweeping arches of the bridge lept the valley,out of which purled a lively brook...Other men were setting the uprights. Apparently they were preparing for a ceremony of dedication upon the completion of the bridge...Chief engineer Ramberg stood erect on a plank of scaffolding...'ah, I envy you the conception and execution of a work like this !... the long and yet so sweet agony of creation;the hope of success,and finally that fully satisfying bliss of seeing one's work standing there...the finest reward for all the planning and toil.' The Prince,'a spectator,but an expert as well' praises the fine work;altho the engineer 'led him through a rough but splendid stretch of woodland'. But our hero defends himself saying he 'uses this method with great & small alike.'/Then he invites the Prince to a bellyvue,'under an old (str)oak a shady spot,with a marvelous view to the south...studdy trees ...to one side a small mountain stream,flowing down from the summit & into the park,has been very cleverly converted into a stately fountain.'And now the engineer confesses to the Prince that he loves a beauty of the court;'he took a long look at his bridge,which in the course of time had, with both elegance and force as well, shed the wooden-scaffold which had covered it... the sounds of hammers striking one another, the rolling of stones, & above all the roar of the locomotive',and she's his real fiancée:'there comes my steed ready for battle,saddled & armoured...the sight gladdens my heart!' He points with his hand at a locomotive which has appeared in the aforesaid ravine, & now approaches roaring and [redacted] hissing.'We're in the midst of the first trial-run...an excellent opportunity to climb up into the snorting iron horse instead of being pulled by it as usual' 'With pleasure' replies the Prince...' Now the technician's iron steed pulls to a stop infronta them 'and altho the superfluous steam escaped hissing, it truly quivered with power & excitement.They both climbed aboard, the valves were opened' n away they go, 'the machine (=a term applyd to a 'strapping female' in colloq. German !)moving its rapid its pistons,accelerating steadily...delightful,almost intoxicating...to be able to feel one is indeed the rider of an iron steed ! - After it had run for a considerable stretch,it seem-(en)d to slow down & finally came to a halt,'only to drive back n the opposite direction again,'it hastily resumed its wild gasping course once more.'(RamBerg a course ends up with the lady of his heart,& a 'Cross of Honour',too).

EUGEN (puffing while he works to sit uprite, to Martina): " C'mon, Fuzzy, let's move out. (She means Us.) - "(to Egg):" There's still quite a bit we kd'v toucht on - how he came up with the brilliant idea a conceiving 'Traces of a Novel' z a sequel t the lovely 'Untitled Tales': it's the story of a young lady who is so taken by the 'Untitled Tales' that she decides then and there that she wants t travel - n then actually begins t meet all the characters ! But completely chang'd !; that is t say, z if corrected by reality into something truer; or more precisely : z if they were the materials on which a poet performs his sorcery : and(altho it's n no way carryd thru n brought t perfection), it's really so nicely laid out that even a literary gourmand ought t be able t admire it without concession. (And thirdly one ought t add the short story, 'At the Japanese Court'; which takes place in the same gen'ral milieu, where the 'commonfolk' appear - frinstants the court coachman Mundel, with his 'Pluto' etcetera - n where it finally becomes clear that all this is actually happ'ning at the courtin Stuttgart, so that certain sections kn quite simply be read z a roman à clef - by someone who has n exact knowledge a the period n conditions : which I [redacted]." (He has a cumbersome time of it, piling his books tgether).

(I just have t use it:'Returning to my quarters,I discovered that my drill-sergeant (= the surging drill) had gone out through the garden in the direction of the woods a good hour ago, where he could probably still be found.Following fences and copses (+ copulate),I came at last to a small brook that,hidden by moss and low brush, flows out of the woods - either I was totally in error, or I would find my nCO(siCK!) if I would but follow the banks of this stream.The mere words 'woodland stream' had always excited (!) him tremendously; but it had been a long, long (+ elongated)time since he had had the pleasure of seeing a real one, along whose banks he might glut himself on poesie. After something less than a half hour I came to an open spot where the stream widened out and became much clearer, flowing amiably on past a stand of firs (+ stand, + fur)and oaks - ? - : Correct ! there lay my senior officer (the penis a course is the 'senior orifice' a the male !);one could have mistaken the long thin body stretcht out so comfortably for an unhewn log (+ leg) - 'a log with no foliage (= hairless):but within which/at its core dwells a creative power' (+within+ hardcore- (pro)creative).His ash-blond head (+ ass) was propped on his right arm,and he appeared to be reading in his book'etc.)

(They all get up; more or less lost in thought, more or less tired. - Just one more shot of that strong black air outside before sleep. The richly embroiderd nitecap of the sky. /AE murmurs back a prayer to the friendly porch-lite:- :which then flickers once '.' (Hasn't your nite come to an end yet ? Well,when a candle's flame 'sneezes', it's a good omen.)Eyes like the dusky outskirts of a nebula; she bends forward slitely, lending a fine sireneal ear : - -

MARTINA (wishpering to her hurriedly): " 'll be there on the enchanted dot !";(she points a finger at the moon, her oath :'!' -):" 'r yóu gonna be at it long ? ";('Koosh dorm' ? - ah,súre;great):" Well then, goo'nite.-"

ANN'EV': " Merci, you too." (She walks away, her feet pattering softly, leaving no traces.)

GRETE (hissing after her):" Depart, unclean spirit : t the barrel ! t the barrel ! -";(her glants Circels around :-:-) :"Sleep, if your consciences'll let you.";(this to the 3 oldsters, who bow to her sarcastic'ly. - Marwenne receives a special gracious nod;(which,in his way, He reciprocates). - Then, to Martina, demanding):" Hope you 'rest well' too - :Wéll?."

MARTINA (amiably): " Sure; I hope I do too. -(?):My compliments t you for the nite ? : they'v peeld forth from me two times over already;(tho p'r'aps not so pronouncedly)."

GRETE (mimicking): " 'peeld forth' ! : ncrédible ! - :Come with me t the kitchen, Asta;We'v still got to... -".(La Belle Dame sans Merci ='The Lovely Lady who never says thanks';(to EGG that is; who curtaisly holds the door open for them: -,- (His only reward, a demi-rub of the shoulder from Asta... -)

MARTINA (snarling at the retreating Grete):" Lookslike she wants t start a rancid flurt ? -";(She bids goodnite to the 3 gentlemen of the house. - Affection displayd in ascending progression : Olmers must content himself with a pat-o'-the-hand : `-. A&O (normally the last in line) gets a nose presst into his (rite) salt-cellar : ! -. Today Eugen gets arms around his neck, and whisp'rings:... - ? -:...!- How's that ?):" What can't a girl simply put outa her mind if one impresses her with sound enough reasons ?"

EUGEN (dryly):" Not 1 pantyhose, d'y hear ! - : Ask me again t'morro;(well, 'cause I havn't got'ny money on me at the moment !)."

(She disappears into the house. / Contented, they all watch her go : -. (And immediat'ly afterwards, up=top=left, the lite in her room comes on.) Ahyaa; 'Night falls, the moor sends forth its moist perfume.'; (whereby 'm not referring to a North African... ?). / EGG takes it upon himself to paynder his and Marwenne's compliments for the

nite (EGG): " - this HACKLÄNDER - wêell; when you'r finally dead, that's pretty permanent. (And LESSING once wanted t put out a periodical, 'The Best from Bad Books' too, y know.) - ? -";(to Marwenne, Who has just rumbl'd an objection) : "Fame !? - :Why, y mis'rabble bastard, wdn't this ref'rents n some lexicon 3oo years from now turn you on ?" (They both depart, laughing not a little).

(MARWENNE, B. [redacted] * ? - 19..? Reported to have written about X.)

(The 3 oldsters, Each in his own way, make their arrangements for the nite : Olmers walks out back to the corrugated-iron shed, to check the lock again;(it isn't long before they kn hear him rattling a bit of iron :``.)- Then he appears again; and walks into the house without a word. (Immediat'ly afterwards there's lite in his room, uptop=right.) / A&O still talking softly with EUGEN. (:'Y know a course that She...'. 'Yes, God knows 'm not unacquainted with the facts;but...'. :?-:!.(Laughs outloud): 'Oh yes : how learned I shd be, if I knew ev'rything that's in my books ! But :'even so a man in this warld may rysen /than so the hongry fleen/ doon his body mikel peyne'.' A&O, head lo'erd somewhat,goes into the house.(Immediat'ly afterwards 2 neon tubes,one bluish & one yello, flicker on in his room, belo=rite.)/ EUGEN,alone, laboriously stamps his way into the house : don't look back; for anything. (After a brief interval - just long enough in fact as it takes to finish a piss - a sweetly-=dimmd lite springs up in the marital sleeping-quarters, belo-left./(Asta's illumination, uptop=middle,(ie, over the kitchen), kn not be made out [redacted] at the moment; since her windo is at the back and faces tward the S.)

iv. Act

Scene 9

(Terrace; 2o min later./The front-door opens (almost) noiselessly,and A&O steps out into a nite that has not yet coold off. He taches a few hard-won breaths;then easier ones. Look around -;- :fully spacializ'd time; totally betamporalized space. Up in the sky the primalords,lite allaround.The thin opal-line of a shooting star. The moon : an elfish face masqueparading along apertur'd walls : ubi sunt, qui ante nos in mundo fuere ? /Hesitating 3 steps further : ? - :Olmers' customary soft rasping(=eve(nd)song). - ? : Asta tests out her astinire alarm-clock; ('Momentilla', the sylph of watches;(in POPE's 'Rape' [redacted] : POPE and SWIFT had no ear for music;LESSING and DRYDEN no feeling whatever for natural beauty)). - ? : Martina's still playing some kinda dvor-jokes. (As background some forma debating from the foot of the hilla-hay;ie Egg's edgeucated voice monologizes;and now & then a titanic ex-ecration of HACKLÄNDER inbetween : BM.)/ -:so that one could in fact walk those last few meters...? -(In 'Larousse', under the article for 'tonne', one finds 'barrique' a barrel of ca 3oo liters (wd prompt some undertones of 'barracks'). A barrel of 1,2oo liters, for cidre, is calld 'fut';(wonder if German 'Fut'=twat comes from the same ohg 'faz'...afterall, the insidev a boiler is its womb). To figure out a barrel's capacity isn't all that simple -(the official=gaugers us't to do it the easy way, in that they'd simply fill 'em up with water,('v seen it done in Gau=Bickelheim often enough))- formulas kn only approximate; like: if the diagonal from the bung= to the vent=hole is expresst as 'd' in decimeters, then V (in liters) = d^3 X o.6;(with oval transverse sections (as here) to be multi-plyd again by b:a). Larousse also records 'dealers and clerks in barrels'./(FUHRMANN once=more -(according to whom 'barrel:cavity=cave(man)')- :his 'Hymn to the Hollow Earth', touching & foolish (in 'Zweifel', Year I,no. 9,from Nov.26), and typical for these 'Goethian' types, who have a horrible fear of infinity + their own microbity, t be read with much shaking of the head. But still quite int'resting : reveals alot about the mentalitia C'=men (à la BULWER,VERNE,'Niels Klim',etc); or of all these geocentricks in gen'-ral./) -

('her gite was gray and ful of spottis blake,/and on her brest a chorle paint-ed ful even/bering a bush of thornis on his bake' (CHAUCER,'Testam.of.Cresicde')

('...in a much broader sense since the German words mouth (MUND) and moon (MOND) corresponded...'; FUHRMANN,'Teutonic His-tory, I,34)-:mucus of the moon/foulmooned /night with its moon held agape,puckers up the corners of its moon/a small finely =chiseled - or dilated=red - moon/moon= craters, =troughs,=landing/:Why'r y so down n the moon,t'day ?/a couple madly in love,out walking:their moon set for each other/ -:it works in fact;(& that alone is surely proof enough !)

-:whether Eugen & Grete 'r already ? (Maybe as a precautionary measure,nose to the windo ?)-:Il-lumination : 1 yello-brown candle with a double wick. A fresh=bed, its legs astraddle;(the picture above it genuine Sh.:a mountain crag,with (very definite) feminine contours). - Grete at midnude : at first she was wrappt in diaphane down to her rear; which she exposes soon enough, a broad, tender face,scrubbd & ready for wax,with well-kempt pelvic-beard,(:'Oh Phallada, asswinging there !'). The over=exposure of her body : breasts caught in a fish-net,(her nipples are all=eyes thru the mesh); the nape of her mitey shim-m'ring neck - and added to all this a regal gait,that emphaäizes her charms still more comic'ly;(pff not so easy, either,keeping a white lady=butt like that warm). She bends over, loinstinging peatsticky canstinky, à belles fesses,.....and stands tup straight again : in a queynte negligénts of invisible;above she wears some kinda necklacette;her heart foale and somnambulust=nighty;her stomach lev-thine consprickuous,(de-manding his conjugal rights); belo that the pantease : with an incredyourballs similhairity (at this time of year !) to a beard-binder from circa 19oo,hot panting -?-/he voluntarily abandons one=half of his bed;(& his legs [redacted] are learning against the nite-table beside him : noo !) -

-:who recheth 6o yeer/and glydeth rathe forby/thenne wext his herte sweynt/as hit for old so useth/eftsones he sikyneth/[redacted] and eke his head hit reseth/for fieblesse and langour/he suffreth mickel bale/forthy his courage dwyneth/for eldes misese meste/of thilke lyf so wery/that whan a bairn him payde/hit lakketh him his breeth/what that he gooth aboute/his been al wasted/he cogheth eke unsemely/he neseth sanz maners/his curteisye is loren/the grisels skyn along/of elde is craft hath him forsaken/he fneseth and he gronteth/his breeth his sauoreth wlatsome/forsothe I lye naught/his longes eke forwelked/his frownt is meste yfrounced/his fel is fulliche rympled/the elde hevyeth him sore/his mouth galpeth al day/and hangeth hidously adoun/he foryeteth al curteisye/his bak is croked with-alle/and his limmes been forshrunken/his for fieblesse adoun.../lyke manere hir eyen wateren/with-alle hir noses rennen/hir heeres wexen hoor/and forthermoor they heed hit stoupeth sore/as that he have a goute/wherfore he reioyceth naught/.../hit crakketh in his limmes/and they sinke fallen/and eke hir teethe roten/and stinken al the day/and wexen afyn yelow/blak and rympled hir fel/othres listeth naught the smel/for folk a displeasaunce/.../so the grisel abydeth/immoeuable in his wyse.../his heart hath lytel lyf/.../he praiseth what is old/for al newe he careth naught/him seemen they al in vain.../-

-(so better not t move on barrelwards ?

Better t think about something else ? (Better still : go back=inside, with the neon-lite on,'qui par nuit jete tel clarté/come solax el mois [redacted] d'esté','then he pulled his chair up to the table,took up one of the opened books,and immersed himself in the study of matters wherein he once had exercised the powers of his youth.' - that the lamp gives lite, that alone's reason enough t smile with joy n gratitude !)). - Constellations in the south : Lady in her Chair,(scarcely visibre for the briteness a the moon : 145o a comet that (allegedly) eclips't a full moon; n then in 17o7 a black comet !). An in-temperants of Jupiter,(GUSTAV HOLST,'The Planets'). And a shorting=star -,-:noo:don't 'wish for' any-thing;(I don't really want t do that t Her !)-

-altho in fact he's standing next to the barrel : a blade of grass nods in the moonlite, britegray. And beyond,the lo ro of trees : 1 Scotch pine(broken-off) (rotten shame!);2 oaks; 1 smallscraggly Scotch pine;among some bushes 2 birches; 1 more oak; then the aspen-bushes./ Wd she be lying inside;('tis hoped) shielded by a blanket,(a straw-pallet for the stra(w)nger; under her head the old yello=brown Tommy match=bag,rolly-pillowy,(she only had 1 half of a hard-roll left in her sleep=s knap sack. -?-:there's still lite;(a bit of ocher-shine, coming from the bung hole above, where the cable enters from the house). - But what a (sweet !) sound... - He bends over,to-tally absorbd,to the barrel wall ... - ... -/and wheels about just as the hand on his shoulder: -?-

A&O (recov'ring from the shock): " Oh it's yóu,rascallion ! - (My;did I ever startle me !) - ";(he steps back from the barrel,inconspicuously(so he thinks)...)

MARTINA (gracious after such a sneaky success): " Mhm : Martina, alive & kicking.(Prob'ly all thought I was slumm'ring peacefully,n dreaming a nothing but cryptogames n quadratic functions ? : not always.)" (The trim, merry fooless, the dou-ble-jointed; the moon hitting her just rite.)

A&O (having regaind his composure more or less):" Yes,but what does bring you out here, heavenly fantasy, so well past your bared-time ?"(And in a shirt z short as a super-ego's penalty=dream !):"Don't y know there's such a thing as 'open-season on game'?;(when one may keep Whatever one shoots : what wd y say t thät, Miss Nonpareil ?)."

MARTINA (litely): "Wanted t get my astronomy down pat - become a kindev female 'Seni' -";(as a bribe she offers a red pucker :'o' -. Then goes on,cleverly):" N what about yóu, Fla-grantest ? The whole world assumeth you are as one lying in deepest sleep,(as it seemeth an old and venerable man) - where-as=yóu...-"(with a knowing look round the vicinity : ?. - With a still more=knowing):"Don't y hear even the softest squeak a conscients,beloved infidel ?"

A&O (have you come t scoff at an old man,Beatress-'bout-the-bush ?):"Creeping up on me like an avendere thou ress;steeping me in all 7 happinesses;while I, in that I well,really, ponderd on the great filosofer ARISTOTLE...(?): it's want of manners,giving a gentleman the lie...(?): No; just for that I wón't tell you !";(namely, how as a sexagenarian -(from'sex' & 'agony')- He was bridl'd & ridden by a cocky teenette,...)

MARTINA (Who,gro'n fidgety, has meanwhile held up 1 eye to the barrel 'door' -(?: well,just like y close=up a sack;so that only a tiny round hole is left open n the middle)- comes back,and husks):" She's writing the most lov'ly initials !"; (head-over-heels n love with AE./N there She is,wróting./ M,un-decided,yawns in the moon's face. Takes an earnest look. Mur-murs:'Ohyou blockhead,you !'.- Wades a bit further out into the brite moonlite;suddenly spreads her arms,and whisper=calls): "Come !:first one last dance with your old love ! -...-"

(Which (as always) consists of his twirling about in place one=two times -('Winter, trembling with age'; as in PURCELL's 'FairyQueene', a amp Masque : lasts 5 hours !,(but magnificent;&beautiful music !))- while She,Coserella,soft=bottomed,lets her wobbly fool's=legs do a mayty caper...; :... - very quickly, however, comes again to a standstill:'Ah-')

A&O (You really do sigh quite attractiv'ly. But):"Rite ?; it'll soon gro cold about my heart. -"(Not so wild !;'m missing 1 earlobe already z it is ! -?-:ah,Martina):"Gray hair,gray heart. And tepid blood that's only just keeping time,especially n concert with a heart-attack, makes virtue unbelievably easy. - But why this groan on your part ?"

(:'An orphan girl of humble parentage tended cattle for a farmer,whom a traveling fiddler,a most talented musician, would often visit & entertain for part of the night with performances of fine musical compositions. Annie's (!) place of rest was directly next to the musician's bedroom & separated from it by no more than a partition of planks. No one noticed that the girl's reaction to the music was anything but that of an unpleasant disturbance of her sleep.After a time she fell ill,& was received into the home of a kindly disposed lady,with whom she remained in service by reason of her chronically weakened condition. Several years thereafter in this house was heard the most beautiful music, repeatedly & always at night. Pursuing the source of the sound,they came to the chamber of the girl,whom they found sleeping,while from her lips there came a sound corresponding exactly to that of a violin playing at its softest.They continued their observations for several nights & found that Annie grew restless after approximately 2 hours' sleep,& thereupon began to produce tones similar to the voice of a violin.After a prelude she proceeded with well-ordered musical pieces,which she exe-cuted precisely and in the tones of a most delicately mod-ulated violin.(These paroxysms were repeated at irregular intervals;& after each there followed a certain amount of fever & pain in various parts of her body).A year after this discovery she began to talk in her sleep as if giving lessons to a younger playmate.In a correct & easy manner she dealt with manifold political & religious topics,news of the day,biblical stories,public figures,&,best of all, the characters of the members of the household & their vis-itors;whereby both her powers of discernment & her excel-lent abilities as a mimic amazed all those who observed her.She could, moreover,conjugate Latin verbs correctly. (Latin lessons were held within the family.) At one point they heard her speaking French phrases correctly;& she stated at the same time that she had heard a strange gen-tleman use them in a shop - but upon awakening,though she could remember the stranger well enough,she was total-ly unable to repeat even 1 word of what he had said. It was next to impossible to awaken her during her paroxysms, & if one opened an eyelid & [redacted] held the light close to her eye,the latter appeared to be completely insensitive to light. Later on,when she was about 16,she could specify the number of persons present in a room,although total darkness had intentionally been maintained...While these phenomena lasted,she was in her waking state a simple,awk-ward girl,slow to receive any sort of instruction [redacted] despite all diligent attempts at it,& far behind all other servants of the house in matters of intellect. Sheshowed no interest in music,& seemed to have no recollection of what occurred while she slept. In time she grew to be a shameless & immoral person;& was therefore discharged from service at age 21. (What became of her thereafter is un-known;rumor has it she went mad.) Already before her dis-missal the nightly conversations had lost much of their intrinsic value;with her own moral decline they degener-ated into babblings of a vulgar nature,contained improper remarks about her superiors,as well as wicked mockery of morality & religion. 'What we have here'(adds J.Fr.v.MEYER ,in the 1oth no. of 'Letters from Prworst')'is a human soul within a prison of an unhappy exterior organism.(Dur-ing sleep,however, this encaged soul breaks free & thus authenticates it double-existence;released from the tellu-rian=physical disposition of matter,this soul reveals a wondrous power both of memory (which ought to fill many a heart with a healthy fear before eternity - (here speaks the bible=translator MEYER!ed.)) & of control of the vocal faculties.Along with this capacity for retention there ap-pears an abnormal,but very refined taste in music,the true language of the soul which reaches out toward heaven. Whereupon the mind itself awakens,repeats forms of speech & aphorisms it has heard before & instructs itself through the projection of another personality,who functions as pu-pil,though in reality is nought but the doltish ego pre-sent in the normal waking state.')

MARTINA (begins with excuses,à la 'came down just for appearants' sake', and 'kdn't fall asleep, that's all';then): "Ooh;you'd just harceler me again [redacted] if I did tell you - ?"

A&O (Pf:'Let not a moon=born elf mislead you' ! Really, they'r All alike):"[redacted] Adornd with paintings without;but within possesst of evil spirits. (If you 'd at least 'v tryd t convints me : that you'd appeard n order t consider whether clouds n stars as accessories in the nite-time sky mite not be us'd for some sortev new fashion or other !) But like this ? Húh-uh,Easterday o' my heart;no more White Li(li)es now : Júst=whỳ are you standing there before me in predatory personissima, pressing your hand to your left little Grecian breast and sighing ?"(Tell me true; or I'll wish you a hundred-thousand happy nites !).

MARTINA (catching on):" How old wd I be then ? - : 274 years ?!:y wdn't dare !";(?:'a month n a half less' ?;that doesn't help much. - [redacted]But 'little Grecian' ?):"My whole body just happens t be that way ! - aahh... -";(finally pulls herself tgether;and begins):" Your question kn be divided into 2 parts :a)why am I standing here; b)why do I sigh. - First b)."(N I want t tell the purest truth;even if I fall over dead n the attempt ! She breathes deeply thru her naked nose: -): "I'll posit the case of:a=uhmm a person, around well?, 17 = $17^1/2$; who says 'KANT, 'Critique of Pure Reason' 's excitingly written' :? -";(she flinches a bit:? -:but the acorns are falling as loudly as apples do during the day ! -?-):" Dammit yês, a boy ! -";(she sighs again): " Certes, je suis plus stupide que personne -(n bytheway that's from the French bible y gave me z a present)- but:is something like that really possible ?"

A&O (Yes, my multilov'ly, it's hard t help n such a case):" Y know, when I was around sixteen, I started in with SCHOPENHAUER - and at least he wrote in German ! - okay, I'll be vèry=cautious,n say :reading=KANT at thát age is not a good sign; and t find it 'excitingly written' 's absolutely unnatural ! My advice : thro it into the barrel markt Puzzles of This Life; n let HIM go."(Erase him from your lov'ly mem'ry.)

(The dove-like=coormering of the virgin, who Misstemperdly examines her brite round feet;a charming occidental fooless,half culotte half seraphin./Im=the=barrel a slender rust'stling./ Still a lite at the fisherman's place; and a star has gone for a walk :'The 2nd level of understanding is to marvel at what is momentarily present'.(And: 'Threescore summers, when they're gone, will appear as short as one').

A&O (furthermore y havn't answerd point a) yet):" And please don't confront me with quite such a placid express(iv')-ly=sleepy physiognomy. -(?)-:Certainly;'the angels have much business to do; what='tis they've gone for cannot be discerned;(tho sometimes surely 'tis but for a game or two)'...(?)-: Rite ?;that's prettier than KANT. But quite seriously now :what were you up to, rov'ress o'er the terrass ?";(n y needn't pick'n'choose your words.)

MARTINA: "At the moment 'm more peev'd than pleas'd with you. (N what wd you do if I were t claim : it's purely for the joy of exercise ! (Motto 'toujours pure'.))" (Pouting,she turns her semi=slim back on him;but at the same time with such f(el)inesse,that the little jellytits cast their deepest shado's,just rite for the moon in the man.)

A&O (Heyyou,don't 'toujour pure'pose the virgin with me; kd just z well be a drunkard's motto :'always straight-up !') :" How's that ? : 'He writes poetry too' ?"(That'd mean there's literature involv'd z well. (Altho the lyric's not my department; for that you'd better ask, whóthen ?) - :?:but what kindeva noise was that ? from the barrel ?...)

MARTINA:"Noo; from my gut. -";(she holds him back): "Húh-uh, me first ! P'r'aps it's evening proceedings (which at best may be s(c)een(t) [redacted] by the spouse.)...)? -";(She nears the barrel;and squats before the egg-siz'd door-hole, hand-tips presst tgether -:?-. -:slyly waves to him to join her :! -...):"C'mon. : for once don't=be a gentleman ! -".

(make your moon water, huh ?;(thru the medium of the flatt'ring green of a cataract ?)...:/:the soft weaving of her hand=flourishes,(the even softer weaving of her lips);there she sits,a spirit in migration,d -;- (the beautiful yello'ish skin:she turns a foot,/ (and his heart turns with it:!)/inserts,as writer's-mark ?,a begonia -Discontent,she stretches her mouth wide.Laughs softly but discordantly to herself, to the floor,-, and dejectedly sticks a tablet in her mouth. - ?:play chess with herself ?She pulls the small chess-pegboard tward her;lays her crookt-up lf index finger to her chin -?- slo'ly her rt arm gro's longer,and the bundlafingers hovers over the board -?- gathers to a point ?(going for the bishop on f1 ?) - and then makes a black move : - (to guard her king, the king);humming, a simple silly elfe.)

('She ley there nat in fether-bed/she ley adoun upon the ground/and there she took hir eyse/hir were beddes dere/so wax al badder hir condicioun/and eke she ley in the strete/hir owne house hade she naught /now thenke on this a povre mus/huante under hir bed dwellen !',MARTINA)

CLINIC SIZE

MARTINA (alean to him,pushes him,jealously,:away from the hole):" Whatshe doin' ? (Whaja see ?) -."(She shoves him still further behind her.)

A&O (standing erect now;to one side): "Mil zarandajas.";(ie 1,ooo incidentals, cosas menudas.Never has a barrel containd anything more beautiful. -?):" Yes;lite is her guest."(My tiny nite-lamp,that y kn clip onto books,y know ?):"Are you jealous of her having it ?" (Then give your noisy=Ego the message t go awallo'ing in your subcon.)

MARTINA (immediat'ly contrite):" That was I trowe my folye." (She sticks a finger in her mouth;and gòes on):"but things a that sort develop inside you, isolated from all reason. - :N what's thát ? -";(for the yello littlite=hole has begun to flicker ?) -

(and something inside gives a cry like a velvet=owl :'-' /(Well, stand & unfold yourself,marginallsoul.) /Which Martina does;with ''m here. - 'm ready.' -?)

ANN'EV' (from within): " 'll appear at once. -(Just hold off that moan a bit : shoot the breeze with him.)"

MARTINA (her tongue flipping anew,the mercurial virgin pulls him,for discretion's sake, [redacted] on back to the far end of the terrace):" Actually we wanted [redacted] t go try another coupla quick strokes a swimming - (?):naw;just over t the pond." (She looks at him;-;- and considers...)

(Adam's youngest;the soulgirl, who finds her ease in half-moonlite./:And you Ludibria Lunae so all alone ? Diversions of the moon, with at most an autumnal by leaf between your breasts ?)

MARTINA (a naughty unclean? spirit in virgin form; slo'ly - seductiv'ly):" D'y want t come=along ? - :as our head tail=bodyguard ? -";(and then expresses herself like a laughing-dove :!).

A&O ('ll buy it : you as Maid of the Immodest Eye; I The Perfect Fool):" 'twould p'r'aps be better still if it were t come t pass without damage to my masculine modesty;(y know there'r hunters lurking around out there,(n all other sorts of riff-raff))";((?): well, z far as 'That' goes, I shall try t regard you with the pulse of a centenarian): "In the first place, it's dark.[redacted] In the second: Who else is gonna(follo along behind &)carry your (giant!) beachtowel..." (?) -

(For Ann'Ev' comes slinking tward them erect, luxembosomy, the thin body [redacted](h)arrayd in the a(r)mour o' the moon -(and soon=hereafter will be urinayd in that o' water)- in nothing but her perfumattire,Andria Mánitra, The Fragrant One...)

MARTINA (tenderly): " Hey look : what a delicate shado she has ! -";(she assumes (it's catching) a few bewitching positions herself. - And then takes 2 steps tward her,(for consultation ?) : - aspenwhisp'ring, foliagitation);then,more audible:"...come along with us n take down the marginal notes of a guardian-spirit. (Or if you'd prefer, even 1o yards behind us.(Or notatall.)) - ?"

ANN'EV' (her head in the shado of the house, a paira dusky eyes without a face):" That wasn't the way you 'd plannd it -".(Les Filles de Marbre.(And the moon watches,sleepily=ammus'd,from under thinyello cloudbrows : in Spanish the behind is calld 'el trasero', from 'tesoro=treasure=thesaurus').)

A&O (dissembling :'Would GOd that I were in Nubia seated behind my desk'):" I just wdn't rest easy otherwise. And - (even [redacted] discounting unexpected=unpleasant intruders) - 'an evil spirit governs all liquid substances',as JEAN PAUL was well aware." (I shall strive to observe you both with the equanmity of a midwife.)

MARTINCHEN (simply has to laugh brite-loud. And with her whole body nods her applause to him. Then, however,mutters more thoughtfully): "There's a chants this kd turn out t be a beautiful story. (N s'mother things too.)".

and ANN'EV' as well (sizes him up; sarcastic'ly half-outloud):" Laugh yourself quimsby."

(The girls walk over the flagstones,leaving no traces behind them, that barefut feeling...)

Scene 1o

((:the few hundred meters -)- /'low breathings coming after me, and sounds/of undistinguishable motion,steps/almost as silent as the turf they trod'./Downhill,M's orientatorsions, on A&O's back; with an ingenuousness that -.(Add one fresh little moon:'There prob'ly hadn't been another summer z lousy as the onev '64 since=before then.').)/ Walking at nite, like walking in a howlìo mountain...

rite away ANN'EV' (confirmative):"In a hollo mountain there is a lake. Upon the lake there swims a swan, that holds a ring in its beak : if it lets the ring fall, the world will end."

(At the start of the 'Horshoe', hanging from the sign 'Swim at your own risk' a small, lonely Tshirt : drap't for drying (by a compassionate hand), and as a cue for the poor lad that lost it,and now (of course !) must go and find it. Because A&O has stoppt and stands in front of it, it raises (in love ?) its little arm :- (ergo a girl's Tshirt !)./Just look at the grounds here ! : hundreds of small trees and shrubs destroyd;most of them for no reason atall : Solitudinem faciunt, Parcum appelant.[redacted] -?-

A&O: " Yes, it's always that way : the herd moves with the future.";(and turn off to the lf;tward a copsatrees. -

(Strange feeling for someMan unaccustomd to it : between 2 naked girls ...(?) a moonwoman=hand full of clatt'ring fingers on his forearm ? - :?" 'Jupiter' : concerning whose inhabitants SWEDENBORG has sev'ral things t say. -(?): yes; that's a litterature-grouplet all to itself, these 'Astral Journeys of Somnambulists' : GOETHE's 'Makarie'; Hans Engelbrecht; The Book of Philippine Demuth Bäuerlein,(Augsburg 1834 : 'll gladly lend it to you t read sometime)."

ANN'EV' (earnest):" Then I'll write my name in it;(as a remembrants); -(?): no; not my zodiacal=name;(that belongs t my sister in Mshunia Kushta). -";(explaining):" The stars talk together in English - it's like the singing of birds.";(soothingly):" Fisix.".

(Beneath the overhanging leaf-porch : 2 elfish=rears in the grass./(Ann'Ev' often refers to the moon as 'she' - sure; from 'la lune')/ The little clouds of lite from Martina's hands;those of the last bit of flora too./(Shit=ukase of the superego)/,and she humsings [redacted] along thru the dark; then

MARTINA: " Last summer there were fireflies around here sometimes. -:there;just t the left a that birch y kn see Our House. Even the skinny=broken-off pine beside your barrel...?"

ANN'EV' (hisses): " Attasss ! -."

(A&O quickly steps between them and the automobile. (That's moving along the road, some 5o meters away from them - purring everso softly - lov'ly red-sparkling taillites - (and so on past them)./The two of them stand back up again in sync. And stride,with their longlegs-,-tward the smooth-black surface: -/('Smooth as a nun's belly'as Olmers would

(:'I took the odious path that cuts between the mouldering ponds;& now was lost in clouds of fume from offal,rotting fish that seem to hang upon your breath like sullen shrouds;where always it is night;where every thought plops toadlike out of sight into the fen,while all your wishes seek with hostile,hot,& slavering limbs to clutch the reeds again.For there I sought the ultimate to steal,if that were somehow still reserved for me: before your brazen grimace to congeal,to vomit back your owl's disharmony.I seek you now in your most desolate waste,within your shame,where you are loved by none,&seek as well the stupid & disgraced distortion of a face that all men shun;& I will love your squint-eyed infamy,which in your pride you do not let me light,a pride which fate has made a refugee bereft of its imagined orient bright.I'd find you easily in foliage pale.-but I desire your ugliness complete,malevolent,deformed ,with greedy frail & fumbling hands,so gorged on sly deceit that nevermore you recognize your realm...:I seek you down inside your foulest pit, there,where in your disgust & uselessness you sink,is where I'll find you & submit myself to drink with you the rotten mess from out a chamber -pot...my mouth and yours.My rut on yours I lay,& filthy yellow furrows of the clay - with you to wreck great havoc, crimes invoke:that is the final mercy that I ask:to sit by you and crack the vilest joke,to aid you in the most disgusting task;& somehow yet to slip into your gorge':the entire poem an illustration of the meaning of POE's 'Dreamland'=group:a parallel development of imagination;(altho in no way as musical !).)

say...)

A&O (follo'ing them halfway):"Uh-húh, n what if y dissolve in the water now ?; just rapidly melt away ?; in some name-
less process ? - (til someone finds the language t catch up with you again) - :?" (Nudity o/i n rounded shores; like in
BOSCH.(And Martinlein hasn't any hair=there either.))

ANN'EV'(censuring):" One does not mention such possiblities by moonlite." (She walks into the water without further
ado;as if it were a continuation of the sea-o'-air:.....)

MARTINA (already up over her loins in water. She lays both hands beneath her lf ear -(so that her arms 'r clev-
erly bent to defend her breasts)- laughing):"Give the water a penny. - Bai=baiiiiy ! -";(she goes under.)

(A&O, left behind all-alone, slo'ly across the short-croppt lawn;mostly forth & back;(but with little epicycles as well) / The booming of hunters in the distants : shd all be thro'n into the army;(people like that shdn't be allowd t run around loose !) / ? : still a lite over at the fisher's ? (Let's hope Undine's not sick ! (Or is it just that there'v been t/out=thieves of late ?)) / His shado on the meado. The bench's is even more distinct : since it stands on the little bita sandy=shore.) / Very lite draft from the SE ? -:just now the moon's image has been splinterd into a long thousand=shining lane. (Thru the 2 dark attracktive heads, each of them with its small rounded wake-o'-water...). M has swum over his (way) during the latest eclipse of the moon;and lookt fearlessly into his face : mulatto,with brite chin./ Strange: that birch trees have white trunks !/ -;- walk round t the westside (of the pond) : check out if, when y switch off the (alltooflashy) moon-reflex, whether Jupiter z well... -?-:yes'n-deed ! Jupiter's having a look into the mirror a the water too;(n with a very short,spirally lite-line too !) /(Go ahead and sit down now on the bench, with the big beach towel ? 'Sexagonarian with a big moon'). - Proposal : to differentiate among the 3(4?) levels of the subcon :

Nr.	Definition	psych.research by	its 'historians'	literary form	religion	language
1	the individual (+ parental (grand=?)lore)	FREUD (&disciples)	most of them	rec.fiction	monotheism.	etyms
2	that of the ice-age=ancestors	JUNG (his 'coll.sub con' with ArcheT.)	FUHRMANN (et. al.)	sagas,myth.	polytheism. totem	sight-sound= mixtures
3	that of the vertebrates in gen. (a/o all forms of life)	FERENCZI	type DACQUÉ	fairytales	animism	(dragon)imagery,instinct= messages
4	the COHN=sphere(as far back as anorganic,etc.)	[redacted] ?	LABWITZ'Aspira'	noises	chemistry ?	?

(naturally all hot-air & imperfect - kills time,'tsall) - / - :OH! -(and stand up at once, gallant)

A&O (with the,(bytheway lite-bluish) terry-towel-screen, in the direction of the sparkling figures wading up=and=out. He may,respectfully,lay it about all shoulders;-(and then retire)):"An awful lota water'll have t flo=thru the sluice, before so much prettiness comes up outa the water a this pond again!"

(Wrappt in a single bath-sheet, they move hastily away from him;-. Stand still again under birch shado : the two=nudes,presst tgether bellywise, shiv'ring, drying themselves in the towel,the slender flow'ring shrubs of the present,/the Hollo sTreem of the past,(future?). (Imagine yourself inside=withthem -?-:noo; with just one set a 'th';in Martina's place - (:caress with lips once more...)) - ?
:?!
:WelllI'llbé ! : in the East a red (reddishyello ?) glo ascending. Flextinguishes now & again,(:'As if switcht off');5 to 15 seconds' duration. - 'Sheet-lightning' ? : hardly;(and with an eye traind on the second-hand : ? -,- :after 1oo sec dull=thumping, unison rummblings;(which'd mean about 35 km with a 'thunderstorm'...). /-'Thère! Again !',(the big pale-shado'd towel=roll). - (All told then 4 to 5 times. - Diagnosis : artill-'rie practice, with spotlites, in the GDR;('Mem'ries a war' t be suppresst if possible)).Meanwhile at some point the towel's been whiskt away;separated... (:?-(aah=yess,'lispings from low latitudes', young bodies yielding juvenile water; nude it and foaming at the moon)). Better then 'to set one's course for home' -

- Martina is totally=naked now too;(and moves about everso much more 'naturally' than before - even if it's not with the 'absolute grace' of Ann'Ev') /Who walkt across the slitely-convext lawn as if she were all alone in the world. Paus'd suddenly -;- only a little stoopt; but somehow so gesturous -?- /that Martina inquires with surprise :? -

(:?-:'& then I heard a distant sound,miles=away & hollow; I lay my ear upon the ground - I thought, riders swiftly follow ?.../& as they ever nearer came,the earth began to quiver ?...)/Postscript: turnd out in fact to be the dull=seismic knock=uping of the whorde;(Command:'Ev'ry=body on the tick !'.)

ANN'EV' (defensive): " My sister double in Mshunia Kushta warns me.-"(She demands 'silents' with her hand. Suddenly thro's herself to the ground, on her side;presses an ear to & listens in the earth: ? -./Then,after a good minute,stands up again. Business-like to M):" They'r in the area. -(?): Why, the restev our group. -(?):Bout 3o=4o."

(Back again across the bridglet./Martina at once runs up to the railing;& addresses the little brook -)

MARTINA: " Good midnite, brookie ! : whither art thou flo'ing ?";(hurrying to answer herself in a delicate voice):" In-to the Lutter; into the Lutter.'" [redacted] ; (herself again M):" Well then, run ! "/(Completely smooth black surface. Only sometimes a fine grimacering. - : thère: there's an aquasmile now - and it flo's,deformd,on by them. 'Well,I guess you sho'd them.' / M dissenting):" Oh, had nothing t do with 'sho' ! -";(happy,she raises up her arms;and lets her arm-pits be blo'n dry:...)

(And once more onto the terrace;'Back !'/A lite fog has drifted=come from across the road:(no moren 2o=3o centimeters deep; the barrel as if floating in it). The chaste alder;and many a constellation has slippt off to bed;only the sleepless moon.)

MARTINA (Blissfully):" ò I'm tired a hundred-times-over ! - ";(she wipes a hand across her moon. (A will-o'-the-wisp trying to break into the house.))

ANN'EV' (nodding coldly):" What yesterday was, has gone from us now." (She walks away without saying goodnite;and ducks into the barrel;(a lite fog at the rear by the Ø.('an the heeth and an the bent/hit moysteth al with swete deeW.)))

(A&O,alone,alone. All things are doomed to terminate in sleep. - He goes inside.One kn hear him locking the front door from inside.)

S E C O N D D A Y

'Alampia dmuth nafiqna udmuthai alanpai nafqa;
mithanna umikarkbia akwath d mu shibia athit.'

: I go towards my likeness, and my likeness
goes towards me;
she embraces me and holds me close, as if I
had come out of prison.

v. Act

Scene 11

(In the sky of the east ribbons of rosydawn,(in that of the west ribbons of darkness still),reaching far out into the blue. Mommy earth in green velvet. Between them the little landscapade in its bowld horizon of trees : beyond, in Klappendorf,a myriad windo's,of all shapes, are catching fire;Wendebuur's slate= roof (2 times 4oo tiles,and with lov'ly,graygreen discs of lichen;(Lecidea geographica is said to be tremendously long-liv'd:to gro older than sequoias !)); infronta the fisher's house a big silv'ry perch for a weathervane. Now & again the milkmade's tractor. / Closer-up : douglas and hemling firs. Delicate shrubs chosen by Grete,blooming in fashionable shades. A dahlia with especially profligaflory tresses, (and naturally Martina's special friend). / Infronta 'tartarian honeysuckle'Olmers,in ashengray underpants and with a strawhat('boater'),leaning on his bamboo cane (with a gray tip), hard at his matutinal circum= standing,('Archischachar', rosydawn's brother)./Eugen is not yet visible./In the yard,next to the house, Asta; bent over gath'ring mushrooms. Half to the rite behind of her Egg; whistling an unknown melodye, and with an uncommonly capacious pot in hand : he nostrileers at her be(nt)hind./ On the left, high up= toppa his teocalliahay, barefooted baalhauncht the Bastard Marwenne; he looks about in all directions like a rookie watchman on the tower, eager to do his duty :? - occasionally he scratches himself, audible at great distances,(and displays, free of charge, the Great Holofernes)./The dew=dew=dewty jog of the ladies : alljoynin ! - Out=infront M; in baggy shorts of [redacted];appetittizing piece, and the world's splenderest legs;has silv'ry eyes like the morningstar,and a voice like 3 fieldlarks./ Behind her Grete : the Queen o' Cloobs is trumpp ! Hebe= shoulder [redacted]ouncing bosom,the sloppier the pantier : what a rear the crittour has !(the melon's a symball of vain hope);and all of it on 2 legs, strange and comic to watch. / And finally AE, in a negligée of fine morning=mist;nonetheless a Hesperide;mute and quitelite in her thindusky skin;she doesn't exchange glances,with Anyone. / -)

(:'he dwelleth in bromes/and in waste byldynges/ so lithe the wikked beste/in netles,thornes and wedes' (MARTINA))

OLMERS (approaching A&O with lustfull slurpings): " 'nother extinkt profession : 'the girl who sweeps the street'. -(?): m=m;still standing at 'dang'rously fair' ",(The b'rometer):" better take two unprescrib'd Nitrolinguals."

A&O (mite be best):" Was the first thing that greeted you t'day that copter=here a bit ago, too ?";(the pilot's got his boudoir in the air, hytten i himlen, cabin in the sky):"Yóu got any idea what n omen like that mite 'mean' ?"

OLMERS (starts to bleat a laugh):" You'll have to ask Eugen about that. - Tss, the poor guy had t get it up again for a waltz with my sis yesterday...(?): Nah;just happend t come back downstairs : He had her by the thorax;n meanwhile she was snatching at his, rather untaut, pouch. -";(He points tward the yard with his chin : look):"Already 'xchanging mania im= proper glants.";(y kn tell they'r fucking in spirit).

((:'...the elves are spor(t)ing round the Nile's godhead' ? - no,not that; 4 pp.further on)-,-,-,-:here:/'Do but look, the deities of love are harvesting apples ! That there are so many of them need not amaze you : they are children of nymphs,who rule the entire human race,as numerous as the many things whereupon men have set their desires;(whereas heavenly Amor,so 'tis said,does ply his trade among the gods). Have you not scensed something of the pleasant [redacted] (h)air about this garden ? Or can you not quite manage that ?But do listen attentively now;for together with the words,the apples will entice you as well./Those cultivated beds extend straight on ahead:one may wander about freely among them. The paths are edged with softest grass:one could lie upon them as if upon a quilt.At the tops of the branches are golden & brightred & sunlit apples luring the whole swarm of love's deities to notice them.Their quivers are gilded o'er,as are the arrows in them.Freed of these, having hung them on the apple trees,all that merry throng flutters lightly about.Their brightly coloured robes lie

(The 3 graces have in the meantime gatherd on the lawn nearby. Brief confrents. From here on,standing in place. /: Martina,her cute nose pointing into the wind,gliding her eye,seriatim, across various segments of the world (and the men in attendants), hops happily om her toes (family of rosyto's),Eva Reddy./Grete has made herself a soft bed :on her own baconside -:- her waving legs a chequer'd scene display; above the waste two,mitey=spongey and in playce, are abundancing./ It's lively with Ann'Ev's too :all muscles callistenticing:arms up,with her head thro'n-back-then suddenly lets it sink down again,(and her arms swung back out high behind her) ;then back up again,and up strait like a ramrod : standing-(she turns her head,very briefly,to the rite and A&O just 1 time:)/Ah well;other folks were young & lov'ly once too.(But let this be etcht in

deenly:how upon this lawn young girls were assaring.)And the male doth play the fool ev'ry caper hour of the day.)

meanwhile OLMERS (provides details): "...t hold the strip in the jet of my urine for 2 minutes : hell,I can't piss for any 12o secunds straight !"(ergo: the new diabetes test. (And he takes another earpiwkfull of 'Gelée Royal',that he may gro hot & merry.)('The total disappearance of every erection is something quite remarkable - it is in fact something close to localized death ! Memories of the most torrid hours of love,the picturing of the most explicit representations of lust,positions gestures utterances, the most intimate mutual fondling : no effect whatever ! All that is left is the desire the need the longing for a glimpse of female nudity,for a voice caresses kisses'(LÉAUTAUD))./And with his stick ever in hand,He reports):"Then again early this morning,somewhere round five,Il Matrimonio Segreto 'cross the way : the first kisses by the redd'ning brick of the gabl'd wall,...(?): Húh-uh : She only wore a bodysuit,Missi Zippi,with it running from larynx t pussy;(that he knew how t diddle with rite on down til...(?) -"(for noises from the hillahay have gradually risen to interrupt him,

> where BM,obviously indignant that breakfast has been delayd, is producing quantities of gutgas out of spite. Shouts too,for Egg !,('with gryme,with a vois most fel').Now he strides forth like Goliath, (his beard wound round into a knot,so that it hangs down like a tie),5 paces to one side...deposits there an immense fruit of his body...and then raises himself up,clapp'ring like a stork, reeking from the recent deed.)

OLMERS (shaking his head):" 'parently's sworn n oath,never t use a toilet. -"(envious):" a sack so full he kn hardly walk !;'hestõs,he who stands -(who stands,stood and will ever stand)- n a prepuce made outa ramie.-"(sniffing):"The fello exudes a veritable herbicide : wherever he pisses, it's guaranteed nothing'll ever gro again !...(?):Oh just fucking his way from farm t farm : with wives a farmers who draw out the bald bag but rare- & reluctantly - : Haehaehae ! lookathat..."

> (for Greate is doing the splats so machestickly=gawkwardly,and is trying to masster a shoulderstand, forming a most suggestive (w)hole(so that both heavin'n'hell mite simultaneously trumpet a loud 'Sirves y ridey!'). Makes the moldering heart laugh, don't it ?/In contrast Martinchen's convulvsions !; a perfect rock=&=rollable child,round & pushyble./ (Sadly nothing to be seen of AE but 2 slim feet in the air:sunbak't,dewglaz'd.)

A&O (she -(Grete)'s only gonna take a cold in her lov'ly kidneys. Sighing):" Ahyes;man's a creature that goes on living too long - a quick/easy death at 5o or so...(?):Well,We do nothing but sit around here,sterile & teadious;n watch tv to get the dullest hours off our backs. Mśm;there ought t be a law that'd allow one t change/discard one's name at 6o n drop off into obsecurity, slo'ly melding away. -"

OLMERS (irkt):"I know something even better than sitting around n reading Koheleth ! -";(he takes another sip of queenbee=vittles; -:'what name wd I give myself n that case ?' - without hesitation):" 'von Sackendorff' -(wait; I'll do [redacted] my own analzying !)- uh=well for the [redacted]'dorf' (+ duffer' ?). 'Sack' for big testicles;(n then the 2 'f' : ffuck !,not bad). A craving for snobility. (And now/then 'll have t go check up on a coupla historicull 'v.S.';where 'm sure t run across one or two dissolewd additional reasons.)";(he lifts up a little spruce's skirt with his cane : to leer under it.)

> (In the meantime a half sun,pudgy on the horizon. Little bawds'n'girls,how they squeal !/(Grete and Martina into the house. (Meanwhile AE balances on her rear : her legs(clos'd) slanting up and out;torso and arms (those lov'ly those slender) thro'n back, a thick=white rubberband held high in her hands,that she stretches - and lets contract again - a sortev latyexpander))/The path of smooth stones that leads back behind the house : thát'd provide yet another whole cycle of short=stories,back during the 'gath'ring of smooth stones together';(absurd details :encounters with farmers,to whom they suddenly 'belongd';and lateron the 'interment',ohmy aching=back;and all onaccounta...). Anyway a latterday fool of a flower,between 2 of the stones : powderd & roug'd; shaky on its slender stem, tat twam asi. (As a matter of coarse Olmers knew all about how the roots of the Christmas-rose,gro'ing next to it : were cut into slivers by the Romanians for use in abortions...(Good GOd, 't's possible; well-known t be toxic))/ :What's the roarckus all about ? - scattered about on the grass,infinite the play of colour. Nor have they wreathed their brows,content with nought but hair on their heads:they have darkblue & purple wings,while some are golden;with them they beat the air itself into a kind of musical accord. But ah! the fruitbaskets wherein they lay the apples ! how richly studded with sardonyx,with emeralds,with nature's pearls as well ! One might think such work came from Vulcan's hand.But they have no need of his ladders for the trees;for they all can fly heavenwards to the apples./Let us not speak of those dancing,or running about,or sleeping,or of how those there bite lustily into the apples,but rather let us consider what these here may signify.For behold,the most beautiful of love's deities, these 4,have moved away from the others:2 of them are tossing apples,the other 2 are shooting at each other./(GOETHE: 'both pairs are busying themselves to one side,unhampered & alone')/Not only are those countenances free of every threat,but indeed they expose their breasts to one another that the arrows may in fact meet their mark.Therein lies the pretty argument...for these here,playing with the apples,are love's commencement;thus the one,having kissed the apple,tosses it to the other who tries to catch it in his upturned hands,so that having caught it he may throw it back in token of love returned. The pair of archers,however,wish to strengthen love's presentiment - thus,I submit,these play that love may begin,those shoot that love may never depart from them/Those in the distance,surrounded by spectators,are hard at wrestling.This too I shall interpret,for I can see such is your wish. The one has grabbed his opponent,having sprung upon him from behind,& has him fast by the throat,while clasping him tight with his legs. But the opponent yields not,rather he braces himself upright & tries to free himself of the hand strangling him by bending back 1 of the fingers so that the others can no longer hold fast. But this is painful,& he bites the opponent's ear.Those divinities of love who watch grow angry at this,for it its unfair & contrary to the rules of wrestling,& they pelt him with apples./Nor shall that rabbit elude us;with love's divinities we'll set upon him.It is the creature's custom to loll under the apple trees,& munch upon newly fallen apples,but once nibbled at,to leave them lying there. Thus they chase him hither & thither, frightening him :one by clapping,another by loud cries,a third by shaking his jerkin.Some fly above the rabbit;others set after him on foot : that fellow wanted to pounce down upon him from above,but the animal veered off in another direction.That fellow there wanted to grab the rabbit by the leg;but he wriggled out of his hands again.There they lie where they have fallen - one on his side; another on his nose;still another on his back;all of them just as when one has been given the slip. But no one shoots at him, for they try to take him alive,as Venus' finest sacrifice. You know,of course,what is said of rabbits,how much of Venus lies in their natures.For 'tis said of the female that at the same time she suckles her young,she not only gives birth,but is pregnant once again as well;& thus there is for them no period without conception or birth.(Those unnatural lovers who lay snares of magic for those they love claim to have found in the rabbit a power to excite love - but we shall leave such items to unjust men unworthy of love.)./Whereas,in contrast,regard Venus there,her position & her relation to the apples.Do you see that rocky grotto, out of & below which darkblue water pours,both fresh & potable,& then flows out thru channels for the irrigation of the apples trees ?Regard Venus there I beg you...not omitting her silver mirror;nor the sandal either,with its golden sole,& its golden buckles;none of these items have been employed without purpose,they are declared to be the property of Venus by the inscription 'GIFTS OF THE NYMPHS'. And the divinities of love offer up the firstfruits of the apples as well;& standing in a circle,pray that they may continue to enjoy the pleasure of the lovely garden.

EUGEN's (artill'rist Voice of Thunder):"Goddammmm=it ! : where'r my legs ?! - :you demented female,give me back my HACKLÄNDER !!! -"

> (:? - :? - :? : All Three of them did indeed draw near, with (heavy) books upon their heads ! - The corpulent child at their [redacted] tête obligingly gave Us an explanation,too : 'n order t develop the elegant=undulating gait of oriental women'(only=yesterday on television;had been highly recommended). (Rite:They carry almost ev'rything on their heads.And their hips really did surge more than usual.). - And lookie thère : atopa Grete the reason for Eugen's imprecations : the large illustrated folio of H's Humorous Tales, haha. - The three of them undulate,in circles, round the two. -

MARTINA (with her extrapretty fullness not the least among hipsinuators): "Hey, is it true that Kulm...(?):the one on the Weichsel - is a Phoenician settlement ?"

> bound tgether 'THE FELICIANS;historical development of an Antient People.' Collected from the Primary Documents by H.G., and edited by D.A.Benda. -In addition SWINDEN, 'Observations concerning the True Character of the Infernal Fires,& of the Location of Hell Itself,wherein it is proved that Hell is to be sought in the Sun.'/HEINRICH CORDES,'Historical-Algebraical Pastimes;consisting in 1oo most rare & unusual Historical Occurrents,Which is to say so Arranged as to treat Solely upon Arithmatick,Geometrie & Harmonical Progressions...& presented as a Distraction & Divertisement for Making long Hours short.' -? Microtales of the purest romance and adventure,with each of them ending in some mathematical problem ;e.g.:'The Clerical [redacted] Rake/The Inhumane Anatomie/The Thievish Inne-Keeper/The Elephants' Ballet/The Man who Solaced Widows by Night/The Simple Physician/The Couzened Jew/etc.'

OLMERS: "Who sold y thát bill a goods ?"

MARTINA (pointing at her head):"This guy here. (Took a casual peek.) -"

OLMERS (suddenly touchy as well):" What the ! :My UPHAGEN ! -";(He attempts to pull it away from her;/but La Papillonne is nimbler -

MARTINA (shrieking):"If you lay a hand on me,it's bound t fall off ! (And get ruind for sure.)." (Plus overwrought cacklings,'1 Year among Magpies'.)

A&O (then what does she - ? (1 of mine ? - ahyes.):" Yours has vellum=binding : that's a very amusing item. To wit: 1oo adventurous short stories, and allev 'em contain mathematical problems; for which the reader must set up the equation n then solve it. - (?): no; long before CARROLL's 'tangled tales'; n case he knew it - which wdn't be impossible - this kd'v provided 1 of his inspirations. - Something else aesthetic'ly=pleasing is bound with it, the 'Flores Geometrici' by Pietro Guido Grandi,'ex Rhodonearum et Cleliarum curvarum descriptione resultantes' : it deals with flowerlike lines,constructed within a circle (roseate forms); the clelies,moreover,on spherical surfaces;and were calld that n honor of the Countess Clelia Borromei, t whom he [redacted] dedicated his book,'since she would be able to appreciate the perfume of such blossoms.' -"(gallantly to Ann'Ev'):" I shall in the future, when reading this book, think especially of you.-"

GRETE (first makes a crude face. Then however):" Well, at least there's Somebody who kn see what n honor's being paid t this old rubbish. - What time's it getting t be anyway ? - :Oh,half-past already ? : well then off into the kitchen,n get breakfast organiz'd ! - aeh=Asta ?! -";(graciously to Egg, who's likewise come over):"Your soup's already acooking - a coupla minutes yet."

EGG (chiming in politely):" In the meantime I shall examine the fruit trees in the garden. -";(he bows,in a strikingly 'clerical' fashion, from the hips; and then moves on, in Asta's direction...)

> (Without a word Ann'Ev' hands A&O his book, nor does she look at him. She walks, slitely huncht, to the barrel./Olmers and A&O proceed into the house)

OLMERS :"... nah; outside again for sure;('ll put on a pair a horsehair sox so that I don't catch cold out on those paving stones). - Say,about his latest pronouncement, : almost certainly comes from some old comedy, don't y think...?-"

Scene 12

> (Terrace. Ev'ryone round the breakfast table, haphazardly laid but abundantly laden : fresh popovers & warm rolls,('crispy gems')./Eugen (with legs) has already issu'd an order of the day concerning his HACKLÄNDER. His is a soldierly breakfasting,(ieas if taking part in an Instant=Feed contest);as a result of which he also lets out a belch:'Vooff!')

> ('e nel bel sen per entro un mar di latte/tremblando nutar due poma intatte';MARINO,'Adone')

GRETE ((offensiv'ly exuberant curves!);acts surpris'd):" What was that suppos'd t mean ?!"

EUGEN (curtly):"Hail to Thee,O Ethiop Queen !'. -";(he passes the SCHWEPPES=bottle to Olmers,(but the one with the green label,(=Bitter Lemon));and then slumps down somewhat, groaning litely : 'the pains' -)

MARTINA (lite gray shoes combin'd with bluejeans,embroiderd with posies on the rear=cheeks,('Incitement for the picking of flowers'?);coaxing):" 'Pains' ? in a mentionable place ? - Major, I want t have a word with you."

EUGEN: "Well then 'll hear something pleasant, won't I?(Let me at least finish my croissant n peace.)";(he inspects his harlekinetic subordinette -?-:shaking his head):"Y don't look like you'r all slept-out;you, a paragon among dormice:?"

MARTINA:" The anterior of the day has never found my spirits effervescing;(I dunno : it seems t me that all this schoolwork just makes me dull n listless, nsteadev ennobling me -"(politely sarcastic):"Acourse that never happend to any of you ?;(thought so !). -?- : yah sure;in my wrestlings with [redacted] Morpheus he always carries the nite with a shoulder-press. T'day however - ";(she sighs)" I didn't close my eyes once all nite so t speak -";(she allows the universal mirth to subside;-;and then goes on,phlegmatic'ly):" the gargoyliest notions -(frinstants a toilet;n on the door was written a charming little 'ici';(nstead of our brutal=German spectacles : 00))- but mainly I was out walking in my dreams,for hours on end - (I'm still all tir'd out even now : prob'ly comes from=thát)."

GRETE (what'll y come up with next):" Afraida studying, that's all : one good treatment on the apsis,n you'd manage t

get your eyes open :'One yard a stick per one foot a girl' !...(?)-: Sure, go ahead n add more starch t her choler!"

for A&O (with gravity):" 'Once when Anna Catherina',(as he,BRETANO,records of Ms. Emmerich),'lay ill and labouring for breath in an almost continuous ecstasy for several days, all the while convulsively twitching her fingers as if plucking at something, she awoke one morning complaining of burning and itching on her hands and arms,which indeed upon closer inspection proved to be covered with blisters.The following morning her fingers pained her & appeared raw & red from work - when asked the cause she replied : ah, I had so many nettles to weed out of the vinyard;& the hired labourers merely tore off the tops; thus I was forced to toil at digging the roots out of the stoney soil with my fingers' etc."

(Or Lidwina von Schiedam; Who dreamt of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land & whose body showed every trace of having literally made the journey : she was weary of traveling;had injured her feet;showed the effects of stumbles & thorn scratches, & while she dreamt on her way, had tripped & sprained her ankle, which, on waking, pained her for some time.' /'It seemed to a dreamer as if he were walking along [redacted] the banks of a river & saw a child fall in. The bitter cold did not prevent the rescue - he began at once to toss about (prone) upon his bed,assuming the position & movements of a swimmer. Grown weary in these labours, he took hold of the blanket with one hand,believing it to be the child;& employed the other for the swim to the imagined shore. He now lay down his burden,shivering with cold,as if he had emerged from an icy stream. He also swore (upon awakening) that he was all but paralyzed for cold & demanded a glass of brandy.'

MARTINA (grateful):"Oooh A&O : I wdn't sell you for a Crown of Gold! If it weren't for yóu,one kd only cover one's head and,weeping, stumble up the stairs of this edifyce of my misfortune.";(with munch indecision she inspects the table - : just 1 more roll with cheese ? Or already the grand finish with honey ?...).

GRETE:" Someday yóu'll have t do without peacock's tongues too: 'wealth thru temprants';try that out as a motto sm0e time. -(?)";(to her sweet=brotherdear):" Well ?;can't y come up with the last crowning example ? ('m really amaz'd that PETRONIUS hasn't made his bow before this !)."

OLMERS (giggling,over his curds'n'whey,(that the old profligator always defines as 'White Pudding=Bosom')): "This time 't's only HORACE, Mrs Fohrbach : 'Hic ego mendacem stultissimus usque puellam/ad mediam noctem exspecto;somnus tamen aufert/intentum veneri;tum inmundo somnia visu/nocturnam vestem maculant ventremque supinum.'.";(('but dreams with dirty little faces left stains on my shirt and my belly',hehehe...);he spoons & slurps.)

GRETE (contemptuous):" Lord, man : siddown n cough ! (Y kn put out the trashcan" (Ger. = Mülltonne) "afterwards.)";(she turns back to M):" Y got ev'rything ? (Have t be on your way in [redacted] 1o minutes : 'v y got gas n your moped ?) Y got 'ny questions ? ";(spitefully):" Y see, the gentlemen'r in a pedagogic mood. N don't look at me like Archimedes upon being disturbd : y got your embroid'ry ? -(?):'v'n't the faintest. 't's sure not gonna be n antependium."

+ MILTON
+ mille tonnerre

MARTINA (was just reminded of evil=Merodach, Who had his daddy hackt up into 3oo pieces):" 'who thenketh him that he the beste were, he dwelleth, I trowe, next to the fool' - :People such as we must dismember ourselves as it were : pitch in here,lend a hand there, and raise nary a tumult - all in vain; do what one will one is calld idle useless and despicable." ;(she takes a roll with jam after all; chewing):"You'll keep at it so long that I'll give y my maledíction - n then you'll see.(Barbara hic ego sum.)";(ohyah, I wanted t ask about...[redacted] (Some 'phocles or other...) - Ohyés):" We'r reading old 'MINNA' again at the moment -(that's another one a your bewailables : z if there weren't anything newer !)- there's much mention made of a certain 'Prince Heraclius';n we were suppos'd t check up on...?"

for GRETE (has already interrupted):" Well ? lord knows there'r mören enough moldy books n this house. But you'd rather parade around the whole day with yonder nasty catterpiller, rite ?;('m still gonna toss her out on her (r)ear !)"

MARTINA (who has waited out the squall with sangfroid,goes on as if she hadn't been interrupted in the least,(looking only at Olmers,Eugen,A&O):"...n then,(the day before yesterday it was), we dug up some big tall byzantine emperor : 'monothelite' and other expressions a that sort. But Eremburge said rite off that the chronology was getting moren more cryptic : this fello Werner, the sergeant-major, he can't have wanted t join up with Him, now could he - ?".

(:'Georgia or Gruziya broke apart into 5 distinct provinces : Mingrelia,Imiretia,Guriel,Kacheti & Karthli.The latter had been united under Teiumras,the last Tsar of Kacheti but one,into a single principality.In the court of his son & successor,Tsar HERACLIUS...'etc.)

EUGEN (hmm,do they want extensive,standard or very=concise information ? (Belongs t my specialty, after all :'History of the Last 2oo Years'));" Full particulars 'r found in REINEGGS, who stayd on till 1781 as physician-in-ordinary at the court of said Heraclius. Standard ref'rents is in 'History of the Russian Empire', (the 186o edition,still by Perthes). But you'r prob'ly fully content with the briefest possible...?.Good;well then :IRAKLI II.;died 1798." (But that's surely included in ev'ry LESSING edition. So.)" And now make thyself scarce : no more of your presence here. N pay close attention in class, so your head gets filld with a host a nice details. Haltt!: doy finally know what it is you want t be?";(since the question arises ev'ry morning -(part of the ceremonia departure)-the answer follo's)

MARTINCHEN (something where y don't have t learn anything):" 'And HE will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks,and to be bakers.'";(somewhere n SAMUEL. But):" - '''?. - !:```- ?";(& it's a trinoda necessitas:first...)

EUGEN (bedaddyd=indignant):" Say listen - :d'y think I own ships on the Rhine !? What a pimpernel youuu are.Just be glad 'm not suppos'd t get myself ril'd up; -"(rumbling hideously):" otherwiissse... !"

MARTINA (an immediate imitation in descant:'otherwiissse !'- Then, grandly):" Besides, it wasn't suppos'd t be for me atall. The poor skinny fledermousey, Ann'Ev'...(?)"(to Grete, who sits upstrait, indignant):" 'Were I ne'er to examine his barreh shelf,how might I love my neighbour as myself?'...(?)-: sure; the best sermons on poverty 'r made from a Mercedes 3oo !";(muttering,she departs in direction of the barrel...:''t's enough t burst the enima bag !'... ?:'and I'm z sorry about it all as I am that there's hair on my head !'...(diminuendo):'the old pinchpenny -' -)

(A surveyld look from out of the barrel - a brief stare of pale eyes. - Before her, a bird looking up at her. She politely extends her hand down to him;and whispers:'The sparro goes filipp filipp.'. Calves,plus feet,are hanging out of the barrel; AE sets her puddling bit o' soup infronta her; she spoons away contentedly. And nods to Martine:'.' - (Condition?):'oh sorta - [redacted] entre les deux.' (But then, apparently, she remembers;for her face gro's somnolent morose -

ANN'EV' (somber): "My bad dream is still there - I can't seem t get it outa my head. -(?):O mosta the time, sure.But sometimes y kn call out t me : n I wdn't awaken from within me.";(she grimmaces into her bo'l.)

MARTINA (squats down before her : just for a binute !):" How's that ? If sùch a beautiful moonlit=nite weren't follo'd up by sweet dreams, then there'd be no such thing as angels or providents ! - 'll admit, world hist'ry leads us t the same misgivings;(n the wise man knows that our highest goal in this life is tolerability).";(misscheerfully now):"course;now that I come t think of it - : Martin didn't get so reàlly deliter'ly=close-up in my dream either. -(?):nah;in some sorta canoe. On the Danube,or whatever they call the river. Somehow the word 'hallmark' came up;n so I said t the (wo)man who brought it up:'Behave yourself : there are Gentlemen present' - were only trying t get a rise outa Martin; but he was looking at me so sadly,and then [redacted] he turnd=away his face... - ah,what a headfull a druthers one gets." (She stands up sighing):" Have y got your letter ready ?"

ANN'EV'(with a listless move of her head): " Not yet. (Kdn't think 1 more thought last nite.) - When 'll you be back?" (round 1 ? okay. Well then):" Adí and Mercí."

(They give one another a good nod./Martina darts into the house once more./Asta - primarily - and Grete, secundarily),redd up the dishes from the breakfast table : she has on corduroy pants, and [redacted] thighs so fat that she walks with rhythmic whistlings : they rub against each other. She keeps up the wrangling)

GRETE: "...n kn keep up with the nudest a trampesses !;(well, the LOrd,'m sure,will find her). - (?)" (to Eugen): "Pains'nmyback=pains'nmyback' : 'v heard that for 4o years now. Tss;at ev'ry little=thing men carry on like Saint Laurence on his grill ! -?: -";(she sets her fists on her hips...

(for M has reappeard, awkward and graceful, a woman at the Aurelia=stage,easily recogniz'd as a princess by the braid to 1 side. Her jeans have 2 rearend=pockets;and she has 1 hand tuckt in each;so that, even walking,she keeps a full grasp on her bottom=cheeks -(and Olmers breaks out in lewd noddings : ! -))

('hire hippes hadde she faire gyrt/with a belte for chastitie/she was of turtles the pureste';from 'Martina')

MARTINA (already completely lost in lessons):" There is no longer any Aftonbladet on the Urinoco. -";(to A&O):" Hey meestor, talk with you 1 sicoonda ?";(Alpha es et O. Mean=time she retreats into the corrugated-iron shed. And comes rite back out again : quite the well-educated young pilgrimiss,with helmet and signal-rod, reining in a dark-green moped.)

GRETE (indignantly to Eugen): " Behold : your vagrant cuckoo=child ! Running round like a joybird !"

EUGEN (soothing):" Oh let her have her lite silly head for a year or so : in the morning o' life, when the dew..."

GRETE (interrupting him): " I figur'd the dew 'd get in on this ! (When she's about z far from dewy freshness as the east is from evening.)";(champion at indulging herself at the table & crotch : keeps both hands working at z much devilment as she kn find. - To M):" What were you up to again over at the clothes-web? Y kn wrap her up in whatever trimmings y like, she'll still be a pitiful pupa. -(?): why all y have t do is just look at that face !"

MARTINA (delib'rat'ly distracted):" Nulla fides fronti. " (And):"Whosoever saith to his brother,'Thou fool' ... :!"

GRETE :" Well that item sure isn't my brother! : no saint's ever gonna stick out his neck for Her. -(?):Good LOrd; you don't have even five cents worth a sents when it comes to judging people."

to which MARTINA (remarks officiantly): " Us'd 'sents' twice : that'd get underlin'd in red n onev Our essays."

GRETE (disdainfully):" Pfff! : plenty a parakeets like you 'v taken wing in the wide world ere this. The words just bubble from your lips now;but afterwards,n the classroom, when you'r suppos'd t recite your ten-cent piece,you'll shroud yourself in silents." (Now buzz off; otherwise you will miss [redacted] that train.)

(She repairs to the house. /During which all present hold their peace,(so as not, by some chance word or other,to detain her anew). /As soon as Asta,too, has taken her leave; A&O gets up,quite casually, so that [redacted] the garden-gate may at least be opend for the young lady, - ,(and mayhap to see her safely out onto the road ? ahyés)/Miss Milliscent lo'ers her fashionably tannd countenants to earth, and whistles as she walks (& shoves the bike) : feet ready for their journey, neck ready for a look back. Once outside, she casts a more attentive glants back thru her lashes:?- Pretends to say a few friendly words to her bike : it's to behave itself on the way:not to cause her any embarassment...(in reality)

MARTINA (slyly to her cavalier):" Well ?; vig'rous dreams of Ann'Ev' ? -(?)"(spirited):" Oh,that's nonsents. Just remember : old Albert Julius ii., He was almost 1oo & ne'ertheless started in t dally with Princess Mirzamanda ! - :just a yard=further;the bush'll hide us." (Stopping behind the bush):" I'm a little nomebody with nary a penny t my name ! - :?"

A&O (Ahhsoo.(Certainly;a myrrthfull clóud a perfume like that can't be for nothing...). - La münz, joy):" So, precious Martina. (Just so no one kn say we'r hol'd up here in our enormous house, behind stacks a currency;and...(?)"(:what's thât ? 1o marks not enough ?):" Y planning your getaway ?";('Chrysal,or Adventures of a Guinea',by Charles Johnstone. (And as far z the New Young Lady afoot 's concernd : 't's merely humale nature t dream up new idols...?)):"Ahá !;you'r familiar with that as well ? What's the poor devil's name, who's made you,mopedlass, a part of the substratum of his trinterior ?"; (n if you'r about t break out in screams a gratitude, first start up your racketer.)

Luxemburgian 'faschten' (farting : to give off exhaust gases/ the motorcycle= farter)

MARTINA (languorous):" Pooh, you'r my bestest f(r)iend, abhorred of my soul !";(but you'r rite):"Only spells trouble not t be suspicious : mistrust leads man to his best ideas.)";('t's z plain as the nose on your face that the earth belongs t the hypocrites,rogues,the impudent and shameless.)" ;(still hanging back, thinking hard):" Telll mee - :how wd you react if some (talented) [redacted] young lad - (or lass:just so y kn picture it) - were t hand over a manuscript of his poems t you ? For criticism ?" (She starts in talking to her bike;acts as if it doesn't want to turn over):" Well let's go=let's go : Galgal !..."

A&O (otherend,please !, that's mean gasoline you'r using ! (N don't try t bribe me with quotes from EZEKIEL)):"Oh; one kd always use the paper to lite fires...what else ? What do I care about strange versifying uh=lasses ?",(n there's no need t wring your hands as if y were at the 'cannon-mill' : very becoming,that sorta lite attack of despair. Shamming sympathy): " Course, if yôu kd provide some good reasons for being especially int'rested in the author...:Ow!don't !-"

(for she serves him such a Martina=buss that he staggers [redacted] :'o'. Then a swing to the saddle :-)

MARTINA :" (And z far as Ann'Ev' goes, that's not settl'd yet by a long shot :'The lips of the faithful will tell of his understanding' !) - : by' for now !";(and her left hand rais'd hi,in the direction of journey's end :'!' -)-

('Concerning Germanic Nicknames': by F.Stark, Vienna 1866 -)-

Scene 13

(Blue sky full layden with yellohair (stiff & curld at the ends);but the sun shines steadfastly,and someone has checkt:'almost 2o again already !'

Ann'Ev', 2 shadolegs on 2 sunfeet (large pretty feet;each a compact creature all for itself,there to be playd with), has already made her bed,(ie has shaken out the blanket);and has swept before her (barrel)door too,('so the terrace looks respectable'),& carryd the dwarfsweepings round behind the house. Also, sweet polyglott,said a few courteous words to the purrson at her feet. Then, with sparro's sporting about her,a thin band o' smoke between her lips,exchang'd a coupla words with Egg's head,which had appeard beneath the hedge -(:?-:advice given back & forth :?.- Finally :'Move back t your side a the border!'. - Henceforth she sits immobile, a buddhette,at barrel's mouth;her face bent lo,taking strange counsel with herself : brown/blue-ish shado's at the bend of her elbo's,her hands one/fillid with the most wonderfull nothing,that would ever see.Between her biceps the little sl A&O ender breasts. Her navel divides the shallo creas't hollo down to her sourceress' lap. Flush to it the yello belle(y) flora (a rough dry form of the cloven tufts at her brow,f ab male-hair) yelloflesht mussel, strong ? odor. / ema A&O -(perfectly ridiculous for delicate a 'third party' observing him)- has smuggl'd up a weebit closer to his autumnal treasure,with the impatient candor of ultimate love,(:'to know her breasts but once upon his mouth !'[redacted], 'Genoveva')/SONG OF A SCHOLAR & HIS [redacted]MISTRESS/WHO,BEING CROSSED BY THEIR FRIENDS, /FELL MAD FOR ONE ANOTHER;/AND NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM. 'The lovers enter from opposite directions ,each held by 2 keepers')

A&O (recites): "'Weather is th' eternal reason why I seldom visit friends,for now autumn dyes green leaves of beeches golden - 'tis year's end./Clouds and rain and muddy alleys turn my moods all black as jet:shall I ruin my morale, please, further still than it is yet ?/If instead my garden's spilled o'er with the rays of autumn's sun,where's the heart that's left unthrilled, or who could leave his verse undone ? /Thus 'tis here that you can find me,when it rains and when it shines,here I'll sit till snow unkindly bars my door and me confines./Should this winter at your window there appear a butterfly,open wide,for from its tint know,'tis my soul awing - 'tis I. / Should you wish a rendezvous,we can meet here beside my gate -:Leave your city and come view me in my caterpillar state !' - I'v won much the same vict'ry over space; - and soon I'll win over time as well : no more time, ergo no more fear;no more space,ergo no more desire."

ANN'EV' (a slo ascension of brow=eyes=mouth.Yellograyly confus'd,she stares at/him,with his ashengray hair and rust-brown skin):" Have you come from the underworld as well ? -"; (darkly):"All they that see me laugh me to scorn:they shoot out the lip, they shake the head : I may tell all my bones: they gloat and stare upon me."(She reaches back behind her for a little bell made of straw,with which she rings (ie rattles) mitily :!:?- Apparently calmd a bit):"Ahyes;(I couldn't tell : if it was You or Everyone=else). The foliage is going

At the westside of the house -(frequeyntly peeping round the corner barrelwards !)- Grete and Asta (like Fredegonde et Brunehaut)./Grete already riggd out à la 'hot summer day',(thus mosquito=trousers,worn with voluptuous draping breasts les Pommes du Voisin).Over this she wears an apron=smock;but already so wide open it refeels many a muskular limb to gladden the hard of an expert./Asta definit'ly the housekeeper; ie buttond-up dignifyd sp1id. She sprinkles lawn & garden with a stiff red hose,(something she'll let no one else do - thus an indisputable phallic=service;(1 of the cats bytheby is so crazy about the waterjet,(something they otherwise most holily forswear!),that she lunges at it,and grabs it with both paws :'!' - it must,however,be the noise that excites her;for she likewise loves the voice of the whiskbroom)./The mitey-neckt lady has just now thro'n sev'ral horny glances : over tward the hillahay,where Egg & BM untiringly quench their thirst.)

('Conversations in the Realm of the Dead',Part 93,'between LIVIA,wily as a serpent & Wife of the great Rom.Emp. Augustus,& the notorious Fredegunda,godless Wife of the French King Chilpericus i.;Wherein is found the Lives of both these Ladies together with their most Strange Fates,& also their most Wicked Deeds',1726)

GRETE : "One a those colossal men hewn all of a piece, (and I mean from the trunk end !) : consid'ring the hair, nothing's impossible for him !"

ASTA (stroking her flamberg thoughtfully):"Hm;it does indeed look promising when he walks around like that; with his bare rearend, n the long shado follo'ing behind. - A regular antiTo ggenburger : he had Egg put in a request for 'stronger wine' - ?"

GRETE (litely):" Send over the wicker=bottle a 9o proof stuff t them - if still more sho up t'day.-" (Once again whisp'ring confidentially):"Did y see ? Early this morning ? : It stood up so far it actually built the acuteyst angle with his belly ! N with a scrotum like a horse : I kd phall for that;it 'd come over y like an unweapond man !";(she brushes out her spouse's jacket;and hums, in waltz=time: 'y won't find a fa cre like that ev'ry day...')

ASTA (scratches her shin - it sounds like unplan'd wood! - she advances,unobtrusiv'ly, so that the whole frontside of the house...:?-.- Then):"A coupla sandwiches for our Gentlemen t'day, rite ?;so they don't get out a practice.(Or shall we have mercredi gras ? :good.)."(picking up on Grete's suggestion):"Well 'm not so sure : if He were t give you the bum's=brush,that'd be about like cuddling up to a bear !; (tss, look at the teeth in those cheeks!) N any case better lay out your capergreen trimmings :bra open at the front, panties unhookable at the crotch.) -:-";(she points with her chin):"Have a look at thát. -"

GRETE (peeps at the barrel:?-):" Well that'll take the cake a the year ! The prelenten kipper;with neither mam nor ham ! Nothing but dandruff & scruff nsteada hair on top; chickadee ribs,(n 'll guarantee my/hardly kosher underneath !);

on its journey - n ev'rything's thrushing before my eyes; 'm greatly intrigu'd." (She sweeps the heavy sweet curfurture of her lids upwards; her godbewilderd mouth,deep at the lips, t/c aperd at the tongue,smiles her embarrassment): "Or y kn use the witch's=windo,too;"(ie:for examining the images as they arise,as above with the straw bell):" :make a tiny=round loop in a blade of grass. Draw it thru your mouth t coat it with a film a saliva -"(she does this: 'o' -):" a coupla drops a milkweed on it;and it shimmers with rainbo colors - n when you peek thru it,y see things in their true form;(or the future as well: if the film dissolves,threetimes in a ro,fate's chosen not to answer)". (The slo'talking sorceress, Everyone=Eve, fancysfull figure,nudentangl'd in herself.Suddenly eyes of mockery): "Shall I have a look=thru ? -"; (she does it. - Her mouth puckers up sweet & trembling. Then she lays her forehead on her knee and giggles. Looks up again embarrasst;(and tucks the blade of grass under her thigh.))

A&O (Voisin & Voisine.(Who knows what She saw ?)): " Did y find what y were looking for in GRANDVILLE ?"

ANN'EV' (reaches back behind her;and brings out 3 books. Opens up 2 of them[redacted] ;(1 of her witch's=hairs is laid in each as a bookmark)):" Here=uptop : Who lives in that house ?" (Or in the illustrated 'Dublin','Genealogical Museum',p.35) :"Whose empty bicycle is that ? - (?): Oh; I kd find out if I'd concentrate on it : I can prophecy !"

A&O (lord,that works with just one good myopic eye:I myself have been the arnotificer of many illusions,and 'v had my hours of arrogants,close to mors/my arse):" I'v observ'd the world for some little while now - it seems moren more probable t me that 'spirit' isn't much more than, let's say, elderberry blossoms."(And your mouth a [redacted]band of red.(He gazes at the nape of her neck.Twixthershoulders.The pale brite bottom.)- (?)Somewhat resignedly): " 'Metempsychosis' ? : is but the subcon=remembrants -(and that alone offers decisive encouragement for people)- that We ('our souls') were actually stuck inside all sorts of animals tunicates dragons,pre= and posthominidae too - during the Silurian or Cretacean periods I mean."(I an Evandros; You

(JEAN PAUL already uses this in 'The Comet', where the hero enters houses that are paintings,converses with the tenants,wants to look out of the painted windows,'and I too have felt the same desire' [redacted] :'for since the human intellect has for many centuries occupied itself with countless objects in innumerable ways, it can hardly fail that each new object can be found to have certain similarities with an older one.' KANT)

that consumptive rearend with cheeks fallen in - : n puts on airs like some celestial miss that's been forc't t dwell on earth for a while !-";(more maliciously):" The way they sniff away at each other ! Likewise the great big wonnerful man; wants t do it up brown, n be ever=so witty, the old screwball : isn't that his wallet he's got in his hand again ?!'"

ASTA (:?-nah;a book):"But She sure knows how ! Acts like she's all ready t be buryd in the same grave with him. The way the sweet coyquette spins her neck n eyes around : like some madman n the bible ! How kn anyman get so excited about such a punybosomd creature made a wind syffle n gall !?"

GRETE : " Oh, she's still strong enough t be able t carry her man ! (Has had more lovers than the Wife of Bath;and's quiv'ring now [redacted] like a virgin !). Sunning herself for him, la Lazzarona, z if ol'sol 'mself 'd just hatcht her;spreading her legs for him, n scratching her puszta;(pay close attention now: her box opens up all on its own, ugh the hussy ![redacted],she kn do it with each n ev'ry finger !)"

ASTA (all the same):" I'm a good learner. And can the numidian virgin ever smile like n evil spirit. -(?): Oh my,[redacted] what a downrite whorendous look a pure knavelry; n those gullible coos :don't underestimate the rosymantic words she uses, (specially for Our old litterary [redacted] boys : I see penisive days before us !). -";(attentiv'ly) "The way she folds up n fronta Him like a towel : that I'd like t learn. -"

GRETE: " That'd really cork the bottle, wdn't it.[redacted] - That crazy A&O !;hunting After this brown=&=yellow she=Devil !"; (she rips off the curly yellohead from a dahlia:!): "do yóu understand men ? All of 'em,One just like the Other,capable a greeting ev'ry single t/c unnynos'd creature at the side a the road z if it were an Ideal ?!";(she points with her chin):"Y mite z well run up n hug a dungheap ! - :?"

(Asta glances instinctiv'ly tward the hillahay :the Headman, He with a maw ready-for-love,& an erection like a pony : a kind of 1o=inch sweetie,standing from dawn til dusk.../gentle innuendo has its effect too)

GRETE ('t's n entirely diff'rent situation):"Just look at our 3 anorchists ! :the one can't see atall; the other's only got one ball; a witherd leaf gets stiffer than their peters : 'they are wells [redacted] without water,and clouds blown about by the storm,with whom there is gray darkness forever.'." (And in contrast this v i/u cking figure,juicy & firm allatwants:he kd get under your skin for two-days' trav'ling,[redacted] ah. - She hangs her alpaca coat a bit further forward,for airing.)

ASTA (mouth fixt, confirmative):"He kd reach into distant ne'er discoverd caves of our interior. - Look at that:how he's talking slo'ly t her : just t make it last longer - "

daß Du bewahret werdest vor dem bösen Weibe, vor der glatten Zunge der Auswärtigen,o Fili mi,custodi sermones meos,et praecepta mea reconde tibi;for at the window of my house I looked through my casement,and beheld among the simple ones,consider centre los jóvenes un mancebo,falto de entendimiento,el cual pasaba por la calle,und trat daher auf dem Wege an ihrem Hause,in der Dämmerung, am Abend des Tages,da es Nacht ward,und dann wieder im tiefsten Dunkel (literally 'in night's 'mannikin',i.e.in its eyeball';en la oscuridad y tiniebla de la noche), and, lo,there met him a woman, with the attire of a harlot,and subtile of heart, quietis impatiens, nec valens in domo consistere pedibus suis;nunc foris,nuc in plateis,nunc juxta angulos insidians;nun hat sie ihn gefaßt, und geküßt, tut als wenn sie dreister würde,und spricht zu ihm 'Je suis sortie au=devant de tois, pour te chercher, et je t'ai trouvé : j'ai orné mon lit de couvertures, de tapis de fil d'Égypte, mein Bette habe ich in Gurten gehänget, bunte Matrazzen von ägyptischem Cattun, j'ai parfumé ma couche,aspersi cubile meum myrrha, et aloe, et cinnamomo : viens ! enivrons=nous d'amour jusqu'au matin, come, let's take our fill of love, ven : embriaguémonos de amores hasta la manana,et fruamur cupitis amplexibus donec illucescat dies. -(?): Mein Mann ist nicht zu Haus; ist weit verreiset, hat den Geldbeutel mit sich genommen, saccum pecunia secum tulit; wird erst um Lauberhütten wieder da sein, il ne reviendra à la maison qu'a la nouvelle lune. Rindiólo con la mucha suavidad de sus palabras, obligóle con la blandura de sus labios;sie redete so gelehrt, daß sie ihn einnehmen mußte;he goeth after her,straightways, as an ox goeth to the slaughter,as a fool to the correction of the stocks,wie die Fliege in die Spinnwebe,wie der Hirsch,bis der Pfeil ihm die Leber spaltet,wie der Vogel in die Dohne eilet,sans savoir que c' est au prix de la vie. Ahora pues, hijos,oidme, y estad atentos a las razones de mi boca : ne se aparte a sus caminos tu corazón, go not astray in her paths; denn Viele sind der Erschlagenen,so sie gefället hat, und zahlreich, die sie gemordet,il sont nombreux, tous ceux qu'elle a tués, slain by her : ihr Haus sind Wege zur Höllen,da man hinunter fährt in des Todes Kammern,viao inferi domus eius,penetrantes in interiora mortis : her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death,caminos del sepulcro son su casa,que descienden a las cámaras de la muerte : in ihrem Haus ist der Eingang zur Unterwelt,die Treppe zu den geheimen Gemächern des Todes, sa maison, c'est le chemin du séjours des morts, il descend vers les demeures de la mort. -

A&O (parrying with his head):" 'We=in=the=North' ?;

ASTA (going on):"The chamois=twaddler,with paws that were

live thru a new ice-age ev'ry year;we'r totally diff'-rent (in)human-beings from Blacks=in=the=South."(Win-ter's doom : Dead suns. Storm Wastelands. Armies of Flakes;(Most a which 'r defective t boot !) Carrying out all those ashes. Tho I'll grant):" Before we enter frosty=Hell we get the most marvelous colors..."?"

(for She suddenly holds up the book - all mornly stiffend, ceremoniate - for ever ann ever Amen -/ ?-: a wee spider has appeard on the cover of the book.-Hurries to one corner. There he raises his rearend in the air:-and squirts out a few threads, sundry yards long, like jets of water -(which, however, never touch ! keep their distants from one another;(poss.the same electrical charge ?)) - - drift back=&=forth -and finally take the beastie with them, high into the air ! -)

ANN'EV'(with a weak morbid smile):"Bon voyage -"; (and watches the accidents of air;beneath yello'ing trees a lonely schemer,Who languid=dreamily lets her thin fingers purl over one another.)

A&O (clearing his throat cautiously):"On board the 'Beagle' 1oo kilometers from land, DARWIN saw thousands of them dropping down onto the ship,"(Nov.1, 1832);out beyond the estuary of the La Plata):" Only 14 days ago we had what I assume is a quite rare spectacle of the same sort :early that morning the stubble and clover-fields had n unusually heavy cov'ring of 2=3 layers a spiderwebs; so that when the cats were let out they were so dazzl'd & their heads so gummd up that they preferrd t turn rite around n give themselves a good long face-washing. Then the sun came up, it got brite & warm - a day just as lov'ly z the one we'v got at the moment - n then, about 9 o'clock, a shower of webs began falling, from the upper atmosphere. N by that I don't mean it came in single threads; but quite liter-ally as flakes,(some of them pretty large : 5 by 1o cm) , falling rather swiftly : the air was calm,and n what-ever direction y chose t look there was a heavy shower of them falling with no letup,(some even sparkl'd,de-pending on their relation t the sun). -(?): No; it lasted on thru til evening. The area they fell on was a fairly large one;as far z I'v been able to establish it was shap't something like a triangle with sides about 12 to 15 km long. I also spoke with one a the helicop-ter pilots who patrol our area ev'ry day -(?):on ac-counta the forest fires - and He told me : that at n altitude of 1oo m, and even on up t 2oo, (where he has his orders t fly), he was surrounded by the curious [redacted] shower on ev'ry side,and especially overhead. They glisten'd n sparkl'd til even his copilot, who nor-mally's a fairly unimpressionable sort,just sat there shaking his head. - I'd never seen anything like it n all my life;but that day bushes & trees were hanging so thick, y kd'v gatherd the stuff by the basket-load."

ANN'EV' (first nods a few times. Then):"The way you (all of you) lead your lives allows for few possi-bilities of chance...";(she blinks hard & considers)

A&O (all too boring,this 'one sun each morning'?): "Y mean the more drastic kinds of chance. We'r more sensi-ble of tive to & alert for the finer kinds, instead." (He wrinkles his brow : plus 'allur'd' & 'Sensual', antes que todo es mi Dama (la Dame avant tous).Again): "Ev'ry man sits at the navel of his world."(And is self-seeking vindictive lascivious proud.[redacted] But): made for mixing poison; the way she talks over her shoulder : peeks outa that yello hair like n owl out if its feather=collar," (shaking her head:"N the old cosur stares at the wisp a straw on her box z if it were the first he'd ever got t see n his [redacted]hole life. - Well,do We want t leave him t his bliss, what d'y say ?"

GRETE (vehement): "Fine, if it weren't a matter a money ! - tss, a man-being like him 'll gladly screw the dreariest circus freak;(but that's just part a their brick'n'mortar). Til they'r 4o they still 'r more or less human...(?):aw go on !;y know that yourself : when a woman marries a man her own age, all she kn think of at 45 is that she's saddl'd with her grandpa,(n's get-ting n appetite for her son) : the man has t be 1o=2o years younger;otherwise, when the woman's out a menopause n she kn fi-nally really let loose - why the old hollo'-hearted Aga=Klit can't do it any more ! My lord'n'masteer's getting t where he kd compete with eunuchs too."(shaking her head):"Yesterday (at last!) there was suppos'd t be a nite-shift. Well, I kd 'v playd bass for him all nite; but Him ? :2,3 uncuntgential kisses;n what else ?: my third digit does it better !";(aeh,fucking is piecework !).

ASTA (confirmative):" I am the housekeeper here. That's what I am on accounta my sins. N when I have t stick the old satyrs'(?: half kids, half impotent fauns) shirts in the washing-machine, with fart [redacted] tracks behind and come tracks n front - who knows how n the hell they manage t produce it,(grumpy A&O kn hardly be said t be swelling with energy). Not t speak of Olmers, with his mind-ravishing lectures : he tugs your panties down, n calls it 'homage to pulchritude' !;(granted, with his witherd nuts chatt'ring in the breeze that comes from his guts, there's not all that much left for contemplation)."

GRETE (n when it comes t being 'faithful' !):" Y kn still rely on the sick ones best : decrepitude keeps 'em within the bounds a propriety'n'decorum - tho I admit the will goes daily astray. (Altho you'v a cross t bear with 'em,too,ev'ry time the wind so much as changes direction.) Even the best of 'em wd love,in ad-dition to his Isolde, t have a Vice= (or even n Anti=!) Isolde, a blanche m ains eat : n if he had 3o, he'd still be looking around for more - ahwell, may the LOrd turn it all t some good; tanyrate 'being marryd' ?,that means a life-long martyrdumb !" (She peers over again to where A&O...tss):" The 14 Holy Helpers aren't gonna [redacted] aid in putting out that fire. Normally just let one a the pussies open its mouth n he grabs at his heart[redacted](Lazarus is a dashing swashbuckler n comparison t him); n now he's running around doing a mating dants for his chimney swallo - ."

ASTA (confirmative): " Yes, taking care of n old man is no [redacted] unmitigated joy : the money's gone, the ninny remains. A woman has t come t some sober contclusions : either a)mute brutality;or b) garrulous infirmity;"(ergo a of course. Doubtfully):"Seems t me Egg=there's suspiciously good at handling his tongue : He kd talk your ears off. Also appears t be a nite-rider -I much pre-fer t do it of a morning,(lasts longer,y know?)" (She drags the hose by the foreskin a bit further along the fronta the house.)

GRETE (that's perfectly natural. - (?!) -)

(Eugen can be heard, inside the house, roaring out a sneeze :'!' -and again :'!!' -)

GRETE (resignd):" Sometimes he sneezes like that all nite long. (Meanwhile I lie there on my back,my heart going tipp tapp : He's behind n payment for mania quart a semen, n then some !). - Hey, listen : woodcocks -"(with the subcon=prurients of a sweet =tootht matron):" - the way the little peepsters just shriek away - n so loud t'day - isn't that sweet ! -";(all-business again): "Sure;'Men' ?: they all work in perfeckt cuntsert "(unconsciously

"You don't like it here then. - ?";('and I whisper'd something in Her ear,amidst the foolish yellow tangle of the wisps of her hair. (In those days, however, life meant still more to me than all my wisdom)!' -):

(' The tent was large and spacious;the column[redacted] of ivory richly inlayed : and when it was erected, one noticed not a seam. The baldachin was of gold, of a piece with knoted tassels; two costly knobs (pumi-aus ?), the one of garnet qui luit par nuit oscure, the other of topaz, which is fair & pure et tempre de l'solel ardor et fait froidue. The four walls were without seam;the peggings were of fine Spanish gold, and the cords of silk plaited with eagles' feathers, which cannot be severed by iron or steel. The four sides are of different patterns and colour: the one is whiter than ivory & clear like siglaton; the second blacker than coal; the third red, dyed in dragon's-blood; the fourth greener than colet de [redacted] plancon. It had been made (as one discovers in the Bible) by that Queen who captivated King Sol-omon with her great purity. It was of salamander skin; the Queen did alway rest within it and took her sustenance there, therefore the pavilion could not burn. (When the tent had been folded and laid into a square, it was put into a trunk fashioned by a griffin).The door of the pavilion was of another material : of snake's skin, clear and bright as a glass. If a man or a frivolous woman with veiled countenance ap-proached, then it stood still and turned its back upon them; for the door closed as one solid mass. Thereupon it grew dark and gave up such smoke, as if a boiling caldron stood within. At the peak of the tent, where the two knobs are,there is set with greatest cunning a bird, like to an eagle, though no one has e'er seen such a splendid one. (The Queen Isabel made it): the feet are of diamonds,placed in the setting with a scorper;in its talons it holds l'escier d'un tel quarel;and the talons and the wings and the neck are of fine gold, as is the face and beak;stones had been set therein that were worth a castle, and the tail was made from the bones of a fish : there sails no ship of war so swift upon the sea, but that this fish can o'ertake it, it is named espervel, and within its snout it has a flute (calmiel),that when the wind blows through it sings more sweetly than a flajot or festiel. This was the tent within. Without,on the first side was pictured a summer month,with trees and meadows grown verdant,and vinyards and coorn abloom; the 12 months are portrayed there, just as each holds its sway; the hours and the day are told; the heavens and planets,and the familiar constellations,and the year in its ascendancy,and all this is explained par lettres. On the other side is a mapemonde,how the whole earth is encircled by the sea (as the philisophers know to describe it), and contains 3 parts,the which I can name : Asye, Europe et Afrique unparalleled; the mountains, rivers and the cities,all stamped with their names, can be found there. On the third side was told how Hercules was conceived and born,how he lay in his bed,young & small, and Juno, his wicked stepmother who hated him so, sent two snakes : he strangles them;conquers the whole of the Orient; carries the sky. On the fourth side is the abduction of Helena,and the sacking of Troy, as it was upon Menelaos' shield, and how kitchenboys are dealt with when a city is sacked.'/Ahyes.)

A&O (cheerlessly): " Earthly happiness ? : is strictly reserv'd for certain sorts of madmen."

GRETE (cynic'ly):" 'd say He's plagu'd her long enough,with the flatulents of his (sub)conscious. -(?):Which of the Three Old Jackasses is braying like that now ?!-"

vi. Act

Scene 14

(Terrace at the housefront;between 9 and 1o./At the table solitary Eugen. A&O has submitted the hypothesis :whether the title of HACKLÄNDER's novel 'Dark Hour' mite not go back to JEAN PAUL's 'memories of your happiest hours for your last ones'; since the phrase turns up like a leitmotiv 1 dozen times or more ? - which he is now collating. / Olmers and A&O are busy gathering their avocational materials - observations of impressions are exchang'd - they also dispatch Gefte's little commissions (or Asta's dignifyd requests);(viz :'Some=body go hang a mailbox on the gate !',ie a plastic bag,into which the carrier silently deposits the mail,(if need be he roars for a signature). /Egg,with a slite bow to the ladies, has gone to the village,('t see the mare', according to AE). Likewise BM, in his bow=wow way, (and not without inconveniencing the men o' the house with his stench ('He's got sóme intestinal flora !')) and with member erect, has set out for addresses of households designated (by Olmers)as needy./ Whereas nfronta her barrel AE is drying out potato-leaves - on a tin sheet, with a stick : 'tobacco for connoisseurs'. (Later then there's just one dusty foot hanging out of the barrel; and she can be heard,now loud now soft, talking with herself. -)

OLMERS (at the 'Russian Weather Station' - where bar=,therm= and hygrometers are kept;(tho admittedly expressing the measurements in rarer scales : KÖNIGSDÖRFER (freezing point 3o;boiling 18o) or DE L'ISLE (boiling point of water 0;then on down to the freezing point at 15o))):" 'll be a warm one again t'day. (Ahwell;to equal things out it sno'd when the grain was n bloom.). - Have y ever seen the word 'fallaxomania' n print ?;(has the strangest effect -(?):in 'Elpizon')." (With shakings of the head he watches some idle strayngers

:He,in a sportcoat,lin'd in red silk,an asshole, reading the 'BILD'=newspaper as he walks,and talking about 'heav'nly pahstuahs' and 'praehistarical times',(ergo has a car with a 'B'=for=Berlin monogrammd on its rear);She with hips of brite-yello jolly,(executing such resolewt movements that her skirt produces one grimmass after the other. /The midwife, mounted (& arm'd) (immansly sprythigh'd fifty-year-old, nicely built & well-dy'd) - :'Well,Frau Röder ? : did he get another girl this time too ?' - :'Full-scale, down t the follicles !'. Well then.)

* * *

(A&O, in concert with Olmers, attaches the big wicker-basket chairswing to the oak,...'have t get the ladder ăfterall' : ''ll bring the lite one from the kitchen'/so wait it out : nextdoor lay the lot that a farmer acquir'd via perjury,(like one outa ev'ry three in the village, by the way);wasn't that him pooping along back there, the rube ?;(seventh son of a seventh son;a face like a sickle, above=it the brainless brow,toppt off with a bald expants,a real bucowlickt) and OLMERS (confirms):"He can't walk & chew gum at the same time : if He ever accident'ly got lost n a herd a cattle,y 'd never find him again : dirtscratchers and osierbeaters ev'ry one."

A&O (listen here):"The fello that has t deal with reality day in n day out has trouble believing in -let's call it- the power a fantasy - n ne'ertheless 14 days

(:'And how shall he become wise,who holdeth the plow & praiseth the whip ?/Who driveth his oxen,& keepeth their company,& converseth with young bulls ?/His heart will he give to the plow,& his waking hours to the feeding of cattle./And in like fashion each smith & artisan who passeth his nights as he bringeth his days./Or those who engrave upon seals,& whose diligence it ever is to make all manner of carving of different sorts :/:his heart will be given thereto, that he may counterfeit a portraicture,& all his waking day will be the consummation of his work./E'en=

so a smith who sitteth by his anvil,& regardeth the rude iron-/the smoke from his fire will make his skin to crack,& the heat from the oven will vex him;/ the voice of the hammer maketh his ear deaf,& his eyes are ever fixed upon the pattern of the implement;/he will set his heart upon the completion of his work,& all his care will be for the polishing thereof./Likewise the potter, who sitteth by his work,& turneth his wheel with his feet./His worry lies ever on his work,& all his striving hath its end in the delivery of the number that has been set for him/:with his arm he will form the clay,& he will incline his strength unto his feet./He will set his heart upon preparing his glazings,& all his care will be for the sweeping of the kiln./All these have set their trust in their own hands,& each is wise in his craftmanship./Without them there is no inhabited city,neither will any man dwell or walk therein./But in the council of the people they are not consulted,neither are they called upon in the assembly./They will not sit upon the chair of the judges,nor bring law & justice into the light of the day,neither shall they be found among speakers of wise proverbs./But surely they preserve the Tao in its essence,while their desire & prayer is in the exercise of their arts & trades./ But it is otherwise with him whose soul so enjoineth him that his meditation is upon the Highest Law:/:He will search out the wisdom of all the ancients,& concern himself with the prophets./He will preserve the tales of noted men,& where ever wisdom is exchanged,there he gaineth admission./That which is hidden in parables will he search out,&will dwell upon the riddles of wise proverbs.'

ago I saw him thro a potato and n incrimination heavenwards -(y know how mis'rable the harvest t[illegible]nd out)- :'N You call them 'taters ?!'."

(Ahyes; the woodlands resounding with farmers./ The milkmadams; bellydeep in seradella & lupines;('In south Germany I saw how they kept 1 billy=goat n ev'ry herd a cattle,'t ward off evil spirits'')/ Phallcifer fartilizes around in his inimidribble way. /The meado-wench,a white willo bucket in her hand,h[illegible]ppoly smelling, (:'When she walks thru the village with a red shawl on,it's a definite sign - only I havn't figur'd out 'what-for'' (Just like with Armadale's))./A rack=wagon : as per regulation on the frontwheel 12 in the rearwheel 14 spokes;(up ontop yet another one a your masticaterettes a hearts;famous for never having tamponiz'd herself)/the redhaird farting plowboy glanc't over rite away,(and y kd tell from his trousers what he was thinking. His dog bullo'd at his horse :!; the horse scratcht himself behind the ear and whinnyd something or other.))

OLMERS (lewdly): "He once told me : that during the war - when there was neither nag nor tractor t be had - they'd yoke up 2 BDM=girls,'Eva & Liselotta; t plow furro's in the softer soil : there they were up=front in swimsuits; n Him with his whip rite behind."(N that, naturally, it ended in a romp ev'ry time...?! - ?- 't's SIRACH,isn't it ?):" He,and Koheleth : 'r the most reasonable books in the whole bible."

(Hoofbeats[illegible]? -(while the horse's tail struck the rider in the back often enough) - hm;half fed'ral border=patrol, half smuggler into the GDR;(Shoes with steel tips : in case something heavy falls on his toes),clothes gen'rally rather threadbare. Sit badly besides : 'Perhaps a mounted beggar ?';(well,what do we care where he stole it from). / The fisher yonder started up his model=airplane again : just t scare off the bards o' prey;a mere kite wdn't do the trick. (Not even one a these newer models; with a long red ribbon for a tail (circa 3 meters by 2o centimeters),like one that not so long ago streamerd most charmingly behind its (bluegreen) transport. ('Flying kites as a symbol of erection',FERENCZI) - :ah, it's circling pretty hi now,above the redbrown roof=hill of his house !)

* * *

('Mother's gone to Cumberland : Cucumberland's gone up in smoke' : a very young lass with red bodice and the shortest of wool=skirts, (she already knew how to exhibit her little drumstix). There now appeard 2 more of her 8 sisters; pseudoinnocently leading a puppy with an erection on a short leash:''s he sick ? That red=stuff won't go back in again ! - Ahyes;all ages : beginning with the four-year-old apissing ('out fro the box there renneth dusty grayns of sand'),who still asks the stork t bring her red booties next year; to the 7=8-year-old, who's already dildogently scratching under her skirt; the tendyear-old with little peekt quivertits,brite-thighd,swinging ungirded hips,unconscious yet of their sweet office;on up to a develop't twelve-year-old,in a colorfull blouse (1o-cut : to her navel),tuckt into a short skirt (cunningly 'gro'n-out' of it!) a rear that already made lateral waves (she has that from her mommy !), long sinewy brown=legs; THE TOYLADIES...)/:'Well,Which one'v YOU pickt out ?')

OLMERS (giggling):" She won't have t raise it up t screw. -";(confidentially):" You'v really gŏt t see 'em all tgether sometime : 9 redhaird daughters; they'r all budding tward maidenhood so incredibly fasst, that if you'r downwind it's easy t smell it when they'r masturbating."

(The littlest is still clapping her hands to banish fear. The middle ones are screeching hit-parade propositions,('kiss me z long as it turns y on');and then each props up thother,(showing=off their moss green-roses for O. :'o'-). The tallest, calmly 'picking dandelion-greens', exhibited her (not quite sno-white) rear, which her bloodred apron=smock somehow manag'd to 'emphasize'.

OLMERS: "Give a listen t how this=one here 's 'counting'...?"(:'Richman,poorman, beggarman, thief,/:doctor, lawyer, major ! : chief')/ -:"Did y hear that, Eugen ? - (?): Oh, not t worry; youth nowadaze has some sort a shrillity organ in its throat;They won't injure themselves !" (The infant's the first t cry,a boy :'A' (=Adam); the girl 'E'=Eva. DAHN, too, had n indomitable aversion t babies;(never had any children - n admirable trayt).)

* * *

(Cirri eventescing. / A trav'ling salesman for ready-made buttonholes. / The baker's van - from whom Asta,after brief consultation, purchases 2o loaves. (?:?:'Ohyes;'still more visitors 'v been announc't : 1o more BM's,Egg's,AE's.') / 4 electricksians; who want to inspect our 'lead-in' ? - And by gum all of 'em really did climb out: one carryd the ladder,(and beyond the call of duty 'hung-on' to it). The second loiterd his way up it;had a look at the nondefective layer of insulation. (While the other 2 filcht hazelnuts and apples -:'For the kids !',they explaind amicably). Then stood nfronta the house for 2o minutes,smoking;(prob'ly doing overtime. Nice folks. And all from the central ElCo office.))

A&O:" M=m : now that beards 'r n style, y never know who's the foreman n whose the upprentice."

(They both nod in the direction of the MD's car : thin and dark at the wheel;like a salesman for death :-----)

OLMERS (bleating disagreeably):" Not long ago here when farmer=Lohmann lay dying,[illegible] he petted the doctor's back : because he took him for his fav'rite dog, Grand Sultan - that was another one a your country pumpkins !(who thought y were making fun a him if y calld him a 'granger')): did the idiot at age 65 have t go n marry a twohundredweight wench !.(?):ah g'on ! :She copulated him t death,systematickly & with malice aftforethought ! (Her girlfriend told Asta about it : spent half the nite sitting up on him like she was driving tractor.) Since she was but a poor youthfullass the only dowry she brought along was the sweet little mole at her slit - n now she's a big-time farmer;with sundry acquirs a land."

A&O (digressing):" Apropos 'Land & Land=values' : I notic't,in your 'Recess' here recently, that land area is expresst

in 'cow pastures' : '1.358 C.' (as precise z that !)";(Conversions ?):" 1 cow pasture = 1o thalers. Domestic animals figur'd z follo's : 1 horse was worth 1 1/2 cows. N so on : 1 cow = 8 hogs; or 12 sheep; or 2o geese."(By this method they kd determine what We=nowadays call 'real value'. -:?)

(He turns to the fello who's bowing before him : ? - :an 'opinion pollster' ! - (How d'y figure that there's anything special t be reapt from us, restricted z we are by age & ailment to house and garden ?) -:What we think about 'Ireland' ?;or about FreLiMo ?! -)

OLMERS (perfunctorily): " Give 'em what=for. - aeh=y mite give it a try over=there : there's always fresh smok't-eel; (and he's sure t have n opinion about FreLiMo. (Pretty daughters besides !))."

* * *

(The leech dealer's cart. /A salesman for dwarf grass : new hybrid; gro's a mere 5 cm hi;so never needs t be mo'd -(?):'Absolutely long'n'hard-wearing !' /Sethe's little carriage, with the 2 Norwegian horses : his daughter,up on the box, was taking a coupla guests for a ride : as if carryd on clouds of dust they hoverd away over the stubble. ('De Ejaculatione Equestri';'conceiv'd & born up on the box'.) / Ahyes, 'Each man's pride'n'joy': for the girl-in-love it's her interior dewor. For the valet at Sethe's it's his collection of shoe brushes. For the trumpeter his long wind. (For the cuckold his borers-in-law.) The butcher's apprentice knows no more solemn oath than 'by the ham of the butcher's wife!'. For Eugen it's his collection of HACKLÄNDER=editions...-(:'Oh,remind me lateron : I'v got something t tell him.'/ That tripping along the road ?-:lots a little girls; who were accomp'nying 1 man.('Orange=hoods';school class am with teacher.). - (?): and all so well-traind that they mov'd off to one side ? -/And came. And squeekt. And stood still. - (And the driver got out;and rais'd the tin-veil of his MERCEDES :?...- ('famous for the enthusiastic manner in which he cares for his car') - :? -). -

OLMERS (with the uninitiate's nod):" 't's a prime case a 'Monday Car' -(?): when all the workers 'r still half tite & lazy. So y get a lot a little mistakes : doors don't close rite; brake-drums 'r off-center...";('MondayDud(e)s').

A&O ('m downrite astounded !):" Where did you learn all these chic expressions ?";(from Martinlein maybe ?)

OLMERS : "Nah;the house painter we had here not so long ago. (Who painted the kitchen and john.)(In his free time by the by he's a soccer referee : int'resting detales,about the players,and the publick.)) - : Oh ! a dutchy l'assey !"

for GRETE (and her curves quake at such adulation):" Whát 'r you=two bad-mouthing about now ? -";(dreamily):" Just look : the sky!: That Blue : just like our carpet=upstairs - ";(she changes the position of the alpaca coat. From over her full shoulder): " Go bring me some thyme. (And n case the fish comes, give Asta the word.)." (Goes back into the house.)

(So, what'r y gonna do ? (It was MAUPERTUIS who calld man 'an accident of an accident' - ergo most likely neither the intentional 'creation' of Anyone; nor the endowee of any special Free Will.) /In lite of which A&O,(as 'the younger') proceeds to the back of the house, kitchen-gardenwards. With the slo gait of the asparagus digger,(or mushroom hunter - neither of whom 'll gather much). - Pretty, spry sparro's. The trees have deliverd their fruits;(a record harvest of plums this year !). -?-:in the artemisia (:ornamental shrub!) Severin's tomcat, who looks like Hitler !: exact same tufted part of the hair; same shoebrush like a smudge above his mouth;(didn't AE just mention something about 'metempsychosis' ?...that'd be !). - And,on the southside, squints his eyes !:too brite ! ('Sunglasses', old invention : as early as 1855 HUC reported from Tibet : nsteada glass,an extremely fine mesh of horsehair; slitely convex.) And thousands of flies on the (hot) wall of the house ! Wash on the horse. (Reappurrants of an automobile ? - : with 'D': 'Dusseldorp',(that's the way it stands in old MORERI.)) Decrepit bean-vines;(that had once been successful at angling for rusty barbwire). /.-./-:Ohmy !:there's still one=solitary little maiden bunch=pink ! With its pretty 5=rayd=wine-red blossom;definit'ly the last one for this year... -/ -:?

OLMERS's (voice, from the street side):" - Mail 's here ! -".

Scene 15

(The 3 oldsters at the table; eagerly sorting=mail. (A COD of over 284 marks,(& the inevitable 95 pfennigs) has been paid : a 'MONNA'=package for Frau Grete). Plus one with books; And one more package of books;(the toys with which aging children amuse themselves). Sybarickety Olmers, a skimmer-by-trade, reads 'bookdealers' on the prepayment stamp as 'boobfeelers',(and goes on to defend himself : that damn fashionably=lower-cas't 'b' ! -

A&O (to Eugen):" Doy remember when your sweet firstborn was learning t read'n'write, how on principle she'd turn the 'B' around : ? (N how she also specially lik't t write such pretty '3's : so it isn't just the man-child that's breast-addickted !). - :?-:return address 'Brigette Venus/35 Kassel/Im Füllchen' ? : well now, Who's this for ?"

OLMERS (snatching the letter away from him):"Hand it over ! -(?Hell; the name alone kn start y in dreaming !)

(Postage stamps, half Dante half Heinemann. / A niece sev'ral degrees remov'd -(?:of Eugen's,from the GDR)- has finally manag'd t buy a car;but not the sparkplugs for it :'BOSCH' 'r suppos'd t fit;('n that,even tho she's a doctor over there !')/:'October=Novembef : thòse 'r the months for rare-book catalogues !'

EUGEN (to OLMERS,Who's demanded 'the binox'):" Y got something ? (Worth ogling ?) - "

('Only' the farmer's wife across the road : it's so [redacted] hot already that even the peasantry has made some curtail-ments in modesty : in a blue 'one-piece' she was ripping weeds out of the beets. -: her broad white thighs. Her monstrous Bbuttt. Titts. & Arms. (Face under her straw-hat.(Somuch the better; doesn't disturb the illusion.)) - Prix at half-mast; the most they'r still capable of. ('if thy right eye=ball offend thee ?';nothing for it but to pluck it out & thro it away!)

EUGEN (who's gro'n stoic in face of Grete's very=similar allures):" Pfond of her ? (Tss;'s got the taste a 'the Old Dessauer' !) Listen,that'd be hard-laybor : honeymooning with her n this heat;(there's hardly anything [redacted]urer here=belo).

(The 'third go-round' belongs among the boring-est things that the male of our species kn undertake;(women t be sure think it happens just z a mattera course !))."

(Why,sure :'Un hombre entre mil he hallado' said the Preacher Solomon ere this,'but a woman among all those have I not found' - that's even less than the cube root of P. (Altho on thother hand there's SHERWOOD ANDERSON, in 'Perhaps Women'; who thinks the one hope for deliv'rants from the sterility of our mechaniz'd existents lies exclusiv'ly in women's assuming the positions of leadership -))

OLMERS (impatient): " That was prophecyd long ago by old WILHELM POSTEL, 155o,'that the women shall one day rule over the men'. - But let's open up the package !"(Natur'ly 't's all so oppressiv'ly true, this 'married alive'): "Y simply have to avoid scrutinizing each individual thorn n your crown. (I know this much : the dumbest thing going is a brainy woman;and her better half is always the bottom one)!"(shrugging):" Just happens t be the 'Curse of the Marriage-bed' :and that by the by is a knightly romants in dialogue form by R.ROOS,(who, moreover, also wrote a 'Bright Stones' in 1821). -"(coaxing) "Why lookie there : that pretty little package;from Osnabrück : 'll guarantee it's for yóu ! -";(encouraging): " Chin up ! Anch' io sono filosofo : think a HACKLÄNDER; He tôo,(eg in 'The New Don Quixote'),had mad matrimonial=ghosts !"

EUGEN (soberly): " Oh noo; I allow myself the thought 3=4 times a day at the most : that never did man have such a wife as this. The husband ices up in the proximity of his wife,"(he says furthermore):" which belongs to the fifteen joys of Marriage - I only pray that the peace of life-on-the-farther-shore may not be disturbd by her presents. -";(taking the package lovingly into his hand : turning to more cheerful matters)" What's in here ? -"(frowning):" [redacted] Only 1 volume ?;(n here I orderd four !) -".

('t would baffle the best minds of Scotland Yard - p'r'aps 't were best if we opend it ? -

A&O (rising): " 'll just go get scissors & a knife..."

EUGEN (leaning back blissfully): "Incomp'rable weather. -: a Brazil okay? -(?): No-sir, direct from Rio; from my sister.";(who's running around at the local carnival with oranges in her hair & bananas at her hips. Shaking his head):" They must smoke some real cigars,the folks=down=there !;as long & z thick as what Marwenne's got !";(The fello who eats his coconuts shell'n'all).

OLMERS (desultory):" Yesyes; a noble erection. Coupl'd with four-footed manners - it must make the ladies' clit=flesh creep just t think about it!(I mean,that's your usual instinktfull female : who prefers the barber's assistant t the Great=Genius;(applying the old adage 'Dumb fucks best'.) - What's happend to A&O ?;('s he back at it again...";(he gazes toward the barrel:?- [redacted]noo;not this time it seems...:?:!-):" Mywòrd ? What'd yóu run into ? Have you had a vision ?"

for A&O (pretends to be reeling from the front door...his rite held now to his brow=eyes, now to his heart :!):"Prepare yourselves :'The Big MONNA=Sho'' ! ";(? 'a vision' ? ohyes : the sno'y peaks a the Giant Mountains !):"Grete in her bathing =suit : dang'rously beautyfull ! -(?): two= (or more precisely three=?) =piece;(there's a kinda turban included). Across her settee a dress - no : a gown ! - made a 'LUREX'; Eau du Nil(le), graygreen with silver threads -" (sympathetic'ly to Eugen):" must be some awful dépenses involv'd tho, all these romantic habits. -";(he 'sinks' into his chair : 'pffff -' (= the soft farting of the plastic=cushion : heinous invention ! - ?):" Yes COLA;(but defizzd !) - p'r'aps half'n'half with Lethe-water."

(Possibly the LORBER ?; his 'Ghostly=Scenery.The Violent Exit of ROBERT BLUM.His Experiences in and Conducted Tours of the Other World until His Perfection'(a kind of neo=theosophical work;but then you'r int'rested in most any political piss).

(but then rite off I made a reading 'slip';in WARREN:'...both ladies hurried up to their boudoir to change clothes - oh,and with what pounding hearts,with what elastititty of movement !'iii,345)

EUGEN (put-out):" Of course z a result a this farcenothing 'll get cookt again t'day either, will it ?";(flee from women,and you'll come nearer to the angels : you'r ahead for ev'ry day you stay single. To A&O)" Coin me a verb for 'the hasty wolfing down of wretchedly prepar'd meals' - it'd describe a consid'rable portion of my marital pleasures. -(?)-: aeh;'m not gonna put on my glasses for that."

for OLMERS (his voice enraptur'dly husky):" 'tension. : Here she 'comes' ! -"...(:'Aahh !' - (Satan himself invented this outfit for the total extermination of chaste old men : y kn see ev'ry mussel !). - Around her fat neck a Brisingamen sort of thing. Dimples of lard allround the damp mother=load;('zonam solvere' and not one word more,(the gentlemen's int'rest is betrayd by repeated soft sufflations)). - 'Turn around ! -'- (Ahháh;with a woman like thát, one simply càn't preserve one's sexual innosents !(Altho it'd be a typical labore of Sissipussy t want t try n fill up thát belly;[redacted] (especially with prix like ours :as flat & flabby as a us'd-up tube a Vaseline))). - And walks back & forth, incuntestably triumphant...:? - (While They, gallantly groaning, stage-whisper)

(Reading-'slip';[redacted]2.1o.74;in JEAN PAUL 18,67 b:'simplicity of vesture has its sole apology in abundance of meaning...';(ergo pert breast-fixation + simple vestments))/'...the nape of the neck & back of the head often represent the buttocks', ABRAHAM ii,249 : precisely because 'buck' & 'naked' are etymiz'd into it,(neckfolds=crotch;+ hairiness)

OLMERS (sanctimoaniously): " Well Eugen - : Yóu'v got the last laugh : congrats ! -";(with phalse (h)ardor):" Woman; if it weren't for the fact that you happen t be my sister...:!";(I'll drink a Berlin pale-ale t that !)

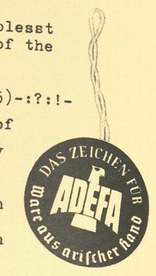
(She transports her rearend on across the terrace : Any=body else with any bad=feeling for me ?/Until finally even A&O -(and not simply to be polite)- nods;(PARACELSUS calls the female 'the littlest world': did he mean for that to be a compliment, or an insult ? Or merely an objective observation ?;(but in that case,then,Volvox Globator would more likely have suggested itself...))

EUGEN (who, with well-watèrd eye,has watcht unenthusiastic'ly. Waits til she has traips't back into the house. Then): "What it was drew me to her back then is fully obscewr t me now - for a [redacted] while a certain empathy of the epidermata may be possible twixt the sexes;after=thát it's only n onerous amplitude,with which one cohabits, face= & spunk=lessly ; more precise : a purely mechaniwal twitching of P & P, z if paid by the day or piece. -(?): oh sheet !;makes y sick of yourself" (Divorc't a mesa et thorax : on tv not long ago, the husband [redacted] who thankt the kidnappers that 'd abducted his ol'lady, that must happen alarmingly often...(?):'Purely a reaction t the all-too fiery pleasures a the marriage-couch' ?):" Lordamercy ! The 'female=body' is a lusty witches' ball=room only n the fantasies a the pubescent -(or then again later the senescent:'The Dream of Gerontius'); for a man it's one whole witches'=Sabbathfull of loathlies. Doesn't matter if she babbles & rages; or just lies there half-dead : p'r'aps you'll get t know the body - the soul hardly

atall." (He peers out beyond his bushy eyebrows over tward the door : ? -):" Yah,if only they were at least silent & peace-
(sic ! able - but such a dandy little Last Judgment each'n'ev'ry day...";(he reaches with finality for his package:-.)

OLMERS: "N when y think that Grete n my honord brother-n-law went at it on their wedding-nite til the bedstead bärst
assUnder on one side;(which the carpenter then buttrest=repaird again the next morning, [redacted] with indelicate smirks -
what a sic transit !). - But say, what'v y got there ?"

(And three gentlemen, grand bespectacl'd -(oh half-cloth nihility;oh thou immutable repose;o blesst
petrifaction !)- with horsehair sox (=feet in sleeping-caps;they all freeze a good 1o months of the
year) - bend down t what remains :
T H E B O O K S !
:H.v.MÜCKE, 'Ayesha.',(Berlin,Scherl 1915)-:?:!-



OLMERS (enraptur'd=indignant):" 'Signd by the author ! - I thought y only specializ'd n the Battle of
the Falkland=Islands : but that you'v pickt up with the 'Emden' now,too ? sincewhen..." (but it's already
slippt out and is falling tward him - :!!! -)

(Perhaps 1 presst leaf ?;('The Spirits of the Yellow Leaves').(Or, still better, I once read in
a rare-book catalogue :TIECK,'Genoveva';lovely single female hair at p.21.). - But no. Well,at
any rate it's a curiosity as well : so even 'rite-wingers' mutely pass their fav'rite things on
down thru the decades. Ergo The Return of She; bong.)

EUGEN (defensiv'ly):" Besides, you'v got one something very like it : I mean that BERNATZIK;with his very=own auto-
graph in it: 'Respectfully presented with a Heil Hitler to Reichsleiter Rosenberg, Hugo Bernatzik, Vienna, on 14.xi.38'";
(they'r all Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac, one's the same z thother;whether one enthuses for the Swan of Avon;or the
Nightingale of Hagenau;(or even the Bittern from Bargfeld). To A&O):" Here : yóu'll recognize the author a this one - ?"

('On Wine Measures in Transylvania', by MAXIMILIAN HELL ? - : ohyés : the 'Transit of Venus' fello./But
take a look at this, under the offers, these prices ! : no body kn keep=up with that. For a HUNRICHS,
'Practical Guide to Dike=, Sluice=, and Hurdle=Construction' [redacted] -(?-:why,for reading STORM I wanted to
...)-they'r demanding 45o marks for the 3 volumes ! And look here what your PREVOST,'Histoire générale
des Voyages'is worth already : 2,ooo - y do have the 4 registry=volumes as well, don't you ?)/ Me ?)

A&O: " 'v got three items. - Here,by someone who calld himself J.F.B.,'Whether Animals be Devils ?' (Bremen 1740[redacted]; 'm
curious what he's cookt up there). - Then n auction-catalogue from Sotheby & Co, in Toronto;with illustrations a the 'Med-
als for Chieftains', like those the English kings during the 18th & 19th centuries presented t their deserving Inddans. -
N then just something by GUALDI, 'Vita di Donna Olimpia Maldachini, che
governo la chiesa durante il Ponteficato d'Innocentio X,1644 - 55.' "

(eg,here's a cast silver medal from 1764 -(?): to commemorate the American part of the Seven
Year's War : obverse the belaureld bust of King George iii.;on the reverse,beneath a -(well
let's call it a sycamore)- seated, an English officer in a tricorne,and a sachem with a scalp
lock & peace pipe,all to illustrate the motto 'Happy while United'. (In the background the
British fleet on the Hudson River.))

OLMERS (handling it like an expert :? - :?-):" Say now, this thing's
hoary with age - 'Ragusa 1676' - :n what is it that attracts you espe-
cially t this papal=hooker ? - :aah !-"

(for that's precisely the name of a cardinal's wench in like
circumstances who appears in the last quarter of GUTZKOW's
'Magician of Rome' : I assume he may 'v borro'd=reshap't sev'ral features from this source. Naturally
GreenHorns or Communists'll give a caustic howl:''d love t have your troubles & Rothschilds' money !';but)

A&O:" I happen t consider myself so good as duty-bound - since, just frexample, ALBRECHT VON SCHARFFENBERG's 'The
Young Titurel' was a fav'rite book a the Germans for centuries - t take him into account. Or t go off (on the far side a
6o 't's allow'd I presume) chasing a few dreams : like how something good kd 'v come t pass out of a combination a BROCKES=
&=SCHNABEL;something most typic=teutonical; something other nations wdn't have : sure, even now it ought t be possible for
n exacting=patient hand to interweave 'Felsenburg Island' and 'Earthly Pleasure in God' - 't's a shame we'r not living in
the middle ages anymore;a combination a that sort wd 'v been possible with neither further ado,nor objection.";(as a young
man I was preoccupyd with the idea of it.[redacted] - But wait a minute;'v noted down something else for you - for your H'=research
...[redacted] - ah, here it is):" Fil'd under 'Stillfried' : did you know that the 'Strebeling'=affair is fashiond on a 'true story'
?; on the case a Rosine Klöble; who was done out of her entire fortune by a hoax built around an invisible suitor ? -(then
follo up on it;it must 'v been a well-known incident in Stuttgart). N then,for your pamphlet, 'Khaki or Canvas', 'v finally
relocated that citation n COOPER:'Le Bourdon's uniform...hunting jacket and wide breeches of thin material that had been
dy'd green n then fring'd in yello. Thiw was the typical woodsman's outfit of the American hunter;since it was believ'd
that these colors blended so well with those a the woods that the marks-
man kd easily conceal himself.'."

(the original text:'dyed green and trimmed with
yellow fringes...to conceal the person in the
woods,by blending its hues with those of the
forest',OAK OPENINGS,1848;in which,however,con-
ditions from 1812 are describ'd,)

EUGEN (calmly taking note):" Voilà de l'érudition. [redacted](At least I kn
always call on him z a compurgator.[redacted] (Altho our green foresters go way
back further than that.)) - ";(to Olmers):" And Yóu,'Susannah=Hannah mine : what 've you in your canteen, say ? White wine
or red wine : for tomorrow's your bridal day !' -(?): a Cologne carnival=song;('course from H. :'Artist's Novel')."

OLMERS (hae=hae !):"Y see; there y have it allover again : plushest sex for a lining !(Cause 'canteen' is 'cuntteen';n
t'morro's her bridal day whether she's menstruating or not!). - But look
here :'E.BÖRNER,A Gynecological Journey thru Germany,England & France.
-(damag'd;back torn).' -"(?:whether there's a cure for a member manqué in
it ? Oh hell):" I know 99 of 'em myself - n not a one helps. I 'xpect, however, t get the most ([redacted] subconscious fun) out a
this -";(he holds 2 volumes up in the air):"This fello,(COLSHORN[redacted]'s the name), edited 2 anthologies for use n schools : a)
The Youth's Magic Horn; b) The Maid's Grove of Verse...(?) : good Lord, man !; the (M)agile Horn of a youth is his penis;n
the maid's got a Grove a Furs n the same spot : what all d'y suppose is still t be gleand from the selecktions! - Folks,how
you do manage t hide things from yourselves !";(sarcastic):"I kn recall a description of a 'Resur rection';where the guy
who's believ'd lost reappears,'in his fist the heavy poleax of Dunbar and Worcester'...?: well,he's swinging the phallax in

('The Art of Conception;or a Counsellor for be-
fore,during & after Cohabitation';bound with it
'Painted DaughterM;a picture-book for bachelors'

his fist,(I believe it read n fact 'mounted and with phallax'). N y have t pronounts the names with a fine British accent :
dump her n wurst her. - No offents intended :'No dream without attendant folly';(you'll find that n the Talmud)."

EUGEN (shaking his head):" You'v got notions full of extr'ordinary malignity again t'day, don't you - a deeply
founded belief in the immorality of the soul : your glosses on FREUD n HIRSCHFELD absolutely must be printed sometime !"

(Sure : an expert at culling thru dreams mite well do as County Trustee for Etyms./That's the most int'r-
esting thing about these paranoid boys like FUHRMANN,or GUIDO V.LIST, that - while we=normal folk, if we
exert ourselves, recognize etyms of the 1st (at most the 2nd!)degree - they pick up the scent of those
of the 3rd,sometimes even the 4th, rite off :'Pee-pee for papa is no great transformation';or how from
'uterus' may be deriv'd 'outre=udder' on the one hand, and on the other 'foutre, foetare',even 'fodder'
and 'Fut foot Fuß' : with those fello's there's no end to it !;(and much of it is downrite ingenious !).
Or when SCHREBER tells how the French 'are forever staring at the gap in the Vosges';with a hardly vague
allusion to Ø./And quiet.And plurilitude. Silents nurtures the world. /In the S 2 sail-planes. The road :
girls,all to themselves on the tedder; the wheels turning full-circles. /Man ? : is a doll wound up for
6o=7o years, (the last ten of which are then spent as if in a greenhouse);and his highest goal on=earth is
TOLERABILITY : to strive for anything more leads the individual (just as it does whole nations) to some-
thing considerably beneath it. (:think how long it takes simply to acquire a certain savoir mourir !) -)

[redacted] A&O : "I consider such analysis - n certain respects - t be quite useful;(t say nothing of 'appropriate'). -(?):
Well frexample : t defend FREUD against the tendentious=childish aspersion[redacted] that his conclusions 'r n no way binding;inas-
much as he examin'd only a very titely restricted group a people : rich Viennese (jewish) around 19oo;(so many words,so
many objections). Which is totally refuted by list'ning in on the S=formations in the subcons [redacted] a writers from all so-
cial classes, nations n centuries; result : it's always baen that way ! - N above all such considerations become extremely
important for the writing professional : that he knows how t recognize the [redacted] (imperfect !) contributions of his own subcon
and SE, and t polish them up accordingly. Which ultimat'ly all adds up t the very diff'rents between-"

EUGEN (grumbling):"Don't go dragging in your 'Ulysses' by the tale again : all I need is just t hear the name JOYCE !
(It's sufficiently well-known nowadays that ev'ry expert must on principle conjure up some fully pointless theory t back up
his expertise.)".

A&O (shrugging;(:read it sometime ne'ertheless;you'v surely spent many n hour a your life t less purpose !)):" Let's
just say then, for variety's sake : the diff'rents between GEORGE BORROW with his passion for 'drinking from springs'; and
SPENSER's witty=obscene discourse on 'Earthquakes'...".-

OLMERS (who's been lending an expert's ear):" That's a CONvir-
gents [redacted] a two factors : when someone's n impassiond mountain
'clim(ax)ber' that says sufficient already. N then here it's coup-
l'd with the mania, with the idée ficks, a sticking his mouth into
ev'ry single mossy spring : fortifyd with 'CON'=glomerations + Af-
ter (=Ger. rectum), z soon as he's so much z anywhere n the neigh-
borhood. Hm.";(By the by, 'v [redacted] also recently read a more modern
story :where a fello wanders back t the source of a narro stream
-(2 ladies n his company 'r even wading in the watercourse)- the
source's bed is a meado,green & firm, a biotope(ning), n so on.
But):"I don't know that piece by SPENSER atall : kd it be that it's
been bannd t the appendix a my edition of the 'Fairy Queen ' ?"

(:'...:isn't seeing the fountain sufficient for You,
Sir?/By no means,said I. It is not only necessary for
me,to see the sources of the rivers,but to drink of
them;in order, that in After times I may be able to
harangue about them with a tone of CONfidence and au-
thority. ... After kneeling down and drinking freely
from the lake ... let us now go,and see the ffynnon
of the Severn. I have CONsidered the matter deeply,
and have come to the CONclusion that here is the trou
source : therefore stoop down and drink,in full CONfi-
dence,that You are taking posession of the holey Sev-
ern. The source of the Severn is a little pool of wat-
er,some twenty inches long,six wide,and about three
deep.It is covered at the BOTTOM with small stones,
from between which the water gushes up.An unsightly
heap of black turf=earth stands just above it,to the
north. ... The source of the Wye,which is a little po-
ol,not much larger than that which CONstitutes the
fountain of the Severn,stands near the top of a grassy
hill.The stream After leaving its source, as if proud
of its own beauty,it disdained the others for their
homeliness.All three are CONtained within the compass
of a mile...I stood on the grassy hill After drinking
copiously of the fountain.'BORROW,'Wild Wales')

A&O (no doubt):" It is, a course, aw'fly dirty=witty. Y merely
have t read 'arse' for 'earth' ev'ry time - then you'v got it,
'with her concavities,full of wind,and great abundance of waters...
the pores & ventes & crannies of the earth,filled up everywhere with
moisture, and vapours, pent up, as it were,in the bowels thereof... and flatouos spirits', and inside there'r 'veines and
arteries and concavities..and Wormes and Moles and Cunnyes and such other highminded creatures,the sons & daughters of
mARS and BELL(y)ona,that nourish civil debates and CON trarie factions amongst themselves;which are seldom or never ended
without miserable bloodshed,and deadly war,and then go me their guns lustily off,and the One discharges his Piece (=piss)
courageously at the Other,and there is such a general (=generate) dub=a=dubbe amongst them,and such horrible thundering on
every side,and such a monstrous cruel shaking of one and others Fortes and Castels,that the (w)hole earth...' - enough;read
it for yourself sometime."(Another author who's not yet been interpreted along these lines,by the way, is FELIX DAHN;where
y come across some surprising S=formations)

OLMERS (to Eugen):" N a course you don't believe us old yello'd orgasticks this time either,do you ?";(only 'barely' ?
Well,you'll have the experients later on,too : your everlasting fiddling around with those feeld glasses 's just the be-
ginning):" Look over there - where Hermann's pil'd his planks & 2X4's - : what'r they up to now ? -"

(:?-; - : a passel of kids. Have improvis'd a 'stage' for themselves;and a redhaird snivelette, belongs
to Gesner, is 'stripping',(just like she's seen on TV,Tutto per Nulla).

OLMERS (excited):" Titto per Nilla' y mean. Ahwell;that's the (d)rawback t being 'blesst with children';when there's a
pubescent daughter n the house,n the boys come round t piss on the house-top. -";(consid'ring):" What I'v observ'd more n
more : the older y get, the less CONgenial y find women from the middle age-brackets;lose their charms, even a (subdu'd)
distaste sets in. The intimate desires get shifted around,(prob'ly corresponding t varying temperments ?),either to child-
brides or t the ones on the far side a 5o (if not 6o). What is it about 2o-45-year-olds that puts a fello off ?"

(The answers come, and without hesitation, from all sides :'Menstruation'.'The domineering female.' 'The
derisive emphasis on their own roBustness.' 'The rude stipend given the husband.' 'If only,after meno-
pause, they'd gro refreshingly swinish !' (:'They save that for their boyfriends - the 'husband' has t

'sit-up strait for his lecture' - which is nót deriv'd from 'delectio.' /(The Young Man o' the Mountain, the roaring=wonder, is back already ? ('Nithard with his Viol'))./ Behind him Etelka Meyer, on ponyback ? -)

OLMERS: " Say,if it gets around,Whó it is we'r [redacted] putting up : We'll have half the village here this afternoon!" ;(but t stick to our topic):" You'v surely been aware of it for some time now,too : how TV= or assorted other picto=sweet- hearts 'v gradually gaind the upperhand. In winter the crisp rears a the ice-skaters;the thighs a the gymnasts; the gen'ral CONtour a the swimmers. I'd say my experients has been : a woman ? is never what she is for a man; but what he declares her t be !";(the ageless example of the increasingly venerable figure of DON QUIXOTE : once He's elavated Dulcinea t Queen o' Hearts,then that's what she is for him;(however great her hali/holey tosis is 'in reality' !). Nono):"The most beautiful mistres- ses 'r Those you'v never seen from close-up; never had a whiff a their voices, n never listend t the twaddle they put out. May I recommend a thick catalogue from some big mail-order house : find yourself a girl whose face y like, in ev'ry sort a get-up; from wintercoat rite on thru t bikini (or even less). Y kn name her whatever y like; invent tales about where she comes from, and about how she'll sho up someday - 'v indulg'd in these strange love-affairs a great deal;(n been wildly happy with mania them : 'the world in your head' contra 'the world')."

(:'Alpaide,Sonichilde,Gisle,Ogire,Gerberge,Litovinde, Ethilde,Havoise,Sidrate,Amyge von Terfis,Basine,Albo- flede,Crodesinde,Ingonde,Chunsene,Ingoberge,Mirefleur, Tendegilde,Marconefe,Bobile,Chalde,Rigonte,Dode,Faibu- be,(chic Merowingianesses !), 'Hadwig' was once a fad name;'H.of Namur','H.of Brittany' (marryd Richard I. of Normandy),'H.,daughter of Hugues Capet', etc.etc.))

(And silents allround;vixenacious as a prick in a splint. / Sure : with age the soul escapes One just as does the body;(til both=tgether aren't worth moren 1 dirham). But now=really,must one become such a butterfly=flutter by (=flitey bey !) like Olmers ?;who does- n't just leer down into Isy Orén's bodice;but also devotes himself to whole portfolio=harems of Naked Little Girls (has even got a few of Martina !);sev'ral inflatable females,('the freshness of the small pip,the vol- ume of the large is what's exciting');yes, once he even bought himself a mannequin from a department store in X.,(after lengthy negotiations with the floorman,and the management), a mere 3'8" tall,but with a fascinating sassy=cold face ! / A&O, meantime, thoughtlessly constructs a monogram out of 3 of Eugen's pipe-cleaners...has to look over tward the barrel,too : ?,(a bewild'ring ex- change of arro's : gray ones from AE's eyes), pallid cheer. /'Olmer's Method' wd incontestably lead to Group=Reveries :'One Woman for Millyons !'. (The Dreams of Bulldozer Drivers). (While, with Our 4 ladies of the moment, we kd decorate a whole garden with statues.)

OLMERS (well,Eugen,you sourpusst judex,y got any objections ?):" 'v y suddenly decided,despite ev'rything, t speak up for 'marriage' ? "

EUGEN ('Lesseps moi tranquille,vous me faite suez':that was a pun at the World Exposition of 1868 : HACKLÄNDER records it. But):" Nah; 'll gerontee not to. :Squabbling,scolding, wishing strange wishes against each other,daily telling each other the bar/crud-est a truths - y get enough of it. But there's no way 'round it;belongs to mature male=existents - about the same way that,from a certain age on, any respectable man's simply got t have a wooden-leg or whatever [redacted] t sho off. ',- ";(obviously striving for the phrase...:):" Let me put it this way: I never knew what Comfort, what Ease meant, until I got marryd." (He falls silent,covert=content)

Olmers (did fear dictate that t you ! à la 'My wife is list'ning close-by' ?):" That insite's come t you out a the clear blue sky ! (Here you'd gro'n rather mature & heterodox on the topic - sure;man's not always true to himself; but [redacted] for the most part he is -)"(puzzl'd, he looks to A&O :?)

A&O (We language-people -(not 'philolojests' !)- really shd be able to achieve some understanding here):" Only after he had marryd -and ergo saw a woman from rite-up-close- did he ex- perients t what extent a (or better 'the')male kn concentrate on C & E." (Resignd):" Noo;I abjure the propagation a descenDunce -(just yesterday I read n the Halle Chronicle about the birth a decalets !)-";(he takes a swallo of the 'juice' that's been set out for refreshment on accounta the heat -:?-:?!):" Damnd heli- chrysa ! (Ohgodd, what a drink !;maybe it's for rubbing sprains. [redacted] N if we don't smile z if we relisht it, we end up being calld Dis n drat.)."(He hushes up;for

GRETE (buoyant & cheerful=condescending):" Welll ? My de- generate des-pots !:Doing a nice job a running down the poor wo- men again ?... : What !? ";(reproachfull):" In this heat y want t have a 'warm=meal' ? : No !;'m much too fond of all of you that I'd willfully drive y t the point where you'd have a stroke. :havn't y heard that in Hannover a coupla cases a cholera 'v turnd up ? Just live rite frugally;(then you won't get rambunctious; and horny !))."

EUGEN : "O Hell, are these thy torments !?".

GRETE (jovial):" Not yet, my dear : I need money. And I mean larger sums. -?";(shrugging):" Don't yóu invite in a pack a guests -"(she points with the back of her head tward the hilla- hay + barrel :!-):" if y can't/won't give 'em bed'n'board : come=come; fork up the bank-book.";(:'What was this last withdrawal for 9oo marks for ?'):" Why,my alpaca=coat ! (what did yóu think it was for ?) : trust your eyes moren y trust your honest spouse !?"

('With a fortune so modest and secure,what comforts,poss- essed by me now, would not a Mrs.Chillingly Mivers rav- ish from my hold and appropriate to herself ! Instead of these pleasant rooms,where should I be lodged ? In a din- gy den looking on a backyard,excluded from the sun by day and vocal with cats by night;while Mrs.Mivers luxuriated in two drawing=rooms with southern aspect and perhaps a boudoir.My brougham would be torn from my uses and mono- polised by 'the angel of my hearth',clouded in her crino- line and halved by her chignon. No ! if ever I marry - (and I never deprive myself of the civilities and needle- work which single ladies waste upon me,by saying I shall not marry)- it will be, when women have fully establish- ed their rights;for then,men may have a chance of vindi- cating their own.Then,if there are two drawing rooms in the house,I shall take one,if not,we will toss up,who shall have the back parlour; if we keep a brougham,it will be exclusively mine,three days in the week;if Mrs. M.wants 2oo £ a year for her wardrobe,she must be content ed with 1oo : the other half [redacted]ll belong to my personal decoration;if I am oppressed by proof sheets and print- er's devils,half the oppression falls to her lot,while I take my holiday on the croquet ground at Wimbledon. Yes, when the present wrongs of women are exchanged for equa- lity with men - I will cheerfully marry and do the th- ing generous !' BULWER,'Kenelm Chillingly' vi,1 - yet another book that ought to be translated into German !)

(:'One day in 182o [redacted] there stood over the Yellow Sea huge vaprous masses of a reddish hue.At first they were whispy & light;little by little they condensed,growing ever larger;climbed gradually higher;& at last built a monstrous red cloud,that hung in the air for several hours...(Exorcisms with every sort of cacophony,etc.)... while the inhabitants of Shantung Province thus strove to exorcise this impending evil,which tho unfamiliar never- theless filld them with foreboding,a wind sundered the cloudy mass : which first built several columns,& then settled down upon the land. Now the reddish vapours spread themselves far & wide,coiled themselves up onto the heights,passed thru the valleys,glided over villages & cities - & the next day, in every place that had been

(since Eugen hesitates,ever=so mis'rably.../ And Ol- mers too begins by chewing air for a while.../

A&O (to whom the barrel=part of the rebuke had been ad- dresst):" How much y need, Grete ? -";(? 3oo. (N that's without a warm lunch !)):" Here y are : ``` - ";(and always those same eyes, that never meet yours if she kn help it,or if they do then with indiff'rents,(if not contempt !). (Suppos'd t be a side=ef- fect a the 'pill' : that women don't want t make love or t cook anymore - my mother, and without any pill, was the same way, way back=thén !)) / Grete departs,dumb=triumphant.)

OLMERS (rite-away,bick'ring):" Why havn't y got it some= place=else for cryin' outloud ? ('Savings'n'Loan'!: where the househelp stash away what they'v stolen !). : put it in a real bank. With a stop on it, so she can't get at it ! -";(he stands up indignant :'Not a bite to eat ! (Ahwell;Nebuchadnezzar was a vegetarian on occasion,too)'. He gazes about him,apathetic'ly. Frets):" Can't even buy a decent overcoat : ev'rybody drives a car; n nobody needs a coat anymore. -";(heaving a sigh):" Ah if it weren't for the books !";(pictures;records):" Before I'd cut back on the Arts ?: 'd rather let whole populations run around bare-asst. ";(he manages a bleat):" The mere idea's refreshing !(aeh='m going up on the roof for a while; p'r'aps from up there...y kn see...)!" (Mutt'ring distractedly,he shuffles into the house). -

EUGEN (calmly):" I always did enjoy reading the 'Slave Caravan' - was amusing. (?-: a schoolchum had all the back= issues of 'Good Comrade'). ";(:y going in too ? Well then):" Wd y be so kind as t slide the umbrella round t match the sun. (N give me my pistols out a their case !). -"

visited by the reddish vapour,people were taken ill by some curious disease,with death attendant within a few hours.Nothing was to be found in books of medicine con- cerning this plague;it was new,inexplicable, took young & old, rich & poor,& was under the constraint of no law. No antidote proved effective. -At first the plague ravished Shantung Province;it then moved northwards, to Peking & raged most violently in densely populated areas,(propor- tionally it cut down more people in the imperial capital than elsewhere);leapt the Great Wall;& vanished, so the Chinese say,in the steppes of Mongolia. It is probable, however,that it followed the caravan route to the Russian border-station of Kachta; wandered then NW-wards thru Si- beria,& reached Russia & Poland in 183o;from there, then, the rest [redacted] of Europe.' HUC,'China', 1855)/ (?)-: 'Say, He (=HUC) 's quite int'resting : how much of his stuff do y suppose KARL MAY crammd into his chinoiseries ! Expressions like 'Yan kuidse';'Dschiahurs,with great strength of body';'siao sin : make your heart small';'san kiao y kiao :three are but one';that 'bind a stone to the tail of an ass to keep him from braying';the whole quote in 'Kiang Lu', pp 28o-286;etc.')

Scene 16

(In A&O's room : völundar Hûs;(ie the usual eye-cellation of senior sitizens :debris,nothing but debris). And books,nothing but books : GEORGE CRABBE,'Tales of the Hall' (excellent !); M.SOLITAIRE,'Diana=Diaph- ana,or the Tale of the Alchemist Imbecill Kätzlein'. Why is it that both in WERFEL's 'Graduation Day' and in JAHNN's 'River' there appears M 1 lawyer nam'd Faltin ?;(one kd just as easily ask why there's already a figure calld Pelham in SCHILLING's 'Gotthold'.(Bytheway in BULWER's 'Disowned' the hero,Clarence Lindon, was originally nam'd 'Clinton l'Estrange',(as in 'My Novel'))). The gált-edge of the 'mahaBhárata' shim- mers in morning's beam;(when one blo's across it : a sudden Dance of the Atoms ![redacted] (From 'maha'=great + B'harden (+ hairy) = penis)). Similar to 'Aslauga's Knight' by FOUQUÉ : 'Asshole's Night + Fucke';said it himself 'a noble stock (sic !) had its urigon in her, A. !). /Pictures on the walls too -(ie actually only 1 larger one;the rest are mini aids to mem'ry)- HIERONYMUS BOSCH;the middle panel from the 'Garden of De- lights' : very good color-photo, 1 x 1 meter : a landscape totally devoid of shade !;(nor do any of the figures thro a shado,(a hall- mark of heavenly fields). Giant=fruits;the ball(et) of brite berries : not simply vegetarians;apparently specializers in fruit to boot. The 'Gospel of the Egyptians',the way HENNECKE presents it, mite of- fer a kind of explanation: 'His disciples say to him:When will you be manifest to us, & when shall we see you? - He says:When you are undressed & are not ashamed.';(Var:'When you have trampled on the garment of shame.') That no children are t be found,not a one, wd fit this rule :'I have then done well in not bearing children,a woman asks. The Lord answers:So long as women bear children will death reign.''The Lord says in a mystery:Unless you make what is on the rt hand as what is on the lf & what is on the lf hand as what is on the rt,(what is above as what is belo & what is behind as what is before, you will not recognize the kingdom.' - Hm. (Make a note of it at least.) / And paird with that the sortilege in KAUTZSCH:-?-'Verily my servant shall have success !' ;laugh yourself silly./(NB this feeling of 'shadelessness' is the same one I'v always had reading WIELAND, ('New Amadis' etc; ev'rything amazingly 'equillumin'd' : no man did so much for the language of Germany) : that must 'v been damnd lov'ly,say around 177o=8o=9o : the way one new text by WIELAND or JEAN PAUL ap- peard after the other. (Those two first-editions I'd love t have : 'Don Sylvio'; and 'Campanian Valley'!)/ Pff:'have success' ! WYCHERLEY:'in his 75th year he married a young girl,and died 11 days afterwards'. (Klingsor got de-mannd,too:'thurgh kynges hand he was made slyk bitwix his thyges';n it [redacted] serv'd him rite.) ≠ 'Novels are always fulfillments of wishes' thât's what really ought t be said;('Should one wish to explain how these kinds of so-calld inventions are assembled,from what childhood memories,from what images which have been gleaned from reading or often from a totally unimportant bit of conversational narrative, one could create a kind of story with strange & fairy-tale qualities.') Olmers has set himself up with 1o,ooo,as n 'investment a capital';(n he knows what he's doing : most of 'em of the old=rare sort,so that the value's leaping up constantly !). (Int'resting:He has a grand=passion for cutting open book-leaves (=the joys of defloration);I'v always considerd it tedi= & oner=ous.) Have a look at what he's doing up= top;(ie in weather like this it's pretty certain : observation a female bottoms thru his tube;(Swimming= hole's surely full up by now,big and little). /((Whereas=I had 2 novels,'n case of emergency,/death,finisht and lying in manuscript : so long as there'r printing-pirates afoot, I wdn't even think a publishing ! (':He had written so much that he himself admitted that, should he ever hear or see them,he would not rec- ognize many of his own pieces','twas said of HASSE,the composer)./Noo;but, besides, I wanted t ask him for...

('on the lively fluctuations of the soul', 'hidden=mysterious'.Rule:'disciples shall not be ashamed when in a state of undress : since, if upon discarding their clothes neither of the sexes experience shame (in the good sense!),an end may be made to that disastrous difference between the sexes & its consequences'. Hairlessness:'the strip- ping of fur garments'.'Temperance according to the vegetarian life':they'r all vegetar- ians ! Order 'to cast off clothes: to the extent it can be fulfilled,are the last days (perfection) that much nearer : there'v been people who took that lit'rally!'

-/- he climbs to the second floor;where Olmers' room lies just above his own;(and where a flite of expansion steps leads on up to the flat roof)... -)

A&O (calling): " uh=ÉGON ! - ? -".

OLMERS (from above;impatient):" what's wrong now ?! - "

A&O:"'t's allrite;'ll come up myself. -"

(The flat roof : a pretty=firm broad C=surface. Ballustrade=allround; [redacted] (prickhigh). Set out on it : 2 chairs,at a summery lite table-round; 1 chaise longue;1 'gym-mat';(all this on the east wing. / In the middle a coupla potted flowers (ie in boxes,painted an old-fashiond green). /On the west wing, beneath a mitey, ghastly yello-red umbrella, Olmers. His arms ploppt out on a small solid-fir (square) table; before him [redacted], on a small tripod, a cheap viewing-telescope,(objective lens diameter 6omm; magnification (ZOOM) 2o - 6otimes) : naturally the recent development of the swimming=hole was a mouth-wat'ring godsend for Him! One kd survey the whole pond,along its longitudinal axis;and, what was worth still more, large sections of the surrounding sun-bathing lawn. /Taken altogether, the view is in estim-able ! : to the East, thru the treetops, one kn see the hillahay (including the little swamp, shap't like a lunar crescent, lying behind it);and, beyond that, on further to the large aspen,in the adjacent basin. - Tward the South (&SW), at a distants of 3=4oo meters is Klappendorf with its few houses;where,with 6oX,one kn still make out what Frau Pratje 's got inside her blouse; and whether Frau Krull will again allow the electric-meter-reader,his hand on her ass, to lead her into the house.

OLMERS (starts nodding eagerly,too):" Friend Tamburlaine was just there : y kd see his woadsman's club from here;(ts; He must have hooves on his knees,from s'mutch...) -";(arous'd):" But, hey, lookie here : -";(he indicates the ocular : !-)

(a little girl kneeling : the delicate shirted body;the touchingly tilted head,half RICHTER half RUTH SCHAUMANN;busily engrosst in slipping off her wet swim-panties so that somewhat more than none of her butt mite be sho'n to admirers. (But then it got 'stuck' so that she lost patients;jumpt up;and -)

A&O Stepping back,with an invitation): " That's for You : nifty ! -";(but tell me,(in all honesty !): kd you 'v reekogniz'd your lady=love by her box ?).

OLMERS (astonisht=indignant):" Could=I=ever ! ";(what kinda men are you,you other=guys ?! - But just a sec : have you ever notic't thát before ? (He sites, tward the North,(but not at the fisher's house;but rather, t judge by the sharp angle ...)-)-):"Take a peek for yourself. (And,fully relaxt, just let those optical etyms take hold a you : What do y descry ?)."

A&O (has to readjust for his eyes:-?-):" A birch=tree. The one t the left n catercorner to us, on the road. -";(he enlarges :?-[redacted],- and does have to laugh):" Y mean the spots where branches once were ? The scars at the joints ? - tss,mygodd !";(it really does look striking, the clefts tumidly encircl'd;a bit reddish inside;and all=round it the white skin)

OLMERS (confident in vict'ry):" nothing but Ø, rite ? - Just like with the corn=crop that 's been 'introduc't' here n the past few years : those rough cobs; the red=&=greenish stubbly fibres,like pubic hair : the phantastick=unconscious phallus cult of our dear Klappendorfers."

A&O (petrifyd soul !):" I wd hope that it's quíte cléar t you, that, shd there be such a thing as metempsychosis 'with justice', you'll end up a mawworm;one eternally doomd t slip [redacted] a the rectum of n eleven-year-old girl n crawl up into her vagina;(n vice versa) ?"

OLMERS (at first taken aback;but very soon begins rubbing his hands... -stops suddenly,however :?, and sniffs):" Hfhf - :'llbedamnd !;is that - Yahwehoo back n the nayborhood again ? ";(?:yésndeed; here they both come : farts like a bass-oon):" What a disemenation !;have to air for quarter of n hour n the room he's been in. Thother one, Egg,told how the Fello once won a prize :'For the noisiest production a feces' -(?): a [redacted] brimmd cap."

(They stand and watch; for a few moments, - /Egg struts sparro'gantly back & forth,making himself obnoxious -(?):well,for example at the wash-line; he regards long & earnestly Asta's bra,so full of promise - he prefurs decrepitating goddesses : titta-uri-nian embodyments of woomanhood,matrona pollens et opulens, unadornd & necked,ladies most voliptuous, un-saTestefiable. Deeply mov'd by items yet unslippt-into)

EGG (to BM):" Doesn't that make your heart burbble : the very angels must burn with desire to bend down n glants into those !";(a [redacted] two-headed pesstle 'd hardly be out a place. - Regarding his companion, dumbfounded): "How comes it that the tip a your rod's tinted with blood ?"

BM (grumbling):" The wife a the chief a the hose=&=ladder brigayd was having her period. - :shall we go rite on in ?"

EGG (consid'ring):" First [redacted] to Ann'Ev'. (She shd know about this.) - N then a coupla memoranda." (they walk on belo by.)

on the roof A&O (to Olmers): " I assume t the kitchen. - ";(uh=which is actually why I -):" Kd y lend me CLAUREN's 'Shooting-Match': 'm sure I told y recently that I wanted t compare it with the diction a the prose in his novella 'Good Cheer's the Main Thing', - that sorta thing's most int'resting n a formal sents. -(?)-: ohyah; you'll get it back tday !" ;(doesn't it say anything t you when the young lady's calld Miss Spindle n the one, n Miss Slitte n thother ?; the one's the mold a thother. -?-):" Tell me where it is;n I'll help myself to it."(So that yóu,petrifyd soul, kn pursue your virgin= pleasures undisturbd.)"-?:doesn't matter if it is a pickpocket=edition from Vienna or not;'t's sufficient for my purposes." ;(n 'll just take along the TV-guide there on the table with me now, too):"You'r finisht with it, aren't y ? - Bong."

(Belo once again, in A&O's room. / SCHROETER's giant=telescope, an old engraving by TISCHBEIN : 1=minute=mental game,'With ANN'EV' in that timberd-tower, which serv'd as the base etc for the instrument;selenotopographical fragments, (or maybe aphro=dito=grabical),We'd Both be just barely alive.Lament of my poor idoll :"It's mostly flowers who die in hospitals',she said;(We kd provide mutual aid when we have attax.That lov'liest face of hers.) / Set up the little reading-stand;('Prince-wood':broad [redacted] strips,fine grain (elm!), with sev'ral létebrown & britegray waves. Solid wood'll soon be scarce'n'costly (y can't find anything but veneerd pressboard anymore !);same way with 'genuine leather'; or a decently=bound book.)./This notion a 'Collected Works'! ('I am conscious of one act of self-elongation',was a constant reading slip a mine, at age 16=17 in SCHOPENHAUER (n the short preface t his 'Pœms';n reality what stood there was 'abnegation',(most likely a priclamation a my onanic appetites.)) Shd my 'BLEAKHOUSE=fantasies be plac't under the same rupric ? (Did that moren once as a young man; a kindev overgro'n trellisfull a suppleMental inventions,tender shoots,twin'd round books.) Like this frexample :'Tales from Krook's Youth';(as a cunterpart :'of Esther Summerson's Old-Age');'Rosa's Memoirs';'Jo's Parental Home';'Peepy's Apprenticeship';'A Screw with Mrs. Pardiggle';'The Park Watchman,his Wife & Child',(neither MEYRINK nor any other translator has included the 'shining figure' of Chapter 2.);one really ought t put it systematic=minutely t paper for one's fav'rite books;(not for many, 3=4 of 'em;(ie it kd be done

not so minutely with 3o=4o - wd result in a brandnew literary genre; an aura of legends, a system of rings & moons around a large central body. (NB : not new versions of the entire material à la 'Alexander Romances'; not a long dragging out by the author himself (in pursuit of lucre ?), after the fashion of [redacted] 'The Littlest Chick'=Series (I knew about them from my sister);but rather benign additions from the reader's small=fantasies,establishing a fine effect,solicitously supplemental...)))/But first-off the TV-Guide for this week;so that thàt's done...

...:that wàs lov'ly, that 'Fifth Network';where they brought nothing but opera and theater all day,(serious things ! :detectives bannd !), at last there was something for one's heart....:MEYER,'Horribunda';(I read [redacted] that once;was a typical piece of early-Romanticism,n very fantastical - hm;almost certainly'd just be us'd for the mechanic & director t have their fling). / Concerts - concertos - here, DELIUS;(I always listen t DELIUS !),'On hearing the first Cuckoo in Spring'. / Elgar's 'King Arthur'=Suite. / Skrjábin, 'Poème du Feu',(with a Russian orchestra - Eugen checkt that too, good, I give my vote : x)./a 'Cello=Concerto' by PENDERECKI?: NOO !!!;y kdn't pay me t listen t that anymore : z if some mad technician 'd written it for n audients a mad technicians. I'm truly most magnanimous when it comes t the Arts;but I just was no longer able t jump that hurdle;'twas prob'ly a genuine barrier between generations./'Gala Evening of Opera' from the Metropolitan,(Rerun)- well,let's dare another look at it;(that was a real gallery of ugli-tude, those primadonnas !,negresses,old & young lard-dumplings;amidst 'em the enigmatic non-beauty of Joan Sutherland,a wood-carv'd puppet figure,medieval z if from the Manessic manuscript,or like a walk-on in Everyman./Ahwell;a writer shdn't be all that music'ly inclin'd;that leads t vap'rous pomposity;(which RÜCKERT by the way was already aware of:'Perhaps because I'm quite unmusical,I hear the chords in spoken syllable.')/No;no piano music;I can't listen t that over the long haul :a sorta musical typewriter;(n may he be n èver so dignifyd SirTinkle)./The rest of it's moren likely only hot-air ? -Little=Zakirides lectur'd on asthetix for CDU=politicians./What & Whom'r they giving the treatment to n the artists' series ? - :De Chirico,'The Melancholy & Mystery of a Street'./René Magritte ?; (but they'll prob'ly take hold of him by the wrong end. Particular pieces were enchanting, his 'Magie Noire' or the 'Graces Naturelles' - precisely because he'd taken up with the technique a the old New Objectivity again;those glass-clear spaces;a direction that was droppt all too soon, (n that was now returning,at least with certain individuals, Fr.GERLACH,'Autumn'). / 'Waterfall with Washerwoman smoking her Pipe'./ CASPAR DAVID FRIEDRICH ? :the tranquillity's what's missing;(as strange as that may sound t many people : the man is cruelly,subterficially sadistic,murderously arous'd !)./ 'The Book-Shed', n attempt t popularize rare=book dealers,(:but not at those prices, friends !)/One radio station was nam'd [redacted] 'Paphos',(of course it was on Cyprus)./ Annekatrin Bürger was (most) charming in 'Don Gil con las calzas verdes'; n then, in 'Orpheus in the Underworld',the woman who playd Diana,(unfortunat'ly I'v only fragments a the name...:'(re?)Gina', 'M...(Mar...)?' - can't piece it together now.)./Then the Moaner's Corner - ?:'My husband made a false step,and I'm limping'/(Noo:not the SEX=ads too. ...)))

(:'L'amor marina,or the Corsair for Love' by JOSEF WEIGL; (they brought his 'Adrian van Ostade',and even a 'Francisca'(namely the one 'von Foix')) before this /SALIERI's 'Tarar' (=Axur);(his 'Venetian Fair' was nice !) /AUBER, 'The Snow';('The Bronze Horse';'The Siren')/'The Sailors' by FLOTOW;(not bad either)./SPOHR,'Peter of Apone' (taken from TIECK)/ REICHARDT,'The Island of Spirits', (from SHAKESPEARE's 'Tempest';bytheway the GOTTER adaptation was set to music sev'ral times after that !)/ The GDR started imitating rite away,and not badly : the 'Cosa rara' (famous in its own day) by MARTINI (='Lila,or Beauty and Virtue'). - JOSEF WÖLFL,'The Infernal Mountain', (the old magic=op'ra,of '95). - WINTER (Peter von) was another one a their more hum'rous discov'ries -(they employd good=young singer(esse)s,too:just recently there was a Barbara Gubitsch, an alto !)- but back t WINTER: 'The Interrupted Sacrifice','The Student Beggar' (sic!); 'Maria of Montalban';'Calypso'(even the overture was surprisingly good t that one !);or his 'Mohammed',with lov'ly cavatinas,and brilliant finales /And an especially heavy check-mark here :'Don Sylvio of Rosalva',comic op-'ra in 5 acts - well that I'v got t see,n even if it's in the worst possible time-slot!/A ballet,'Ariella, or the Flower of the Arno'(that as well); (but I'v run across that somewhere or other... in lit'rature...?-: did FELIX DAHN see that,in Milan ?);better not;it's really getting t be too much

* * *

(on the carpet-tiles in a medium shade of gray Baalzebul (=Lord of the Apartment):'the right sleeve of his jacket was shorter than the left; he only ate meat that had been cut up into squares;& he would sit upon no mat that had not been perfectly properly laid out',(KUNG)./ Thru the N=windo, he sees Egg and BM saunt'ring by;shortly thereafter thru the corner-windo as well (to the W & S);they stand still, half hidden by the limply=hanging wash...

A&O (mutt'ring to himself): "... 'r not sneaking around the house n order t present me with a rose, either. -";(casually,he steps up to the BOSCH;- and perceives - ?)

EGG: "...too amazingly lov'ly what's at stake here : that autumnal fleece, close to its best years a mare-itch - ev'ry single part a my beloved is worthy of kisses ! The spirited flaming eyes of my Sarissa..."

the BASTARD MARWENNE (rudely interrupting him): " 2 wide=gray holes, y mean. Corpo bianco di monaca : there's not anything rosy left on Her !";(he clears his throat,(with progressiv'ly louder thunderitis :'!');and spits it out : slimybrown=grayishfoamy,one of your real choc'late=oysters).

EGG (defensive):" Just look at those breasts : Nature herself kdn't 'v made them that good! (She brings t my mind,ah only too vividly, the figure of my blessed Aunt Ernestine : 1 thrust of whose midriff would, n those days, hurl me out tward Venus, joy=joy=joy !). Hail O Myrth / Merde & Asta / After ! :wElbr u/ea sted=arShkhairy=C auca/ocoa sian - ";(as a scornfull reminder):" and in particular yóu are suppos'd t be the vanguard of our cause : a noble cellar of cordials !";(well ?)

BM (at once): " 'm on me [redacted] way !(Thèn, z part a the bargain, take your well-thumbd blossom whose perfume is long-lost : old hens make good / lotsa broth.)";('m tir'd a these farmer's wives n their homemade sugarbeet-gin).

EGG (well at last !):" Hah; the fine taste a this bayardere reminds me of a new nuptial prescent : a somewhat elderly heatheness, one a your three-digit numbers, biggest Bellyleica in Hoboken, 's what I'v misst for sev'ral moons now : Anus longa,vivat Brevis ! - But let's go inside now;n inspect the grayw a/1 cked foldios that'r doubtless in stock : yóu shd read up on these 'rings' of the Avars - Who knows whether or not a settlement-pattern mite 'v existed there that we kd employ some time n the future ? (I'v a vague presentiment of n 'Isolated State');n then,y know, its defents will devolve upon you;on thother hand these older private=libraries have such n abundants a systematic trinkets, one oughtn't spurn the opportunity. -(?): Notatáll;you merely have t give a mile-wide berth to all manifestations, whether of movement or expression, of the educated man - at the very most,you mite develop a somewhat less monarchical gait..."

BM (wild): " Humanity be damnd ! : 'm not the only man with hair on my ass !";(he's already turnd a giant=heel and is skanderbegging on ahead.)

EGG (tripping after him):" Hey, those 'r my lines. - You'r t leave the weaselwords of applyd vacuity,plus the literary goulash à la Bret Hartleben,t me : I shall caper up & down the fire escape of enthusiasm til these gray-lacquerd barbarians gro dizzy from the pure crambe repetita of the phrases I'll pad their ears with. Let printed & toilet paper be damnd: 'Doctor' Olmers ? : signe de science; ne prouve rien ! - "

(They have meanwhile enterd the house. / The colossal block o' humanity tramps up to A&O's door -:?-

BM: " I'd like t see the man who's more radical than I ! -";(he gives the door a brigand's knock :! -)

(Whereas Egg cringes;at the touch of a slender hand, a bit of dusty blood on the indexfinger, that's laid feather-litely onto his shoulder : ? : Ann'Ev', a giant rhubarb-leaf cov'ring her other shoulder. Absent eyes,that do not see (look at) him;a big brownred mouth -

EGG (with semi-displeasure):" Oho; Docta Ignorantia. -";(suspicious):" or 'r You n reality sitting out by your barrel ?"; (having been askt to do so, all three of them now enter).

EGG (immediat'ly, servile=frivolous): " Aha !;the great Faust's quarters must 'v lookt like this ! - ";(taking inventory):" Hunnibald=Meginfried. Next t the Great Unwasht=One,(=JOYCE). ZOLA and DOSTOYEVSKY ? : completely lacking n humor; creatures sans genuine affinity for culture & learning;men without renaissance ! ('L'Africana' ? : 'The Island's Treasure' ? : I submit that DÄUBLER's prose was incredibly wretched : nothing truly poetical about it !). -Hm. - :judging solely on the basis of his bod, Stifter here was a repulsive sort...?"

for BM (Who has set the 2 small stools,from the little round table, next to each other, and then eas'd himself down warily onto them):" Y got 'nything 'bout the 'rings' a the Avars - :?"

A&O (Hm. Y mean if atall possible a populariz'd version,I take it ?):"Except for the barest mention n ref'rents books I hardly think I...wait : most ev'rything kn be found in FELIX DAHN.";(he reaches out for the 'Collected Works (= 2 x 8);and hands it over to Him.)

EGG (still pacing around infronta the bookcases; desultorily): "'Confucius' : he always makes me automatic'ly think a NICOLAI -"

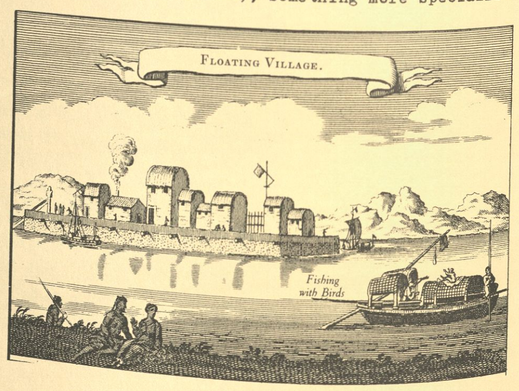
A&O:" Do y regard that z n argument ?"

EGG (as before): " P'r'aps not=strait-out... / Lotsa BULWER. / Oh, IFFZEBUE and KOTZLAND. / Milliners of speech : nor kn anyone persuade me that lit'rature's particularly abllooming this side a Helmstadt. - (?) : Hím ?! : at best tol'rable,(though somewhat prone to imaginative theorizing);n his 'School' is surely the purest oligarchical idyll.-?";(he shrugs his shoulders : if y like;if You think so, then it's a mountain-range full of panurgic magic=caves. - He stops before the epics (or the translations of them as the case may be) : SCHACK's 'Ferdowsi';and OSSIAN;and Ariosto; and Andandand; suddenly he bursts out laughing):" N here's 'Kalewala - I once knew a guy who was really crazy about it,n was forever enthusing about the 'divine smith [redacted] Ilmarainen',who created a virgin for himself outa gold & silver - yes quite rite: a kindev Weyland=Hephaistos character - n do y know what the reason for the rapture was ? His name was Schmidt too,(n thought a lota himself : ergo the 'divine smith'!);n just then he was hung up on a Virgin of the North,'Ilse Meyer' or 'Ilse=mar[redacted]ie[redacted]el', a tannd=wheatblond type."(Whereupon I calld it t his attention that it kd furthermore be paird with ''ll see me ride', or [redacted] with 'ma reine = my queen' - tanyrate : that's how pref'rences arise. - ?):" 'd love t participate in a learned discourse - provided the topic's not HACKLÄNDER again.";((?):plus 'blonde Ilse' in FREYTAG's 'Manuscript' ? - quite possible.)

A&O ('m not much for discourses : a desire t teach others is a childhood disease,(t refrain from it a weakness of old-age).No): "But since almost ev'ry writer sets up a Utopia for himself at some point -(presumably with himself as creator)- there's surely no lack a 'plans of settlement' a the sort your friend seems t be studying up on;from COOPER's 'Mark's Reef'; to HAUPTMANN,'The Island of the Great Mother'. Or,(was just lying on my desk), something more specializ'd, n so more practical : the 'Floating Villages' a the Chinese -,-"

(:'The most likely explanation for these 'rings' of the Avars,references to which are frequent & ambiguous,is as follows : these rings were the means by which this nation of mounted pillagers in fact provided protection for land & booty,& to that extent for their 'settlements' as well. There was thus not just 1 ring of the Avars,but as many as there were footholds for av. colonies : & thus the Langobards called them 'fields' not 'rings' of the Av. The munitiones et hringae abandoned in 791 at CHARLEMAGNE's invasion apparently lay much further to the NW than the 'main ring' of the chief horde,or of the Khan himself,which was conquered from Istria. Tho much of the Monk of Sankt Gallen's description may be fantasy -e.g. the size;the dimensions being unclear,(i.e. in the chronicler's brain)- it is quite certain that this 'royal fort',this large permanent camp(campus),was built on a system of 9 rings within rings (circuli,'hegni',ie enclosures) : the outer & therefore broadest) ring had a diameter equal to the distance 'from Zürich to Constance' says the Allemannus;i.e. approx. 5o miles...Each ring had an outer rampart of oak=,beech= or fir paling,2o feet high & 2o wide;the space between was filled in with very hard gravel or firm chalk (creta,clay ?);the surface of the rampart was completely covered with grass & planted with bushes (as a protection for the defenders ?). In the trenches between these walls lay the farms & villages,one within calling distance of the other,so that trumpet signals could report all events from one settlement to the next. Only small narrow gates were constructed in these impregnable (expugnabiles) ramparts,thru which the horde rode out to pillage'. viii, 111 ff.)

(Whereat the Company of Four proceeds thither; where the old NEUHOFF from 1669 is lying;plus an old-fashiond parchment volume; HUC (1855);and a dk-blue Everyman. 'Tis inspected;and read :'...we also passed by several Floating Villages.They are a both wonderful & ingenious product of an industriousness which hardly any other people possesses in the same way as do the Chinese:these consist of rafts which are commonly constructed of bamboo,the wood of which can resist water for long periods.A thick layer of fertile soil is laid over the raft.Upon such an island there dwell several families of farmers in neat houses,amidst gardens & well-tended fields;they appeared to live in a thriving state of prosperity,& they catch fish as a profitable subsidiary trade.Flocks of doves & sparrows have settled on these islands.In the middle of a lake we came upon such an island moving forward as would a ship;admittedly it could make but slow progress,tho it floated with the wind,& the inhabitants were not only row-



ing but had also unfurled many sails. One of these had been put up on the roof of a house;others we noticed at various points. The Chinese are to be found now here, now there with these islands,just as the Mongolian pitches his tent today in one place & tomorrow in another - they create for themselves a solitude,in the midst of civilization. Floating islands can be found upon all the larger lakes of China.' / To augment this,something from the NEUHOF:'...In particular there came from thence an entire village all in motion,the which the Chineses call mobile or floating villages :for us verily a hitherto unknown,right wonderful,& amusing spectacle...The material whereof the fundament is constructed is a peculiar varitie of rush or reed, uncommonly thick & strong,that perforce floats upon water...Bambu...thereupon are built the cottages & small huts of plank & other light stuffs,& these are covered o'er with a roof of straw mat...& there are several such villages so large that on occasion fully 2oo families with domestics do manage to live thereon...either they permit the village to be driven by the current,or propel it by aid of poles,or pull it upon ropes.When they arrive at a place where they purpose to sell their wares,they implant poles in the ground,& attach their village to them.' /Now & again a quiet consultation among the 3 strangers. Heads sway. 'Too populated area of the world.':'That'd work anywhere else,too !')

('325.A company was heard one morning at a distance,and from the attendant representations I saw that they were Chinese;for they presented the appearance of a he=goat with a woolly coat,and of a cake of millet and an ebony spoon,together with the idea of a Floating City. They desired to come nearer to me;and when they approached,they said that they wished to be alone with me,that they might disclose their thoughts. But they were told,that they were not alone;and that there were others,who were displeased at their wishing to be alone with me,when there were other guests. ... When Icalled the Lord 'Christ',I perceived in them a degree of repugnance which was found to originate in the ideas,they had received in the world,in consequence of knowing that Christians led worse lives than they did and were devoid of charity.' SWEDENBORG,'Heaven and Hell'.)

ANN'EV' (to A&O):" How come you'r so Chinese ?";(she lays the rhub.leaf in the middle of the room;[redacted] seats herself like a domftable Turk upon it;and gazes at A&O : ?-).

A&O: "From earliest tot-hood on : my father was, from=uh - spring 19o7 - autumn 19o9 - in China as a soldier;and while there he pickt up a few ridiculous phrases a pidgin,that then later became part of our family language. We still had, long after he died, n imposing album,with photographs of Chiaochou, Tientsin, the river Peiho, the 'Kaiser Allee', (n lotsa little Chinese girls - presumably the sweethearts a the detachment). 't's hardly wondrous I'v kept a soft spot n my heart for the Middle [redacted] Kingdom my whole life long. - ?".

(1.)half benevolent,half disdainful:'Wellnow, my shiny-peepull ?' (of course from 'China=people')
2.)when amply fed:'Oho !;plenty chow=chow !'
3.)if on the 25th of the month my mother had come to the end of her allowance,she us'd to sho my father her empty purse,n wd say with a shruggd request:'Miola!' I only recently came to understand this,when the Chinese National Circus appeard on television;the magician kept on filling a myriad beer-glasses out of a little bottle ;all the while tipping it upside down & sho'ing it to the audients,n crying out:'Méiola !- Empty !' (But I'v a suspicion that it also has a sexual application,à la 'Can't come anymore'.))
4.) etc. - there were 3 or 4 other similar turns a speech. [redacted] 'Tsu=no=dse' : an 'agaric tea' popular in the 2o's))

for EGG: " I find that most int'resting. Since along that same line I'v - (altho more practical) - ";(he picks up a paperweight,and,with a curious twist of his hand, tosses it into the air : - : the paperweight doesn't fall back down [redacted] again : !. - He goes on):"Albeit I shdn't like to allow this inexcusable superfluity a books t go totally unimpeacht -"; (he reads off,censoriously):" 'On the Chimneys of the Ancients,in particular of the Lacedaemonians';'Wagner' ! (his very own Schikaneder ' : even DAHN calld the majority a the texts ghastly !); SMOLLET=CARROLL=JOYCE saybong:the clan is reminded of its unity;(or even this new=edition a the 'Last Judgment', that's actually quite lov'ly;(altho tward the end it peters out: RUTH SCHAUMANN ! - y can't go much lo'er !).";(but here; what's this suppos'd t be ?!):" ALFRED GRANDIDIER,'Histoire naturelle etc. de MADAGASCAR' : 1,2,3=4=5...: 39 volumes in quarto ! : Y got a weakness for islands ? "

A&O:" You have said it. - but totally=theoretical,'ll grant you; for EMG's &that sorta thing;(in praxi I was never healthy enough t cross the line;nor did I have the leisure time for (your version of) freedom - altho there was absolutely reason & inclination enough for emigration). - ? "

(for Egg has come to a stop in front of a large map, haphazardly tackt up on a bookcase : first he inspects the general outline; bends down closer; frowns - :'uninhabited' - he purses his lips,and considers. - Then waves BM over to him; they point & talk. (Only fragments. ' ?:And the Derwent flo's !''... creating our own space !'. - :'Belo Hüonville, down tward the sea.' - 'Just picture it, 'Sodomite with Gray Giant-Kangaroo';(like they do it in South America with the llamas): I feel downrite marsupially dandy !' - 'Simply highjack a BOEING !';(n force the pilot t fly for Hobart Airport):'there; in the NE of the city;on the Pitt Water.';(during famines ?):'We'll nourish ourselved on the meat of oldies'. -)

TASMANIA
Scale 1 : 75o,ooo

meanwhile ANN'EV' (to A&O):" Wd y have a timbre for me ? For a postcard ? - Ahyah; :okay with you ?";(she helps herself to 1 of them;(ergo it was 'vous permettez'). She listens now t the other two : ? -).

EGG: " I'v just espyd sev'ral most promising islands there in the BASS=straits -";(dreamily):" 'A border of green adorns the river bank,and a sash of tulips coils itself along the mountain' : lo,now the antipodean women are laying their children to rest -";(as if awaking to A&O):" Where did y get this map ?"

A&O (Wd I be risking too much were I t think,'None a your goddam business' ? (Allrite,for the sake a peace)):" Not t worry : it's (relativ'ly) new;(n case that's what y meant). About 5 years ago I askt n acquaintants who was making a business trip to Australia t bring me back a good map - but as it turnd out upon his return,he was unaware of any other sort than roadmaps -";(shrugging):" Ahwell; it's still by far the best one for, I wdn't even hazard a guess z t how=many, miles around; ergo for people like me it's ta(li)smanic enough. - (?): oooh - :the breadth is about the same z from the Dutch border t the GDR; north=south about from Hamburg t Homburg. ";(shyly to Ann'Ev'):" At first Tasman nam'd the island for a woman he was n love with, Marie van Diemen [redacted] -."

ANN'EV' (she looks at him dis[redacted]concerted?; her left hand at her shoulder as if hanging onto the strap of an invisible bra;she lo'ers her face, murmurs):" On peut fuir sans oublier. We don't gladly move by the lite of people;n have long been looking for n undiscoverd country -";(she pulls the nail of her indexfinger between 2 teeth;chews daintily=awry at the tidbit;and ventures):"I shall say :'You ! Sister !' to the tuatara, and to the cassowary :'Come to me, confidante !' -";(she looks at him more darkly -:?-):"Ev'rything that is easy is also more troublesome."

EGG (while paying no attention to the two of them, to BM):" Look at this group a mountains : 'The Three Patriarchs'; this lagoon;'Babel Island'. At the mouth a the Derwent, the 'Iron=Pot Lighthouse'";(addressing A&O):" Do vouchsafe the annual isotherm. -?-: 11=12 degrees ?;n so consid'rably milder than Klappendorf's part a the world ? (That'w good;since We'r not such great builders,travelogues of the future may well read,'...windbreaks as dwellings...'). - What's the GOd Loci there ? -";(he harkens,bending a rapt ear,...):" Hm;reminds me a the palace=&=garden of Padmanaba the magician; n the vi-th book a 'Don Sylvio. Hm,";(he turns to AE):" Did you not recently tell us anew, Gᵣan Exaltada :'The whole world shall perish shortly, excepting 5 locations' : how about this being one of 'em -(without any prejudice t Klappendorf's chances)"; (he adds,courtier that he is):"I'v kept a record a your utt'rances,by keywords: there shall all creditors assemble...:?! What the hell !"(or wait,no):" all credulous - paradisical conditions will come to pass;sans clothing and authority. - What do y say :shall we risk a sortilege ?;(out a the Book of Books,e'en tho it's hardly propitiously inclin'd tward us ?)-" ;(he extends his hands interrogativ'ly tward A&O :?-)

A&O:" Directly behind you : that whole bookcase is full a Sacred Scriptures."

EGG (pertly):" Well, let's give this one a try - 'll pave the way ! ";(first he turns the volume,not inexpertly, back & forth -(ven'rable=old-leathern;and according t the endpaper,provenants 176o) - he coughs theatrick'ly;and then reads aloud:" 'Speak,young man,if there be need of you, but no more than once or twice. And if thou art questioned,make thy answer short.And behave as one who knoweth and yet holdeth his tongue. And among grown men act not as their equal,and when an elder speaketh, babble not'.";(he closes the book,and,sickend=faultfing'ring, puts it back in its place.)

BM (let me try !;must be some decent shit in it):" Fifth Book a Moses, 33=17:' His glory is like the firstling of his oxen ' :!? -";(he raises his arm to hurl it against the wall:

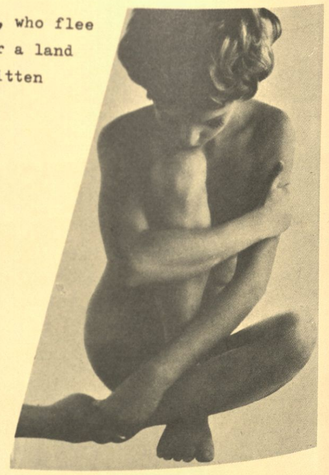
ANN'EV' (quick as a flash preventing him from doing it. She makes a point of opening t the same page -):" -:'There are the fruits of the sun,and the precious fruits of the moon.' !" ;(She draws an, invisible, talis-mantle about her. Sotto voce) :"I shall consult myself later... -";(europe=weary, she lets herself sink back down onto her rhubarb leaf;and drawing up her rt knee, lays her nose against it,one of her fav'rite body=gestures.)

EGG (long since calmd down):" I move the follo'ing for earnest consideration : We, who flee from desert t desert in any case, shd depart this dream of the [redacted] oxidentals for a land where, godwilling, there's no artillery; hardly any books,('xept for a very few handwritten ones : I myself have indeed compos'd mania nevergreen,I,possesst of many verses : some books,n by their failure to understand their best minds;(while the publishers spoond their lobster bisque out a the skulls a the writers - this but in passing))" (again to A&O):"A course we'd still require a few preliminary ref'rents books - :?"

(Why not ?/For Ann'Ev' perhaps the 'Laws of Paradise' by JANE LEADE, with its 'Sophia=Cult'./For Ole Troll - who as a lad most certainly scornd all schooling whatsoever- SPINDLER's 'King of Zion';therein sev'ral not unuseful tips for one's own demonanonic kingdom in & about Walla=Walla;with polaygamey galwhore;plus suggestions for the coins they'll have t mint in the future./For our friend Egg maybe the History of Mormonism (tho not the 'Book of Mormon' itself);the,ever-instructive, raising of that nation, which [redacted] t'day is a veritable Mighty Fortress compar'd t the rather quickly decaying rest of the USA :satisfyd ?)

Egg (nodding;(not that he is in need of superterrestrial succour. And)):"An enlitend religionist like yourself knows how t separate the meat from the nut;and I crave only the former. -(?)-: Oh notatall : all the critix,from the Irtysh to the Ohio (or vice versa) kn kiss my ass ! -";(To BM):" It mite p'r'aps be profitable now, however, permanently to adapt our sleeping patterns to Tasmanian time.-" (He makes a quick note of 'L.G.Shea;Government Printer'.)

('My Matabulai gave me the sincerest assurance that our island (i.e. theirs) was the middlepoint of the world;that a great deal of water was dispersed all about us in which a great many islands lay scattered,but that it was self-evident that none was so large as Talis=Mania./At very great distances,but not such that they could not in some future state be easily & comfortably covered, lay islands where the gods dwell. The islands are named Bolotu,are by our standards indeed quite distant, and, tho bathed in bright sunshine, are nevertheless so completely hidden that men cannot reach them,such being the will of the gods./It can only occur quite by accident,and it did indeed happen on one occasion, that the local inhabitants received information from such an island : a rogue with a full crew had been on the Fiji=Islands;they were on the return trip when a strong wind blew them so far off course that they suffered greatly from a lack of provisions : they then came upon an island which was abundantly supplied with all kinds of fruit;they disembarked upon it & reached for a magnificent bunch of bananas,which would have been large enough to satisfy the hunger of all of them for many days; but as they grasped for it,they reached on thru the bunch without taking hold of anything in their hands. As they stepped up closer,they walked thru the stem of the banana tree itself; likewise thru a breadfruit tree. They walked on,& came upon houses, exactly like [redacted] our own;as they approached them, however, the walls & roofs broke open,& they strode thru them as if they were mere shadows - it seemed to them as if the houses,trees, & fruits were flames;which one can see clearly,& thru which one can pass a stick, or even one's hand,without encountering the least resistance,only that a flame is hot, which was not the case with these trees & houses./ After searching for some time they saw several Eguis (=chieftains);they ran toward them,but then thru them as well,for they too consisted of flame producing no warmth. They turned back around;& the Eguis were now behind them,& they advised the strangers to depart from thence as quickly as possible;for they could not stay there : they could not eat of the fruit,nor drink the water,nor even breathe of the air itself,for it would be most detrimental to them, since it was breathable only by those who had died. This island was the abode of departed Eguis & princes,who lived here,free from the onerous adjunct of Muas & Tuas (=ordinary people),whom the Eguis did not require,since everything here flourished all of itself : the fruits needing neither care nor harvesting,and,in much the same way,the houses generated themselves. As an example the ghostly Egui broke off a breadfruit;pointed at the place on the stem where it had been - & while he consumed the fruit, a new one was formed on the stem;& just when he had finished eating,the breadfruit on the tree had reached its full size./ Lost in thought,they reboarded their canoe;& the dead Egui was kind enough to send a breeze from the island to follow after them,by means of which they arrived back in Talis=Mania in so brief a time that they did not starve underway. Once home they ate their fill;told of their wondrous adventure;but then they died,precisely because of that Breeze of the Blessed which they had breathed in for so too long.'



(Unfortunat'ly there is no assistants when it comes to details regarding flora : from the BRITANNICA. (Altho there'r some quite thought-provoking remarks to be found:'for many aun years (184o-6o) the island was inhabited by greybeards and children; the young men and women, so soon they had reached manhood, went to Victoria, Queensland,etc' : that wd'v been a banquet for Olmers; Who's always got the woman little girls in perspeckertive.) Ahyes;RÜCKERT, tall as he was,(and he kdn't 'v been much smaller than BM here),was notoriously afraid of snakes and bandits all the time he was in Italy. - Apropos RÜCKERT)

A&O (to Egg):" So that n Your republic people like the fantastical English wordsmiths from the days a James & Cromwell ,who laid snares for the etyms and for ev'ry knaughtty thought built a knot of words,(til it had so many offshoots that it lookt like a little Indian idol), - y wdn't help people like that get into print,but rather at best allow them t have some oral role ?...(?)-: Fine;'ll be glad t risk the name a JOYCE once more : the denunciation of whom as a 'subjective' artist is on the contrary [redacted] n affirmation of his ability t treat his own ego as n object;and in 'Finnegans Wake' he made n absolute virtue out a the verbal turmoil of a nervous man who's gro'n old before his time : FREUD, the scientist, did the same thing analytic'ly when he prov'd 'Ächten' (proscription) t be n ambivalent unity -(which bytheway you'll find in RÜCKERT !)- poet, syntheticist, who consciously=cunningly plays 'ball' :'This ball's last waltz with you, my dear...:will always be its lovliest sou(s)venir (=come under)';(n GRIMMELSHAUSEN says the same of his 'Mother Courage','emballmed in her own blood'; the artist functions n fact, among other things,as the projector of himself).";(?-:what's with Him ?)

(he says this because the Bastard Marwenne,(originally from Ballenstädt, more than likely), is uttering some sort of unintelligible hyrcanian rodomontade;(and at the same time displays an erection as if he had dreamt of the lady-next-door !))

EGG (glibly translating):" He characterizes these intellectual ape-exes that you,(as n anti=modern...okay fine;at the very least nòn=modern man),have mentiond as 'destructive old jack-offs'...(?): oh; well just wait til y read his letters : Atilla='mself kdn't 'v written to his enemies n more glowering terms ! (Nono;shd our Father Satan n Heaven ever die, he kd stand in for a good portion of him.).";(I am more of the opinion):"This technique provides an invaluable means of eliminating Dangerous (Intellectual) Types : by beating them t death with vocabularies : by letting etym=flora pullulate on those infected.(P'r'aps some special fodder as well; a kinda mixture of 8o proof & valium)";(he jots down yet another note for himself. - Then to BM): " But wherefore hast thou glued thine eyes upon yon point ? - "

(He follo's them -?- to the wall,where bynow sunshine has slippt,shallo'ly, across the painting of Iheronymous BOSCH, the 'Heavenly Home. Many hundred-thousands of worlds' years,wand'ring among shaded flowergardens,of the long momentous procession of love,breath drawn short from too much bliss,without order,with neither plan nor clustering,Each forever hurrying to the Other,to kiss him,to squeeze his handand to present him to all the others like a rare jewel beyond all price,with neither jealousy nor envy nòr ill-will, Each belonging to All=Others forever'. Together they walk up to the picture. -)

A&O (after a little-while,pleasantly,(as host)):" I'v expended much time with that : the argument as t whàt then it actually mite be ?,goes back centuries now...(?): 151o;maybe a bit later,(but not much). He too was One a those men who live isolated n the provinces. -";(?- shrugging):"Just take it then simply z a representation of happy mankind...(?): Well, you'r prob'ly aware that presumably=the=happiest conditions occurrd between say 1oo and 16o : NERVA/TRAJAN/HADRIAN/ & the two ANTONINES;you'll find that in 'Tom Jones'. Of course, I do have my pet=theory too; but -";(changing course):"the most remarkable thing of all for me was when n acquaintants, and a painter n his own rite besides, once describ'd the picture t me n swore its format was 1 x 1 meter !";(whereas it's really 2 x 2, n so covers a good=fourtimes the surface![redacted] T this day I havn't been able to explain t myself how anyone kd receive that impression [redacted] from nfront of it; on the contrary, I wd 'v thought you'd see it gro,imperceptibly, larger n larger until you'd literally have to walk into it - a most curious psychological phenomenon."(That's only a scal'd-down copy, afterall;a color print;(but a good one at that.))

(They stand,quite fascinated really, infrontof it : Ann'Ev', her leaf over her (rt) shoulder,the firm stem in her fist. / (Marwenne holds his in like fashion.) /Egg,his own cheek in his lf hand,(the little finger of which is laid at his mouth)./ The first one to 'break' the silents is Marwenne)

BM (bello'ing impulsiv'ly): " It's a commune : the presentiment of our New Nation in Tasmania !";(he tramps back and forth like a dancing=bear. Uncouth & eccentrick):" Oh but how you'r all on the wrong & far side a the Truth !"

EGG (gravely;(constru'd as hippieness ?)):"Not 1 really=long hairy among 'em. Not a one with a beard;(n fact not even a pubic-beard !). And all the men with pointy,(=virginal=unus'd) prix ? - :do y still hold fast t your theory ?"

MARWENNE (obstinate): " Oh yes."

EGG (Well,we'll make a note of it;(heroic courage's been given to the Few,& calligraphy's a fine talent too)):"There's absolutely nothing mons Venerissy about it. (On thother hand : where there's a sphincter,the subcon's not far behind. Hm.)"

A&O (please observe the blacks scatterd about;(maybe even a yello,bottom=rt)):"At the time, from 149o on, z a result of exploration there was a renewd,full-blo'n awareness a 'naked peoples'...(?): nat'rally;the theory that it's 'just a tribe a people running round naked' is immediat'ly contradicted by the fact that this simply can't be considerd t have a 'tribe' as its subject : there 'r absolut'ly no children, old or sick people;(the women all seem t be between 18-35;the men around 2o-4o). - That woman,waydown at the bottom=rt, 's been said by some t be 'Eve', the man behind her 'John the Baptist..."

EGG (at once,perceptiv'ly):"Nonsents : the (authentic !) Eve a the [redacted] panel looks entirely diff'rent from that !; (just dompare the hair !). N the pointing finger & forearm ?...";(he bends down closer:?):" anatomic'ly it'd belong much more plausibly n fact t the fello behind that pseudo=Johannes : who's teasingly trying t tap the lady's golden ringlets : is the anatomy correct otherwise ?"

A&O (for the most part nothing little? to object to - at most that=there seemd unclear t me,(n still does actually)):" You kn see,n the goreground, the man who's swinging a bouquet n his rite hand (with a lov'ly=broad gesture) -(may 'v pulld it out of his rear;or maybe still wants t stick=it=up)- The fello with the bouquet up his ass by the way is designated 'a woman'; I really can't tell y myself ! - but look at Her is? face : isn't it drawn on=backwards ? -";(continuing):" Olmers upstairs immediat'ly pronounc't it :'a nudist colony';'MILLENIUM, Nudist Cultural Club, Inc.';(n recommended THORNE SMITH,'The Bish-

op's Jaegers' t me for a better understanding.";((?):'Whether 'm familiar with nudist beaches ?' - :when I was a child my father took us t one;in Kattwieck on the Elbe;n I still have a (very blurrd) impression of large naked figures striding across the sandy sh[redacted]e against the (incidentally, cloudy=gray) sky. - ?):" Noo,the reason for 'Millenium''s because a certain FRAENGER spoke of 'The Kingdom of a Thousand Years & the Adamites'."

ANN'EV' (very slo'ly :'You men with your vitess !'):" I'd like t make n observation regarding=this. - :There's not one fat (wo)man. Not a woman who's having her misère. They'r all sitting around tgether n 'exchanging breath';(nobody's thinking of 'doing his minett');surrounded by the nuptials of the vegetable world. -";(she points to the couple inside the glass=thin ball):" Poor thing - she's gone n caught love."

EGG (skilld harlequin for all seasons;(but a man of words for all that)):"Ne'ertheless the whole picture must smell inhumanly a nutsthing.";(unchaste & profound):" 'The Pervert and the Soul Errant' : the faces'r all so=similar t one another,as if the burden a solitary existents, this terrible soulitariness, had somehow been lifted from them - Waitt !;it reminds me a the 'Eloi',(in WELLS 'TimeMachine';the Morlock phase 'd be the ritehand panel then).";(he bends before yet=another spot :?-:?)¡" There !;the skyrider way=up at the left - : He's sitting on the same animal z one a the riders around the girls'=pool;(The guy belo the negress,with the [redacted] pheasant on her fist - does that mean something too, p'r'aps ?)".

(They step back, sated on theory, 'Nice piece'. / BM plops himself down in his accustom'd riffraff position. / Egg takes a seat on one of the stools : his hands folded gravely, he gazes once again at the panel on the wall. / Gro'ing weary, A&O seats himself at his desk;(QUEVEDO denounc't BOSCH flatout as 'an unbeliever')./Only Ann'Ev' is still standing there. Suddenly she raises her hand-:)

ANN'EV' :" My Double !; the distant one who is me ! - : that is [redacted] Mshunia Kushta ! -".(She walks up to the painting :

: whereat she gro's smaller -(the leaf still on her shoulder)- is now only a foot high - places her sole on the frame - : and enters, belo rite, into the picture. As she goes by she teases the bird at the edge of the large nubbly glass vase;and then speaks to the naked woman with the flowery diadem and citrus-fruit (?) hanging from her long hair (at the hollo of her knees) :? - They listen; turn to her. Til the tall woman takes her hand from her hip,and points ahead : ! - /Ann'Ev' walks along the foremostground -(where the Fello with the fantastic flower=hat,the stem for a feather, raises his face up out of his giant=strawberry ? - On past the hand-standers. Around the Great Fish, (who doesn't miss the chance to turn a goggly eye up to her either). And walks up to the Great Teacher,(with the 2 super-currants on the crown of her head); Who first lifts her brows still higher :?- but then turns tward her : they embrace amicably. Ann'Ev' solemnly adresses her about something;-;she receives her answer from the large serene face. Again the question. This time the head sways,mouth puckerd. She turns slitely and points to the triad of men engag'd in conversation to the rt & behind her./Ann'Ev' nods her gratitude; and proceeds in the designated direction. Around the fruit out of which a female head is speaking with a man bent over her. Edging on by between him and the negress. She walks up to [redacted] the group. The wanderer,carrying his strawberry like a backpack, listens to her question -(in the course of which he nods a few times)- and begins answering with a kind of explanation, his indexfinger traces a route: -(AE meantime gives heed,her face tense & wrinkl'd. Now nods for her part. Thanks). They shake hands.(And the other man,too,with the twig at his breast,thoughtfully watches her go.) /How, behind them now, she moves on. Someone waves at her,from the pool :'!' - she returns the gesture. Curving further to the rt. For a few seconds she disappears between the Red Wigwam & the Turret crownd with a madrona -//Dismay for those outside : will they lose site of her !?//But she has already appeard again,next to the reclining couple. : the girl turns her head:? Recognizes her :! Jumps up : they embrace,wildly,and kiss;passionat'ly rubbing foreheads; they laugh at each other again,ecstatic'ly,and,exhausted,lay their heads on each other's shoulders. (Meanwhile they are congratulated by the couple who go on dancing back=to=back,(heads & torsi shrouded in a single flowerbell.) At last they take each other by the hands;their arms gro ever longer [redacted] in sore sweet farewell : -,-. Until Ann'Ev' simply must go on -(not without sev'ral waves back :'!')- she passes again between fissure=tent and pavilion=turret;turns this time,however, to the left. On past the fello kneeling;and the one he's kneeling in front of : with his pretty ivory rear and the bouquet up it. Gazes for a moment at the girl sitting,leaning against the pavilion, her entire head in a glassy dangling blossom=funnel,in her quiet hymeneal world;(her friend, with the fistsize blackberry on his head,touches her litely on the shoulder). She nods silently to them;and goes on. Past the negress.Climbs over the feet stretcht out behind the man kneeling before his floral amphora, out of which brite seeds are rolling. Pauses silently for a heartbeat,-,then bends down; and picks up 1 of the seed-balls, a red one./Then,cautiously, she places a foot onto the picture's edge; - springs litely down : ' - onto the floor of the room. And, gro'ing rapidly, returns to her former position. Stands there a moment;considering; - then walks over to A&O's desk;and awkwardly lays the fruit (it too has gro'n [redacted] to tennisball size) (?moren likely the pod for sev'ral seeds ?), onto his blotting pad : -.

(:?-:isn't it...as if very delicate=soft...singing ?/ Even Egg has cockt his rt ear :.../: :'...Suns ever gentler shining thereon.Heavenly beauty of spiritual sons.Restless diffraction hovering o'er us : fervent attraction darting before us...Where lost in rapture lovers forever yield to their capture.Bower on bower. Lushest of tendrils,cloyed fruit & flower. Tumbling down brooklets,wines effervescent, purling incessant o'er gems iridescent;leaving the mountains hurrying down to lakes & great fountains,lending renown to hills that look o'er them.While on the shore,then, birds,day begun now,fly up to the sun now,fly toward those islands whose bright reflections dapple in silence waves' intersections. There we can hear them, thousands in chorus,o'er meadows dancing, exulting before us.Pleasures of country for all & sundry:Some are pursuing scaling of mountains,Other bedewing themselves in fountains.Still others hover : Each is Life's lover;'Stars in the distance, lend Love assistance!' all of them pray.¡..'

ANN'EV' (to the other Two):" I also askt about Tasmania - :it'd be better than Europe. (We'd have t rest without a tent on some days. Ev'rything'd go fine til we got t the Evil Mts.; but then 'd come..."(I didn't understand the name);"and other thorny trees. - Wêll ? What do y think of Ann'Ev' now ? -";(she seats herself contentedly : News from Nowhere. (And that rhubarb=leaf was in=there with her too ?!)).

A&O (suddenly his hand at his heart... - :if she had stayd in there - : would she have died then ?!!).

ANN'EV' (answers at once,as if she had heard his thoughts):" You wd 'v calld it that."

EGG (who's got hold of himself in the meantime;adeptly making lite of the incident):" If you'd taken a cam'ra long, y kd 'v snappt a shot of ev'ry group from the rear (=from the other side) - :what possibilities !";(he points):" The song a those birds=there : I'd love t have had that on tape. (I wd'v hung a good pair a binox round my neck, too : so as t get a better look at the animals n the background.).";(but then instinctiv'ly more serious):" Tho we really must get this...on

paper... -(:C'mon,Marwenne : our pen(i)s will make us famous.)- ";(even as he departs,mutt'ring):" - why Emmerich in toto plus her friend Brentano 'd just stand there staring at us with their mouths hanging open ! -"

(he holds the door open : for Marwenne's giantstumbles. Ann'Ev's soft clapping of soles. - But he himself still hesitates a bit;-; thro's a glants back at the panelprint - :?. It seems something has occurrd to him. He chews on his lo'er lip. Then closes the door; and returns to A&O,at his desk -)

EGG (he coughs litely;and says):" Pardon me; - wd You happen t have,(it's perfectly possible afterall), another reproduction a this 'Variedad del mundo' around somewhere ? - ";(ahà;excellent ! - They bend down,both of them, over the place [redacted] in the book that Egg has pointed to - : ? -)

A&O (slo'ly):" I get it. That 'd allow us t come t some conclusions : as t whether what happend was a collective hallucination. Or if... -"

([redacted] Their perplext glances are fixt on the red seed-pods -:- they look at each other. Then,with a shoulder-shrugging resolve, the book of illustrations in hand, and over to the picture -?-,- : !!!/Hm./

EGG (his lips presst=puckerd): " Ergo : 'or if'. ";(Hm):" If one were t plant those seeds : what do y suppose 'd gro from 'em ? - ";(he shuts the book tite,and hands it back to him,with a slite bow. - Already on his way back to the door):" Or eat them... ? -"

(The door closes behind him. / The old man stands there for a while;half in the sun, half in the shado of the furniture.)

vii. Act

Scene 17

(On the terrace. Middayswelter. / Now and again Asta, or Grete, appears from out of the house./The 3 oldsters, cranky because of those few sandwiches 'for the main meal', at the shaded end of the table. /1 foot out of the barrel;(the toes, however, turnd down; so that their owner must be lying & dosing flatout on her belly./ One kn see Egg striding up= & down before the hillahay;and it looks as if ev'ry once in a while he's jotting something down in his notebook... -. BM is lying on 2 bales of straw,and snoring like Attatürk./Allround the most meado'y views.)

EUGEN (knife & forking methodic'ly):" If only on accounta the magnifiscent French cheedes meted out to us, I'd have t be for the EEC. -";(he leans back.):" Aaahh - the damnd sweet sun. ";(he takes a swallo:?-disapprovingly):" This min'ral water sure does go flat with greatest celerity ! - :'The Retirement';we kd put on a production of it t'day, harmless but good for whiling away the time. -?-: a comedy;by HACKLÄNDER!"

GRETE (who's just carrying a chaise from around the corner of the house):" At last a name I recognize ! - if y happen t need anything else special, tell your auburnt daughter; the store closes at 1. - ".(She comes back again;a plump pillo in her florid sunny [redacted] hands. Her eye falls on the barrel; she grumbles):" The sallo paradoxie !;lying there again like n Allegory of Passivity, the washt-out eyesore. -:?-";(she listens,in the direction of the fork in the road - ?):" There !; She's rolling in now : she kn just stay rite n the saddle;I need some more detergent." (She hies her into the house.)

(Now she's visible as well, pulling listlessly into the curve, the galopina of the family. Draws closer,saturating the air with refreshing gas vapurrs. Pulls up...

EUGEN (calling to her):" Don't turn it off yet : it is incumbent upon you to..."

but MARTINA (has already flippt the switch;swung herself off;and is coming up thru the gardengate):" That's my fav'rite word ! -";(she flops down in the wicker chair):" Criminy; the sun feels like it's in the house a the hedgehog t'day. -:Good Noon,ev'ryone; a sticky day for honest folk, ain't it ? - Aaahh !-";(she stretches her long legs out from their minipanties;(and appears to exhibit all other vital signs as well). -?,'How goes it ?'):" Well[redacted], sorta 'purple-polkadotty' : the school's like n oven in this heat;but they won't even let y bake n peace : We had t sing '0 caritȧ',for girls' chorus & soprano - bored to tears ! (Were moren a few of us who playd with the thought a suicide.)".

GRETE (robustling out of the front door,with one of her beloved cellophane shopping-bags, picks rite up on this):" By snoozing yourselves t death,hun ? (Most a the time your teacher must feel like the preacher whose ostensible applause comes by way of nodding sleepers.) -";(coming to the point):"Off with you; make one last dash for the store [redacted] : 1 box each a SANSO & CORALL;n they'r t send over one=two cases a beer t'day yet. -";(to the 3 men):" Y want some ice-cream or not ? ";(naturally they do):"Okay -,-";(she calculates,looks around for:...):" ohlordsakes, 3 large containers : Now hop to it !". MARTINA (grudgingly):" Makes me exstatic to exhaust myself for you all.[redacted] -(hustling my life away !) -";(she gets up with great difficulty;ugh):" My butt's gone t sleep..."

GRETE :" Yahyah; I heard it snoring here not a minute ago. -";(to Eugen):" Give your fructus belly a slap on the mofette;and issue a command !"

EUGEN (indulgent):" Let ice-cream be brought. ('twill not go unrewarded.)"

MARTINA (sulking):" 'm on my way already."(But first a visit t the head; so I kn finally empty out my bladder. She proceeds, however, in the direction of the barrel instead.)

GRETE (peev'd):" Nat'rally she's got t crawl back over=there first. - ";(and as AE's face & shoulders make their appearants):"Tss,complexion's back t the color of a cat's belly : crosses her eyes in broad daylite,n her ears twitch out a pure meanness ! (What d'y suppose they'r using their long teeth t chew on now - ?)";(first n 'foremost' !-)

(It's Ann'Ev' who's speaking,weary:'Y going t the epicier ? (To the gen'ral store where y get ev'rything, scrapple & silk.). ?. Yah;'ll join y in a glace. ?-:'m not a glutt;"(darkly):'I drink from puddles, I chew rotted wood.-Then come back here;: but divide it kif=kif.' (She creeps,slo'ly, back into her barrel...)

MARTINA (betakes herself to the gardengate. She calls back):" Okay;'m on my way :'I have girded up the loins of my mind'. (Altho 'm so hungry I kn hardly think a domestic virtues): give the soup my best,n tell it t keep nice'n'warm." -((?):'what soup ?'):"oh, I thought we were going t have cotton-soup ! - ah you havn't the faintest ! -" (She buzzes off, downcast:..... -)

(the gentlemen watch her go, nodding candydly [redacted]./While Asta is already busy bringing out a bouquet of spoons - (Eugen gets a fork;that's just one of his tics;(Grete always calls it a 'stabber')))

OLMERS :" Does that happen t you, too ? : at the mention a 'zwieback' you'r forc't t think of a rearend [redacted] ? -";(to A&O):" What were yóu thinking about justnow,watching that departure ?"

A&O (unthinkingly):" Of a piece a music :Delius; his celebrated 'Lollipops'."

OLMERS (in command):" Same=thing : 'delicious' +'coelum & paraded + loll + Lollita + pops' : you'r no better either [redacted] : these ol'folks nowadays !";(to Eugen):" You'r looking a bit distracted ?"

EUGEN (dully):"'m tir'd t'day somehów;I kd use some sleep.(Guess 'll put my ear t the pillo for a while lateron).";(You too ? Sure;we'r all old enough.)

(:TOBIAS BEUTEL,'Consensus superiorum,de jure circa somnum et somnia.On the Right of Sleep and Dreams.Sub Praesidio Christiani Thomasii.'Leipzig 1687)

(In the distants, among the Andermanns' houses, M's buzzing has now resum'd - /Asta's bringing the plates/and Grete the long saw-tootht breadknife, for speedy slicing./A&O withdraws to hold open the gardengate... -/:thru which then Martina rides,cutting an elegant figure, and on up to the table. - :Quick as a monkey she hands over the plastic bag : -. Then storms into the house - pauses for a moment at the door -

MARTINA (coquettish over her shoulder):" I wonder if there's 1 gentleman here who'd roll my moped into the shed ? -(?) : What d' y mean ? : n what's t become t become of equal-rites, huh ?! ";(she splurts inside).

(A&O's the one to 'make the sacrifice'./ He's not quite back yet as/Martina reappears already : she's just broken the record for Slipping out of Clothes & into Bikini. Sinks down into the wicker chair,and puts her rite heel up onto the front rim of the seat : -

MARTINA :" - n here they want t tell us kids about the war back n the 7o's ! -";(she directs, by turns, a clump of ice-cream and the straw of her (large !) COLA=glass to her mouth).

EUGEN (at ease):" Wêll ?; anything new n the Big Wide World ? - ";(=the standard question ev'ry single day[redacted].(And the rest of them,too, cast a sleepy=curious look at the face of the only person who normally 'gets out & around' : ?-).

MARTINA (with importants,therefore):" Wéell - T'morro morning the siren over there'll let loose; at ten : a test. (But that's t be kept secret.) -"(to Grete):"And the chimney-sweepess 'll be here soon; I ran into her n Edeloh : she told me that a deer ate up all the roses n her frontyard last nite. -" (To A&O[redacted]):" The wife a the man who choppt down the red-hawthorn that time, she fell out a the windo wat'ring her flowers : cause she saw a racoon in a pear tree trying t pick a fite with her cat. -"(To Eugen):" Over at the 'Seven Tables' -";(to Ann'Ev';who's just brought back her ice-cream dish, properly lickt clean):"sort of n inn; but more a trucker hang-out -";(again to Eugen):" they'r quartering some soldiers : who are as impudent! z if they'd been garrisond in Gomorrha up til now ! -?"

(:'I saw a smith stand on his hammer : thus; with open mouth,swallowing a tailor's news' SHAKESPEARE.)

for ANN'EV' (nodding):" Egg told me about that [redacted] : with nothing but chenillettes. (Wanted t tell y;but then it just slippt my noules.) -";(politely to the entire company):" uh specielle merci." (She wanders back again,with her head lo'erd.)

MARTINA (hurrydly calling after her):" 'll be rite over ! -"/(so that AE gives a nod.)/(then she continues, - (what èlse was there ?) Ohyes:):"They found old Meyer=the=Carpenter sitting dead in his armchair;(eyes lifted up tward heaven like he was watching his own ascension): he's suppos'd t get a blue tombstone;(I dunno why[redacted];kd be made a lead for all I care...?-)" (Me ? 'asham'd a myself' ?):"If y only knew how He was forever peeking up under your skirt ! : a real=old horny bag o' bones he was, n nothing else ! (The only nice thing about him was his dog, who always went shopping : coupla days ago I ran across him : had a little basket full a soup-greens n his mouth.)." (Hmpf;otherwise there isn't much : some vacationers loitering around;strange immoral females who lure away [redacted]Mour boys under the pretext a being 'just on a trip'):"early this morning,as I was engag'd in the postification a that letter... ?-"

GRETE (protesting):" Your delusions a grandeur just keep on gro'ing :'postificâtion !..."

MARTINA (continuing unruffl'd):"... one of 'em [redacted] was sitting astraddle a chair nfronta the inn, dressd à la Baby=Doll, n puffing on a cigarette! (All that was lacking was [redacted] for her t sit up on the rooftop.[redacted]) -";(to Asta):" n there's a wedding t'morro too(?): nah;come from Rade ; they'r only celebrating n Klappendorf : daughter of a certain Goldbeck; a farmer."

ASTA (int'rested):" Ooh ?;'Gretchen' ? -:so she landed herself one afterall.[redacted].";(she retires into the house in search of a tray to redd up with.)

MARTINA (stretching):" N t'morro we'v got a 'free day for study';thankgod : I kn finally sleep=in.";(n next week there's n excursion : to Hitzacker; on the Elbe;(let's hope the good weather holds !))

GRETE (rite away):"(School-excursion ?;so soon again ?) - But 'free day for study' : that suits me : then y kn help out with picking the elderberries. (And n the afternoon y kn straighten things up up=stairs !)." ((?):Me ? A Dewil for Housecleaning ?):"Just don't go imagining that yóur messiness is any léss compulsive & tyrranical !"

MARTINA (warbles):" 'It was not foreordained,I'm not required to do it :nor in the least constrained, and thus I do

eschew it'. - ";(making up to the oldsters):"N case there'r any sites worth seeing n Hitzacker : write it out on a card for me;(so that the whole fam'ly isn't expos'd t ridicule - Eremburge already knew about the Dutch prints=consort)." ((?):Huh;a duke ?):"That was surely back n 27o before Martinae, wasn't it ? -";(delib'rat'ly nonchalant to Grete):" That's the way we always compute it 'mong=ourselves :'in the year 1ooo after Me'... Aaah;t be a teacher during the summer;and a bricklayer in winter;that'd get one over the hump. - So; n now I shall retire into my soul's fortress...(?): a pious turn a phrase :'Vastillo Interior';ask your brother";(ie Grete shd ask Olmers...)

but EUGEN (to all-concernd;seeking permission):" - ? - "

GRETE (disapproving):" Do you have t shoot your way off t sleep again ?;tss. - But three at the most,rite ?."

(General arising. / Olmers 'wheelbarro's' his brother-in-law behind the house. Grete brings the wee=bit of a round table. A&O the pistol cases. /In the far southeast corner of the lot there rises a segment of wall, 2 x 2 m, roughly built of massive clay bricks (each of them 4o lbs !) : as a stop for bullets./ During which time Martina flies to AE : 1 of Klappendorf's attractions : ?. - Who then proceeds to call Egg and Bm over so that a regular crowd of spectators... /They fall in, curious:...?/ Distants 2o meters. Martina pins up 1 playing card. Returning to Ann'Ev')

MARTINA (muffl'd):" He always keeps onev 'em under his pillo at nite : t frit'n the doctors away. -(?):hey listen : He kn shoot n egg out from between my fingers . -"

(Egg,his int'rest arous'd, has approacht the table with its weapons: -/(At the kitchen windo Asta's face appears - : ? -)

EUGEN (loading;a little short of breath):" A 'PARABELLUM'. (An older make;but dependable). -(?): 8=shooter. Caliber 7.65 mm; V_0 35o m. -";(he raises one of them up,business-like - (coming 'from belo') -,- : '!' -

(Martina flies off at once : ? _ removes the Ace of spades; and brings it - CRITICAL)

MARTINA :" Well. - it just made it : took off the top a the peak.";(she puts a little bandaid on it;and pins it back onto the wall).

ANN'EV' (meanwhile to A&O):" Can you shoot ? - ".

A&O (mite say;afterall I had t do 7 years z a soldier. So that,'shoot' I can;but):" Can't 'hit' anything. :My eyesite's too poor;n my hand's unsteady besides."(Most people kn fotograf at 1/3o.; I have t take it at 1/6o.;(n even then it's jitt'ry some a the time). Therefore):" No : no ambitions."

(Egg in the meantime has been handling one of the things with such expertise - fingerd it éverso critic'ly - and has taken distant aim as well : ? - / so that Eugen courteously - :? -

EGG (Looord - 't's been ages... - Oh well):" Mite I p'raps just try ? -";(for starters just a trial=shot. -:'!' -)

(Martinchen's the curious first=one there : ? - : !! -. She brings it over;impresst)

MARTINA: " Precisely where the stem joins the spadeleaf ! (N from the hip at that ! : Say,Major;you'll have t put your thing tgether t'day !). - uh='ll pin up a 7, okay ?";(clubs first)

EUGEN (to Egg):" I'll aim at the top=two. Just a moment - ";(:'!' -:'!' - /-

(Martina's there : ? - :'The left one's good;the rite one graz'd t the rite'. Returns expectantly. / Egg, (from a normal position this time...(he 'comes' from above)... :'!' - :'!' - / Martina : ? - 'Wow ! Both of 'em good !■ - Let me use a 1o.' She fastens it on;and flies back to join AE.)

EUGEN (shall we make the distants 3o ?):" Bong. - :You first : the little red circle n the center. "

(Even Olmers bleats excitedly. And then turns to speak to BM :?./Who belches disdainfully,however, and raises his cudgel : better that way : no possiblity of a misfire ! And it surely is difficult enough as it is : the traget's smaller than a pfennig ! / And Egg pulls the trigger only after some hesitation :'!' - /:'Graz'd on the rite edge !'/ Then Eugen :'!' - ?)

MARTINA (bringing the card with her):"The bottom=tip of it. - You'r aiming just a hair too lo t'day, Major. -";(licking her chops):" Hey ?;:I'll hold the card,okay ?" (Disappointed : Aaw ! - persuasive):" We'll got back t 2o : 'd be like falling off a log - Àllrìte !"; (while Eugen is wheeld up closer again; she capers to the claywall;the queen of spades in her left hand (between index= & middlefinger;holding it at the very bottom)):" Shoot her thru the head ! - "

(Eugen - this time,however, with greatest circumspection - /(Grete closing her eyes in itchy anticipation :'I never can watch this - !' / - :'!' - / Martina, holding the card up to one eye : ?)

MARTINA (blithely):" There. : She won't need t put her hair up in a bun anymore ! ".

EGG (chooses,with a charg'd glants at the kitchen windo : the queen of hearts ! -Then to BM):"Get over there : hold it for me.-";(? for He beats a grumbling & hasty retreat to Grete; Egg amaz'd (shamming?)):"What's up ?;What paltry dread hath seized thee,Exalted One ? - ";(cajoling):" Even if something happend : Your misfortune 'd be no dying echo !;for such even-tualities I'v already drafted the inscription in lapidariest style : as a LOrd shalt thou approach the stygian flood, and the boatsman shall be struck dumb 'neath the gaze of thine imposing shade - :?-;"(well,Who'll hold it for me then ?...

(but a resolute Asta has already marcht out. She approaches. And takes the card out of his fingers. Long & boney, she repairs to the face of the claywall. She stretches out her longleft arm : -)

EGG (eggstatic):" The rose in her hand... !";(-:'!' - /?-:and he has in fact shot the rose out from between the fingers of the pasteboard queen !)

EUGEN (with admiration):"Accurate shot. (We'll have t try it at 4o sometime.) -";(to Martina):" C'm'ere,sweetheart.";(he presses a bill into her,willing,hand. Looking around him :? -):" So. Now be good enough t set me [redacted] in the shade.('ll just smoke one last cigar;and then... doze off a bit...)."

(As per instruction,he is rolld off to the northside; to the big table where his smoking equipment lies. /Olmers settles down in the chaise closeby - he yawns,and lays his handkerchief over his face./ Grete betakes herself to the southside of the house - she has the knack of sleeping all the deeper in the most scorching sun - none of the oldsters admires her sexy 'rubbing-in-of-the-lotion' t'day;(they'r all too sleepee)/ Asta's still bustling about in the kitchen. / Egg & Bm march back to their hillahay, debating zealously;(Each with sev'ral bottles of beer in his finger-spray. / A&O still isn't sure...

MARTINA (tugging naked Ann'Ev' into the house,over her shoulder suggestiv'ly to A&O):"Aren't You gonna lie down too?"-

Scene 18

('The inherent mood of a well-ordered heart at ease in itself is one of tranquillity.';W.v.HUMBOLDT :
'Nothing so disrupts the spirit as an orderly room.';MARTINA FOHRBACH

- - -

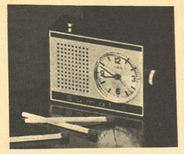
THE STAIRS ? - :'Serve at times as the presorter-outer ; for the correspondents of Our Dear Ladies:14 steps.' / The switch by the door ?;so lo ? - :'So y kn flip it with your knee. Just imagine : HE's embracing you;no need for a (sobering !) interruption : y put out the lite with your knee : !-'. /'Tithonus' wife looks in at my windo : there.'/ Innocent wares;teenage treasures: Under the 'Mirror on the Left Flank' a ratting-comb,(with a needle=dagger in its back;(as misericordia,'afterwards' !)). Nailpolish for the mixing : pink on mother-o'-pearl. Tiny spoons & tweezers for cleaning nose and ears. A fragile scissorette for trimming false fingernails; a mite of a brush intended for eyelash improvements;a razor,(!King Solomon had not one such as this !). 'Cosmetic bottles are short capes of perfume.';(at the mention of the lait de cornichon).

(:'What a chaotic domestic confusion ! What an erotic unending profusion ! : All of these nooks,all these recesses, all of these crannies,all these clothespresses! Caddies & baskets with skeins & spools;coffers & caskets with pearls & jewels ! Glittering ringlets, shimmering bracelets,gold anythinglets,silvery lacelets ! Needles all sizes,hooklets & eyes,threads in all guises,patches & dyes !Ribboned vary bows of all sort,gartered propriety, string long & short ! In this great clutter like to a maze,all of a flutter wanders one's gaze ! What must the might of the sorceress be,Who can unite such scattered debris ? :lo she's appearing at yonder portal -:regard those earrings,those trimmings immortal ! How all that lovely gear sets into motion,jumps from its chiffonier, shows its devotion !All of her bagatelles,ribbons,bows,whimsies,leap for the demoiselle,take to her limbsies ! Suddenly there she stands from acme to nadir bound in the stylish bands that have arrayed her!...'RÜCKERT,'The Goddess in her Boudoir'.)

MARTINA (profoundly): " I always have the feeling : that many n object positiv'ly wants t get $\frac{\text{mislaid}}{\text{lost}}$? - : lord,what a funholy mess !"

ANN'EV' (in earnest agreement):" All things are somewhere. (And normally 'disorder' is but a 'mystical order' : 'things' have rites just like people.)"

(They walk over to M's bed=couch : PLACE a Bay of Mumconsciousness;TIME eversleeping. /On the nite-stand an alarmclock SUMATIC. A small attractive lamp. A crumple of Kleenex,with curious dryd-up foam on it; a longsoft candle,(with bloodstains clear up to the bobèche ? (Ahà : an issue of 'PLAYGIRL',with its collection of naked boys!))./ Her nite-suit,half mink half nighlon,(the pants with soupyaze), a snoozing-cap to match : ?)



ANN'EV' (nodding slo'ly):" It's the latest shriek;I saw it back n the Colisée.";((?): oh a couture,dames et jeunes filles) :"N here's where y relax after the day's (ser)vices; unvisited by desire.-"

(:'She'd slip into her bed awaiting lonely night : her heart was cold with dread at fade of winter's light !/And when at dawn she woke ? There still was no one there!'SIMROCK)

MARTINA (woefull):" Sure, deride me. When y well-know how I suffer the most awful lovefflictions.";('poor I to be a nun; poor You a friar' !):"Here;look ! -"; (she lets herself fall on it,butt-first):"Praise GOd for box springs : what a bounts ! : 't's how I'd like t leap hand in hand with him into the depths a love ! -(?): ah; for eternity at the very least !"

ANN'EV' (smoothing the bed to comfort her):" Mark my word, you'll get Him yet.";((moren enough of him maybe). But:" No doubt about it; this'd be enough t convints one t detest the use a one's feet.(Which you've been able t learn in your sleep !). -(?):but then y know: we'r anti-furniturites : camp in the dust; and cover ourselves with the clouds of heaven. Need neither button nor blanket."(Oh forget that ! : [redacted] don't start strait'ning up on my account):" Ev'ry room's got its clutblessings.' - more melancholic):"My clothes 'r sick a me. -(?): just the pair a shorts n my bag, n a p'lover;(plus a cachetercorner."(And if y don't make the bed, y don't need t say your ev'ning prayers - 't's calld 'crawling back into us'd misère,for when it gets réal cold).";(shaking her head): " What a corvée that us't t be, with all those clothes !"

MARTINA ('t's true):" One carries mania useless shred about with one - specially on sultry days. - But convers'ly wes lasses 'v had a running debate about what's more alluring :'the embellisht breast ?; or the stark-naked ?' -";(pondering, they walk up to the wardrobe, its doors hanging open...

(a pair of long fring'd gloves made of filoselle. / A gorgeous boa conscarf ! - :'Y have t wear it as a marmotte';(so that 1 corner hangs down at the back; thother 2 'r tied tgether under your chin)

MARTINA (blustering with love):" Oh, Ann'Ev', let me [redacted] give it t you ! -".

(M=m. Further / : blue canvass shoes trimmd in silver. ('They'r all the rage now : tallongs like stilts.') / A short leather sircoat;studded with zippers & metal buttons; pocket=burro's ev'rywhere. ('Posh. But too much carny on it.') / A TV-jacket of quite an anthracitity ! - ((?): lin'd in green silkrament; has a little gray collar ?):" Pull the ceinture one notch titer -;- hm - : do y like going round so foncé ?"

MARTINA (enthusiastic):" I'd give a great=deal if one a the olladies 'd up'n'die; for mourning must become me preeminently !"

ANN'EV' (her head swaying pensiv'ly):"Don't buy that site-unseen;(salesgirls 'd have y believe it) : it only does something for blonds." (:thére :sporty mitaines;like n Norway. ('from the Major' ?;ahà.)).

MARTINA (say, this I got t sho y - (she slips out of her clothes in a wink)- naked & eager):"Check it out, Américan pantyhose : the colors they come up with;'sandpiper' and 'medium=gray' -";(she tugs a pair up her legs;her thighs; the brite=rosy lips):" it bothers me a little [redacted] t take big steps...";(she struts about infronta the mirror, the skin=shiftress):" I try 'em on sometimes all for myself alone."(:oh Martin !■ (She strikes sev'ral poses : a) 'Vain Resistants' - b) 'Arms Stretcht Out to Him : '!' - -)).

ANN'EV' (nodding):" pretty gorshletts. -";(the specialist=person):" - for kissing and fondling always present the left one. - What y got for soutiens ? ";(id est : don't buy too many of 'em : the things get

larger fast with use(unfortunat'ly !).(Havn't y got a picture a your real mother anywhere ?;where y kn tell how fat they'll be (approximat'=,hereditarily) ? - Well,y have t watch out;'t's most=important really:[redacted] 'similar' = 'c'est malheur'.))

(M at once produces her little brassiere : 2 rosebuds at the upper rim of each cup;the clasp at the front camouflag'd by a bo : made of estriplex ! (=circa pectum))

(:'this is fra her [redacted] sherte';MARTINA, 15 71)

MARTINA:" Y familiar with this ? - "

(A 'barebreast=brassiere';made of flesh-colord nighlon;and literally reduc't to the mere rims of the cups; whereas at the front it's all so wide=open, so that ev'rything really gets squeez'd=out - :?)

ANN'EV' (with expertise):"Say, We workt that another way. When we had (upper=class) dancing lessons, with old Jaga Antony, n needed a completely bare-back for a formal, we'd simply paste our breasts up with adhesive tape - from belo halfway up around the side, y know ? -";(she demonstrates with her fingers : -).

(Debates :'CACHESEXE,or Concerning Ladies' Unmentionables'. Shd one wear 'em short & snappy ? Or is a body=suit better ? (Martinchen dashes to the mirror at once,to admire her tender flanks : ? -)

ANN'EV' : " All that 'd pinch'n'pull too much between my legs. - ?-:Wow -"

(:'atyred ne with bokeram,ne with thilke chamlyt of swych the world so mickel hath,ne clad in fyn sendal, ne in embrouded taffata,...ne in baudekyn,ne in rich sylk,ne in costlewe velvet')

(she commends the latest, 'a gown for sickness and for show'):" like [redacted] the sunday-afternoon frocks a the bridesmaids of Fluppech : y kn see rite on thru to all a Paris & Metz !";('t's almost a shame t put it on when you'r all=alone).

MARTINA :"Ain't it the truth ?;not only ev'ry single male faculty=member,but also absolutely ev'ry man with n appreciation for beauty ought,at the véry site of it, t let n admiring 'Ohò !' escape his lips - (oh Martin!). N then you ask : why,weary of life, I'v become a marathon-sleeper ? Kn y picture it : the young maiden sitting here of n evening conversing with herself ?; counting the nails n the floor; then resuming her broodings ? (From belo come the re-discorded ideals a the pre-previous generation :MENDELSSOHN, 'the Italian'; all that damnd antediluvian dribble-ish - when godknows there's aural ambrosia enough...)";(she runs for the radio;and tries a coupla knobs:?...?-)

ANN'EV':" C'mon now, turn off the babble=machine. - :even tho y live here happy z a chaffinch : why just take a look around,all this cost a sou or three. (Ahyes;folks 'v gro'n spoild, n 'r too comf'table.). You'r loaded with books & pictures - sho me a few.";(but let me sit down first; 'm not feeling so hot...head's a bit fuzzy;(from this morning still)).

(They sit down on the couch in the corner (beside the south windo), both naked now. /Martina, the compleat 'hostess' pours the COLA with a nice poetic flourish. Brings out allsOrts of marzpantries. ('Cacahuete' ? :'Don't need t guess:'t's the same n French : cacahuète=peanut.'). Macaroons, and Namurs goodies... ?)

ANN'EV' (y never heard a them ?):" 'NAMUR' ? : those 'r the best pralin'ées n the world. (Ask for a cartong for Christmas; z a kadó.) ";(she points at a thick darkred luxury=volume : with lock; the lin'd cover yields to the pressure of her finger):

" 's it a foto-album ?"

MARTINA (blushing slitely):" Oh - just pen=play. -";(then,confidential):" My diarium,y know ? - When they let me take t my bed nimble & merry at ten in the evening : shd I just sit=there then,bragging to myself, or maybe tell my tales t the potbellyd stove ? (Not I !);n so, last year, I started in : '";(she sho's her a few pages: -,- (but only,by way of precaution, upside=down : 'Diary of a SuperGirl', Motto 'Nil sine me'.) - ?):" Oh;not just your av'rage chickadee memoirs, drowsyd up on slumber's doorstep while keeping the sandman at bay for a while : mania my most wombanly opinions find their way onto these pages without my internal beadle ever putting a damp-er on things : sometimes results n a crinkum-crankum that even I enjoy myself. - (?): Sure I use codes n [redacted] hoodwinks now'n'again;(or names that don't actually exist...)";(she looks all about her,and whispers solemnly):" 'HE' 's calld 'Mortimer' ! (I like t keep a good many secrets t myself -just n case One of Them shd stumble on it.) And for the benefit a their antiquated opinions concerning the more complicated virtues,why I serve 'em up with (underlin'd !) platitudes; so they kn lob off a slice or two for themselves - frexample, I term 'schooling' : 'hours wasted and forfeited to temporality, a trifling away of all lovely energies',and I round off the period with 'and these labours bring me but little more joy than does life itself !' - húh-uh :their hair shd stand up on end from the pure joy a reading it. (Once when She had particularly ril'd me, I wrote Her n anonymous letter - n then sat next t her,at breakfast; the way she got it & opend it up - she kept turning colors, red & white ! (As far z the Secrets of the Alcove were concernd, Eremburg helpt me out a bit that time - but next-time around We'll use a postcard))."

(Noo; the foto-album's over there... -:the likenesses a some a my relatives,(those that 'r the least disgusting). Here I am : a letter in one hand,a shoehorn in thother;(Pappanoster took it;said it was characteristic of me). (:'Nah;here I am with 2 rite hands;swollen thanx to a wasp !'). -

ANN'EV': " Y look lov'ly n this one here : in that black cassock;with the wide gold trim;(? around your neck & wrists, too ?); like a Russian shirt. - ?"

MARTINA (jumps up as if she's been electrocuted):" Say, kd I take a coupla shots [redacted] of with Yóu real quick ? (N some with

(:' 16.9. Drank too much sodypop,& had the hankrins.
17.9. Courtin at our place.One big bore. Yawnd in 'z Highnesses face.
18.9. Early prayr-meetin;then took t the sodypop. Big fussin & frettin with the boozhwazee.Sat next t the Hunggaryan at eatin time.
19.9. Ball.Wore my shammy dress.Went t the vawdvill in the evnin.(NB.The Hunggaryan askt fer a randyvoo.)
2o.9. He knelt next t me at prayr-meetin this mornin.Gave him my promiss.
21.9. NB.Evnin in the garden,didn't sleep a wink all nite.
22.9. Evry part a my body's all numbly-like. Prayd fer fergivness.
23.9. Fasted tday. Ate too much hommny & prayd the Lord's prayr 1o times over on accounta NB NB.
24.9. Plum-scard, prayd til [redacted] midnite.
25.9. Nb. Helpt heaps ! I'm z good z newborn,won't do it ever agin...')
'Life in Purgatory'.)

us=Both in it ?(N then both n the nude, what d'y say ?!)).";(she gets the cam'ra. She flashes & snaps. Also lets the delayd exposure hum - runs quickly over to Ann'Ev',and snuggles up - :'FLASHSNAP !'. - And 'Ooh ! : thanx a lot !')

ANN'EV' (moodily):" Don't mention it. -(?): Sure; that too. ";(to wit: take one of 'Her & Her Barrel'. Then):" What's thàt=thére ?";(=a whole ro of fine old leather-bound volumes; 9 of them;(some thick ones too,a good 1,ooo pages & more !)).

MARTINA(brings a couple over):" It's the 'PFAFF-Bible' - (?):round 176o. LUTHER=text;with loads of eccentric annotations. -(?):Oh;over 12,ooo normal pages,(à 32 lines,with 6o spaces t the line)."

(:'I am [redacted] like a bittern in the wilderness;I am like an owlet in the deserted cities.' PSALM 1o2=7)

ANN'EV' (op'ning up one of them,and reading silently. - Casually):" How did y come by all this book-dealer learning ? -:a course the 3 oldsters downstairs 'r forever giving y this stuff as a present, rite ?";('most of it's boring z hell' ? -):"No doubt. But on thother hand [redacted] 't's a great way to invest capital : these 'r almost certainly worth a coupla hundred marks by now,wdn't y say ?";(well,there y are. - Y got more stuff along this line ?)

(Welll - : n old deck a French playing-cards, 52 cards, Roi Dame & Valet. -(?):'nah they'r copper engravings,tinted: with sleigh= & boat=rides, Africans & plants, n such.' /LYDIA BAYER,'The European Dollhouse.' ;'there'r some like cupboards;or like houses on all sides;(n not just our simple 'parlors'./ 'The Busy Doll-Seamstress';with lots of illustrations,n color too;'and 1o pattern inserts : I us'd 'em t make things for my 'Barbie' lots a times.' /'MAY DAYS,Album of a Girl's World';articles by MARTIN GREIF,BODENSTEDT, wow FELIX DAHN ! / 'Martinas' unending : by FANNY LEWALD,('ooh,a jewish shiksa, round 18=fifty'). CLARA CRON,'Martina and Gertrud';('epistolary'.)/Here's the one by HUGO v.Langenstein: '31,ooo verse-lines. Round 1295 : she had t hold up under her 11 agonies,too,(just like me). Funny lists a things in it : of flowers,fabrix,stones,stars.' / She flops down into a rocking chair,'in the Green Corner')

MARTINA:"I inherited a whole closetfull of uncut English novels from my mildewd uncle. -(?)most of 'em from before 19oo,'The Poor Girls Preservative Against Popery',...(?):well not rite-out; but 'OUIDA' and the like : brr !."

('Pictures' ?;'yah;a whole coupla volumes :SEURAT;and OTTO MUELLER;'NEW OBJECTIVITY' and ALFRED SISLEY; GRANDVILLE,RICHTER,PIRANESI, CALLOT ('the St.Francis 's got n unpleasant face, don't y think ?' /HANS MEID-?-:'Too conventional.'/VAN GOGH,'Haystax':'Olmers says,if you'd cover up ev'rything 'xept the top= left corner,y 'd have a decent picture.'/ HANS VREDEMANN DE VRIES,'Allegory of Sin & Redemption' ? :'I really like it laid on thick brite n curly.And it's the background that always int'rests me most;(it's all the same t me what's up-close).'/ They Both bend over the MAGRITTE: -,-)

MARTINA: " Hé's good, don't y think ? : chic colors, his 'Grâces Naturelles';(I look at that sometimes for minutes on end). Or tward the back,his 'Empire des Lumières'. - (?)-: aeh, that's more for men, I'd say, that 'Magie Noire';(They=all 'v sat there n brooded over it, those Three=downstairs)."

ANN'EV' (uh-huh. But):"Here; this is good.";(UNOLD,Evening Walk'):" n even sign'd by the artist 'mself ?! - say,that's still the way it is nowadays;when the three of us 'd go out=strolling along the Tour Malakoff... -(?)-: ! Yes;thàt's splendid, too ! - ";(fascinated,she holds the sheet in both yello hands : DAVID ROBERTS,'Great Roman Aqueduct at Segovia' -): " That it kn be captur'd in black=&=white : THAT LIGHT ! - ";(n you'v got a whole portfolio of=these ?;(n they'r all signd by the artist,1835 ?!)): "Man, 't's worth a small fortune, something like that !";(she gazes,and murmurs).

MARTINA (dispassionate): "Yah; they'r continually latching onto such stuff. -(?): Hùh-uh : kn find Him n most any ref-'rents work. -(?):M=m;'xept for n insignificant piggybank I'v got no cash atall;(n it doesn't help much t 'pray' for money;I tried that myself once or twice z a child) : ah Sweet Money !,(n here you'r not suppos'd t love it !): some of this ought t be sold off.";(that is :t be honest I don't really need anything):" They give me presents : on my last birthday I got the electric typewriter,that I piddle around with sometimes;(but then I sure did enough honest mopedaling for it !). - Or when we got t logarithms in school, they saw to it that I, z a numb-erminded child, got 3 [redacted] diff'rent tables rite-off : the teacher went half-crazy with envy when he saw the one t ten-places !;(tss,whereas for our requirements the simplest slide rule's sufficient : in real life the third place 's never accurate t begin with !)";(she shakes her head, triumphantly=pleas'd touch't):" Take a look at this giant=teak=clothespin: for letters & such;(the Major had the 'NOT DONE YET' engrav'd n gold on it first thing.(At the start I scofft at it - weó is me !;he was only too rite)). - Or my digital watch;'s from A&O : He always manages t make a story out of ev'rything. '22 o'clock 22' : that'd be the 'Four Swans';that come swimming along on the (black) flood of time -(?):well,it had the advantage that I then turnd around n demanded my '4 swans' ev'ry ev'ning, (n kd stay up for 'em). - Say : what's the responts, actually, when Someone says 'Merci' t you ?"

ANN'EV' :" Y say 'serveece';(isn't that n your dikshunary ?[redacted] Or is it just too big t go looking?) -";(she slo'ly lets her face wander tward the windo : -):" - that's a spider plant; n that's 'lady's slipper'. (And that's n azalea;bloom n the winter.) - D'y happen t know what thàt=there's calld ? ";(that plant : its darkred leaves trimmd in brite green; and with long lite-blue panicles of blossoms):" sure 'v 'seen' it before. But never in bloom. (N I don't know the name either : ?)."

MARTINA (offhand):" A hybrid of coleus : n Indian labiate (oh Martin !) flower.";(? :Me ? 'learned' ? : 'm just putting that on ! stormily):" Wd y like a cutting ?! "

ANN'EV' ('m undomicil'd;(and possess Nothing nohow)):" Not even a hut made a broom. ";(n here you'v got a whole roomfull a magic furniture):" a nice comf'table fotell; y sleep in it like the Seven Sleepers of Hollerich. -(?)-:ooh,you ninny you ! : y only have to avoid making a follí."((?):of course 'the bitches';specially Grete there):" That's a real slit for y !;(what a sodee that [redacted] just was ! Back home we had our share of fam'ly=madness,too;but She goes too far.[redacted] I shd be your daddy : 'd give her some strokes a my martinni !";(y see,there's something else for your MARTINA=collection rite there.-(?) :means something like 'bully-whip'.)

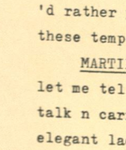
MARTINA (with ameekable glances):" Listen : Ann'Ev' - : kdn't y stay on here with Me ? That'd be such a life that all the trees a the forest 'd clap their hands ! -";(urgently prevailing on her):" A gentle little fire n the fireplace. Where we kd sit on the hearth n our shirts : read tgether,or hatch some evening=nonsents. (Outside white blossoms fall from heavenly.) I have, lordknows, no tendencies tward communism; but it'd be delitefull t share with you : 'In Eden Females sleep the winter in soft silken veils' !" (And here I don't even know what your full name is :? -)

ANN'EV' (with a wan smile):" Y mean we two people'd have our lux n common ? -(?): 'Bussiliat'. Havn't seen the (my) folks now for - oh; for a good three March heavens. -(?): 1 house in Luxemburg,Nr.17,on the Rue d'Étalle.And then another little one,for the summer, in Garnich z a matter a fact, where I was born.";(ah, you'v dug yourself out a map ?)

MARTINA (eagerly):" Yes;scale of 1oo,ooo; here it is here : y kn even see streets;just look: - ";((?):nah; from A&O : He left it lying out some time ago;n's already been brooding over it. Use the magnifying-glass : just lay it on top...)

(They put their heads tgether;Both naked,(for M has made herself comf'table too) -:? -: ! -)

ANN'EV' (in her languid way):" Look; there, top=left : that's the Belgian border already - no moren an hour's walk. - Ahyes;that's the church;(The rect'ry's on the Rue St. Hubert. (?): The little stream's the Mamer. -(?):There'r 2 cafés : René Müller,om the Rue de Cimetière ; n thother one's run by Madame Ehringer=Gretten,on the Rue des 3 Cantons : there it is. - Townhall n bank 'r on the Rue de l'École. The post office,too; (and the blacksmith, Wolff). Baker;carpenter;épiceries; 2 marchand=tailleurs. - Here's where Dr. René Kerschen lives on weekends (n during vacations) : a heart specialist; He's examin'd me z well;(n has a big practice in Luxemburg= City). -Oh;there'r sev'ral other streets : Rue de Holzem;Rue d'la Montée;Rue des tanneurs : that's 'Tanners Street';(Kahler,Hoehl,Nic.Arend - yeswell : 'and so on' 'd be n exaggeration; that's about it).";('Attractions ? : well,y can't expect all that much):"y kn take a walk up t the 'Red Cross[redacted] of Garnich' - on that hill there -";(she taps it with the point of her crayong :'!'. -?):" 't's not far into the city : 15 kilomètres. (Too many houses for me there sometimes even now - no air -.)"



(She lo'ers her brow;a slite frown,(from many mem'ries : the barrd windo,the hail rattling on the street before it. The matt green hands of the chesnuts,shiv'ring sluggishly in the rain.Once,of an evening,the fact'ry=glo : follo'd immediat'ly by litening figures kneeling among gray rags of clouds -). /Meanwhile Martina studies the map,her face full of import : there's a Dudelange;(yah, n a 'P[redacted]tange';(?:yah, a 'Gantenbein' ! (?):'t's a novel;I figur'd there was no such name.'). / (?)-:'Luxem[redacted]oon burg Station' is on the Louvigny. And the airport's calld 'Findel'. -(?):The 2 small rivers on which Lux.Lies 'r calld 'Pétrusse' & 'Alzette'(Debate : whether that comes from 'Ilse'). - 'Grand-duke's nam'd 'Jean';(birthday 5.1. : We always [redacted] celebrated it n school);and the escutcheon's a Red Lion;(the things you do want t know); Foreign Minister, and/or Prime Minister's Gaston Thorn.' - Supermarchés 'CACTUS'. 'ARBED' ? stands for 'Aciéries réunis de Burbach=Eich=Dudelange' -./ Martina snuggles up closer=delited;and ventures an inquiry :'?-')

ANN'EV' (with an earnest smile : y want t know [redacted] about my First Rendezvous ?):" The first time 'with consequences' y mean ? - That was during the Haystack Fair -(?): on the Champ de Foire;ev'rything's full a tents & booths then : starts on the 24th of August, n last 14 days. Raoulette & I -(?): just a schoolchum;I kn see her now still, always wore a chienne... (?):oh kinda pony=bangs. And Two Guys spoke to us -(we knew the One;from nite-school n the Atheneum)- n so first they took us t the Café Melusina n treated us t liquid refreshments, til it got dark. And then t the park around the Tour Jacob -,- " ;(she shrugs her (one kn tell now,in such close comparison to Martina) really quite broad shoulders; - y kn figure the rest):"First they fill your itchy ear with (murmerde) syruptitious names - that's all still poetics. Then comes the grab for your breasts; the first kiss in your cleavage, just a quick nibble;(n gooey sweat's already spreading o'er their brows). One inveigling word follo's another : what we judge t be the most=ev'ryday of our parts is the exclusiv'ly int'resting one for these barbarians of love : hairy at$\frac{t}{d}$ick ghouls, with their badly disguys'd prix, annoying Your nether parts. You get a fr$\frac{igh}{ui}$tfull grab n your curls,(where you'v got your flimsiest on anyway);then prepare yourself for the wurst. -";(head swaying):" What (most) men $\frac{want}{need}$ is not a selfreliant=assertive woman atall; but a love machine.";(t that extent y kd say that Olmers is perfectly rite t use his rubberdoll.)

MARTINA (who has listend breathlessly -(:I'll have my bottom reinforced before that !')- But):" No : I'v never had it done $\frac{to}{for}$ me.(In fact, never 'v even had one real good look at it, really !)."

ANN'EV' (that's a circumspeckt wish):" There mite be a remedy for that - n today yet. ";(comforting):" Nat'rally you 'v got t be helpt somehow : y can't be expected t repeal the laws a nature !"

MARTINCHEN (laying an embareasst hand at her misschief-maker[redacted] - well; it kn prob'ly be shar'd in rough outline with her Sister -): "Original sin torments me day in day out - that's roguish flesh there=belo the belt. N when 'm just sorta sitting=here, tête=à=tête with my discontent, n the moon's shining down on it -";(she stickles herself softly; and then goes on):" We have a kindev Debating=Club (for matters appertaining to all this), 'Parfait Amour', where nature's more gentle secrets 'r discusst - n t be frank all of 'em, from Ambushy to Green Ilse, to Paula(and Plumfuzz n any case !), admitted that they were CONversant with the Black Habit : that (as (s)teeming thoughts of a horny 15 minutes) they=all conjure up some diafunous magic=lad or other;n that that quite simply leads to a joy in which the body also participates,(and lets said=joy be made man-i-fest via all sortsa movements). -:?"(The Toyshop of their Hearts,POPE).

ANN'EV': " And even if you'd do it ev'ry day : 't wdn't be excessive. (Many women make do with it their whole-life-long; 'cause 'Male-Love' ? -";(she wags her head doubtfully):" aw g' on ! : I know the pri$\frac{c}{s}$e a thát stuff per pound !). - 'd rather you'd tell me something about your boyfriend,(& don't try n force it): is it merely one a these sesong=, one a these temporary=loves ?; or is it something serious ?";(go rite ahead n give full particulars : 'm all earlobes.)

MARTINA (breathing fast from the mind=gaminess,('Voi que sapete,qui cosa e amor')):" That's a demure n deliteful tale, let me tell y ! : We sit opposite each other n the train;lost in sighlents;infinitesimal eyeglings;(but inside We'r all-talk n carry on the most enchanting conversations with each other : aah,how just his hand causes me t rejoice !). A tall, elegant lad, created for my will... that is, actually not 'elegant' atall;(on the contrary, he goes around dresst pretty shabbily) : but physic'ly ! but mentally ! ";(Diantre; I want to enfold him in my $\frac{arm}{leg}$s til morning [redacted] breaks !;n even if I have t hold onto him with my teeth):"'m more curious about onev his kisses than I am about eternal blessedness : how I wd

hie me tward him, one shoe off,one shoe on - We wdn't be able t look at each other without instantaneous loss a reason - I'd die at the very-least !) - ahme,'d give my life savings t the Red Cross,(or t Cousteau) tday [redacted] : nòw I understand why 'ami=kuss' means the friend. (Ah,n here I still don't even have a picture of him, for kisses in effigie !)";(her wavings at the mirror simultaneously beckon & spurn :'!'. - More confidential):" Y know, up til now I had verylittle respect for myself -(n even now 'm still just the shadow of a sweetheart)- but since he started staring at me like that : with him as my fascinator ! : sheener to me seems all the sky & earth ! -".

(:'Thou my nightengales song,I thy sowles harpes soun.';MART.)

ANN'EV' (nodding to=her):" That's one a the prettiest oddities a your life : that months on end you two 'r wand'ring, as in a dream, tward that first kiss."

MARTINA :" Do y honestly think it mite come t that someday ? 't's a tremendously attachante idea for me - 'm just afraid that he'd be too shy to even kiss my sleeve !";(sighing):" Aah;early this morning, before my departure,I opend up the bible t receive some lite from above - : on the whole page there wasn't 1 explicable,associable passage;('ll never do it again; GOd's already swindl'd me too often n that regard).";(ohyes, one kiss. But I'd only want t let it happen thát way as a kindev poetic contingency):" How I'd fling myself into his arms ! Then fall upon his lov'ly neck...?"

(:'To eastern lands will I travel,
there dwells my own sweet dear;
over hill and over valley,
sheer over the heather,
there dwells my own sweet dear !

The sun's below the horizon;
the stars are twinkling so bright;
I know that I was with my dearest,
sheer over the heather,
within a garden this night.

The garden's closed and locked now,
and No one can come inside,
the nightingales excepted,
sheer over the heather,
who over the treetops glide.

The nightingale should be bound so
that head is attached to feet,
and then it cannot make public,
sheer over the heather,
what two lovers do when they meet.

'And if indeed you should bind me,
my heart is no less well-tuned;
and thus I still can tell how,
sheer over the heather,
two lovers received a death-wound.'').

ANN'EV' (smiling): "With your lips ?"

MARTINA (consid'ring):" Say now - that's a luminous idea ! (And at the same time look up into his nostrils !) -";(with lively amorousupPoses, heart-hitting gestures) :"I am in a measure inclin'd to encounter miracles... - ah,had I but a wee bundle a letters from him for starters; where I kd discern his sentiments,and recapitulate my own !"

ANN'EV' (somber): " He'll teach Your heart to break. - He will kiss your white soles for you,"('n smother things too',as you always put it):"They draw near to us with their lips; but their hearts are far from us. M=m; men aren't worth one red sou :'make love' - and I mean really make love with love !- not a one of 'em does it for y : so that you'r both the début & fin for Him all-n-one -(:n He for you, too !)- for that you'd have t die on tuppa each other. First time out."

MARTINA (protesting):" That's not true; (I $\frac{dàn't}{wón't}$ let it be true !). He sees only me, quiet as a monk,breathless with adoration;(n the reason he's so pale kn be trac't exclusiv'ly to his studies and abstinents;'cause literature 's his sweetheart)."(She at once runs up to the mirror, just to see what kind of an effect she mite have as the assistant in a poets' workshop :? -)

ANN'EV' (watching this nude miss with a weak smile : yes;you'v a rite snappy build):" As his 'muse' y mean. -(lecturing): "Male=love -(and n part female too, nowadays)- has fallen off into 2 extremes : the phantastick, and the senuous. Head=Eyes=Mouth, contra Rear=Belly=&=Legs;(while the mouth appears t do service n both regions): love approv'd by the Super Ego;and love approv'd by the Subconscious;(the Ego, aim= (help#?) less, as usual, proceeds mindlessly t choose anyol'thing; (n quite possibly ends up getting punisht by thother two levels)). "(She hums away darkly to herself. Then):" Love,in the sense you mean it, may occur 1ce ev'ry 1o years n this world - but it's heartbreakingly rare. Hasn't got any 'money', as (I recall) you'v already stated : ?".

(:'Parlez=moi d'amour; redites=moi des choses tendre;/votre beau discour mon coeur n'est pas las de l'entendre -')

MARTINA (wriggling her mouth):" M=m. Just the opposite ; poverty-stricken : lives $\frac{at}{with}$ his mother('s);n a tumble-down shack, neither fire nor waterproof. -(?): oh she's one a your horny civil-servant's wido's;(uppity demiwhore;with size 1o titts : these elderly wido's have some horrible ideas) : n I'm suppos'd to ask Hér for permission first ? - : ss=topp ! (An idea's just slunk up on me): 'll guarantee his mother's also been invited t that wedding t'morro (that I mentiond a while ago) : p'r'aps I'll see him then ! (Ah,the very tintinnabulation of his bicycle=bell 's soothing t my ear : 'd ride around the world with Him !)."

(:'Woe to those wanton widows who are dead while they live!'(i.TIM.V,6 & 11))

ANN'EV' (practical): " You'll have t buy yourselves a tandem : great for bicycling twosomes.";(Nat'rally you shd sit up front, - He's bound t be nearsited;n so You take command first thing):"Where some most=promising thicket crops up t one side, that's where you -(who'v long since planted a rubber n your bodice)- simulate a breakdown. Y insert it into you : set Him (still fearsome-heartedly striving to escape) down next t you. Begin t set his kiss-reflexes into action : y lay your bosom on his brow,(his mouth'll still remember where it's suppos'd t snuckle-up): You pull back, with rapid betwitching dismay, n then sit back up again rite away doubly $\frac{wi}{swe}$lling,(so that he fully appreciates the elasticity...)-"."((?): yóu'v got t warm up a fish z cold as thât : first soften up his heart;and then steal it.(It'll all work fast enough,don't worry.) -(?):The way the gizmo [redacted] works that shuts his kalsong? : y kn study that here at home,on the clothesline.)

MARTINA (with the demeanor of the crest-fallen):" Oh if only I had Him within reach : I'd bag Him, I would ! -";(she springs back up, and goes to her vanity):"Just look here : I'v always bought 2 bathroom glasses rite along,'MADAME' & 'MONSIEUR' - just imagine it : how Martin(n his pajamas:[redacted] oh I think 'll lose my mind,really !) 'd stand beside me then - We'd chat a bit : we'd exchange toothbrushes : ! a bun, that I had bitten [redacted] into, 'd be one of his dearest treasures,(for him,with his pretty tongue, t bite into after me) - oh,I kn hear his dithyrambs now ! -"

ANN'EV' (spares herself the psya=annotation to 'bite into a bun'(:'The crib's running after the $\frac{fodder}{foutre}$, is what they say in Garnich when the girls make avances [redacted] t the boys.)):"You'll get ((enough of !)) Him yet;'v already come up with n idea." (But):"C'mon; sho some viv now : We wanted t go for a quick dunk n the pond while the oldsters 'r all [redacted] still

wawing logs. - Oh,don't bother with a major change a clothes."

MARTINA (no moren a speedy bikini... / At the mirror; back over her shoulder):"First tho 'll sho y the whole geography a the house real=quick : the tender secrets of elegant domestic furnishings. -";(and once more to her contrefait (with its rite=left inversion)):"But you'r absolutely rite : 't's a rotten shame that one shd beshroud [redacted] something like this : oh Martin ! -";(She arranges her halter once again; and smoothes out the panties. - And then proceeds to the door, follo'd by ANN'EV',(Both on naked soles)).

(: 1.)'Except for my beloved herself, I know of nothing lovlier than her parlour in her absence.' TITIAN

2.)'She will fill her whole house with desirable goods, and her storehouses with her offspring.' SIRACH i=18,(2nd version).)

Scene 19

(Martina,then, in yello bikini;Ann' Ev' i de bare ingen:they come out of the door to M's room - :? -)

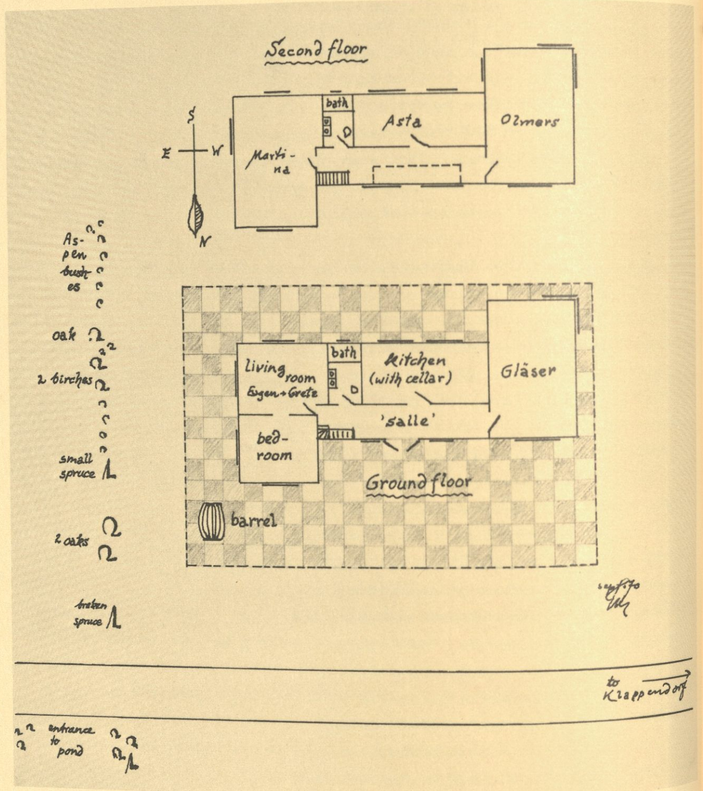
MARTINA: "Rite=next t me,bath (& toilet)-" ;(she opens the door to it,and points):"This 's the 'Blue' one";(there's another rite belo it, til'd n yello;but y know that):"chic mirror, don't y think ? ('Avoidants of Rite Angles':My idée.) And the tub : for TWO, hûh ! : -"

ANN'EV'(appending):"'Oh, Martin !' - :(mite I real quick ? Look elsewhere for the durants.)";(she proudly takes her place on the blue seat :----(a fine spray;a sobbing flush ----))

MARTINA (in love):"Here; use my sponge -."

ANN'EV'(gives a hasty swipe;from back to front. - Then,as they depart, shaking her head):"I have trouble getting us't t doors. -"(She glances briefly over the rail,down into the 'salle':-?-)

MARTINA(infronta the next door:"This is Asta's -"; (she gives 1 short rap): "I prefer t knock rather than surprise Somebody n the midst of n evil deed. ";(Nah;Nobody home. -(?)-):"Noo; I mostly address her as 'ma'am';I'v run up against too many unpleasantnesses with Hér. - All the big-bellyd stoves 'r already rejoicing that their innards 'll soon be warmd up again." (M=m:a deep meaning lies in the adage 'You kn gro older & grayer; but y can't gro cheekier':[redacted] 's better at seeing her finger in her neighbor's eye, than the mast in her own !)



ANN'EV' (as they exit):" But she's plenty stable, tho;(Egg'll have both hands full with her). - ?: Telefone ringing.?"

MARTINA (imperturbably : 'll stop soon enough):"Here's Uncle Olmers' : kn hardly budge for the books.";(besides these only a wardrobe,towtch and desk... -:ah,I'v got t... she moves to the desk;mutt'ring):"Ugh, another one a those mousey-colord felt-tips - tss,They all have such a fuzzypeakt handwriting,with nasty letters;(well,fits their sad disjointed dev'lish lives) -";(she makes a note for him :'In PFAFF, VIII, p.942 a : the two partial-columns should be reverst.'. She remarks to

Ann'Ev'):"Little gloss like that 's a wonderworker for Them. -(?): Oh;y kn detect diff'rent editions that way sometimes;or pirated= & reprinted versions : 'm sure t get a mark for it.";(that is t say,[redacted] here recently he tried t palm off a petrifyd sea-urchin on me. Tss; 'Barby' from 'The Girl of the Black Forest': does old panty-bags really imagine She'd give him earnest consideration ?;(won't be long before the ollady, the racy witch n the story, 'll be too good for Him !)).

ANN'EV' (likewise sho'ing viper-fangs):" Him with his greasy coll. -";(but then more equitably):" Ahwell;One has t bear up under n awful lot before One dies of old age. - Does he make unreasonable demands of you ?"

MARTINA (what d' you think !):" What these old iniquities, these ic't-over postsexagenarians with their creaking bods, what they expect of a person ! : I long ago returnd from the realms a the sublime, ever since I took to living in this house ! : for ev'ry single mark you'r expected t sit on the olboys' laps z a thank-you ! ";(n then their manners):"Forever alternating between tim'rous n grouchy, eager n distracted : n just because they kn manage on n unnaturally small amount a sleep, they disturb other folks during the sleeping-hours a the day - nah: not in my linge !"

ANN'EV' (shrugging coldly):" If they pay good ? - : wash your mouth out when it's over, and spit the kiss out."; (shrugging a second time):" 'Gardienne for mononk' : 't's never a pleasure;but sometimes lucrative. - :where do these stairs lead to ?"

MARTINA (bobbing on up ahead):" Ohyàh : c'mon up onto the roof : 't's alota fun !";(:'attic' from 'attikuss'.)

(Verily good thing ! - :At ev'ry corner of the railing sits a sparro. /Out of a deepblue sky the sun's hammering sô hard that M curses her bathingsuit anew,(and wd gladly lay hands on herself). / Lov'ly view to the East; thru the little ro a trees, strait to the hillahay : where Egg,with lazy reluctants, is making a few notes. BM sits behind his sack;and only occasionally farts up from under his balls./On the veranda=belo ? - : Eugen and A&O 'v yielded to 'temps-tation' (as AE puts it)./ In the West, tuckt up in its horshoe, the swimming=hole - (but it's too=full to still be human(e) :Ev'ryone's making the most of the nice weather.(:'We'll go here, to Our Pond'.). Along the brook the 'pompyay' 'r practising.)

MARTINA (finishing off the panorama):" N there goes a plowman;(or whatever sort a creature that may be).";(she points with her chin):"The sparro'grass-forest over at Kaufmann's : the delicate foliage, the red berries; 'll make a pretty bouquet in a big vase : let's not forget t go pick it;(before he hacks it off,with his sickle)." (Extoling on):" Here y kn see the cranes fly over. (And/or, when We'r sunbathing n the nude, the helicopters : til they run out a gas !)." (Whoo,t say nothing of the warm nites !):" Cynthia, her manteau pinn'd awry -(Olmers calls it 'half baldy half canoe'; A&O calls the real young one 'gondola with ashen=sails'...(?):Me? - Oh : pointy=ear; or when it lets its dainty little mouth hang open t the stars) - when it's balmy;n you'r lying on your back - : y kn see the shooting-stars !";(suddenly she lays a hand to her mouth : -):" What 'm I thinking of rite now ? -"

[redacted] ANN'EV' (affectionate=mockingly):" Hey, 'll never guess that - p'r'aps of Ô=é=forrè. Or chriscrispies -"; (She hesitates,too. And then explains why : wanted t talk about something entírely=diff'rent;n then landed by 'water=&= woods± ne'ertheless(=ø); n 'rise=crisply' means'climb up on';(or,even nicer 'as-send into heaven'); she shakes her head at herself. - Then,more critic'ly):" By the way y have n invisible mountain here -";(she points beyond the village, tward SSW; and describes it : fairly high as a mattera fact; and with a glacierd flank).

MARTINA (uncomprehending : don't see nothin'. Besides):" 'm against all things alpine : their peaks just wound the view of the trav'ler. - But I háve thought of that before sometimes : how it mite 'v lookt n Klappendorf a thousand years ago - maybe there, where your barrel is now, there was a nest of bitterns ? Or somebody buryd a potfull a gold : real=ancient;so that nobody kn decipher the features anymore -";(she quickly gives the older girl a hug[redacted]. (Abasht):" Now I'v - more or less - gone n calld you my 'treasure' ! -"

ANN'EV' (Merci for your good opinion. But that's ascertainable -):" - ?! - ";(she [redacted] stares in the barrel's direction for a moment :? - Slo'ly):" There's some sortev metal object lying [redacted] nfrontev it...not deep atall... - : something small=&=round -";(she passes her hand before her face. She murmurs):" One often travels thru strange landscapes -".

(Martina - who still has youth's craving for motion;(and knows the territory by heart) - springs back down thru the open trapdoor : then down the stairs - : and the next flite; to the groundfloor ! -)

ANN'EV'(folding with measur'd steps):" Y do that kattrakatt;(y in súch a hurry ?). -";(belo, in the 'salle',she looks about her annoyd):"'v had t look at so many people (feel 'em, even !),that I kdn't put up with furniture n my room anymore"

MARTINA (op'ning the door to Eugen=Grete's suite):" N here they sit, n play at gruesome matrimony : I call it the 'cold-storage room' : thèy'r constantly at odds ! ";((?) : aw g'on !):"Someone just needs t mention the word 'Mother' n I kd bite him ! -(?): Nò=sir !; she thrasht me too much n days goneby for that;z soon as she kd catch me alone :'ll never forgive her that ! - not if I outlive eternity by a year."(At nite in bed I us't t sketch out the whole thing : how I'd cut off her head with my scissors;n then stash her beneath the moor - We'v got a pretty swamp not a quarter of n hour from here ! - Suddenly she claps her girlish hands tgether :'!' : Here !):"Just imagine : last summer when we 'd just put a fresh coat a paint on the entry - : what 'd I find the next morning but a l'll mouse stuck fast in his tracks ! I very carefully liberated him;washt his teeny feet; fed him - :n the next day there he lay dead n his box !";((?):Did I wish the Lady=Rat 'd go t Hellespont; you bet !)

(And there they stand and look around : ? - pfff : fairly nondescript wallpaper. (?:it's descripter in the bedroom ?;ahà). Another Large Til'd Stove;(:'Kn easily be switcht over t coal : oil's getting moren more expensive & scarce.') A bouquet : colors brite & turbulent, practic'ly jostling each other out of the way ! Above (his) desk an attractive old engraving : PIRANESI,'Arco di Galieno'; on the desktop the beginnings of a letter;(:?-:'That's Her damnd neatsy handwriting;(:she kn go freeze herself !).'

MARTINA (she pushes the door (just ajar) to the next room open with her knee : !-):" N here's the arena where decrepitude copulates."(On his nitestand a coupla ball-warmers; on hers smotherknots & spare=pussy,(eyelashes,hair-piece and fingernails)):"What's she reading this time ? - : thère : sl¤p'ry, fickle material !";(from 'mater' : well,'ll let Her know lateron what price lite-bulbs go for !):" Look at that : written rite out !,(the one with 'f...' !)."

ANN'EV' (shrugging):"('t's en vogue nowadays.)When people 'r n love they bump bellies tgether."

MARTINA (doubtfull):" Y mean ? - the activities n such a marriage bed must resemble those at the bottom a the sea. What is it my PFAFF says ? : a 'stinking=brood' (+ 'brute')'of lewd desires' :'cloak of wickedness' :'cesspool of bestial lasciviousness' !";(:oh Martin ! - She points to the vanity : !):"I saw her there - (?:thru the windo) - sitting with her legs spread way=out & 'stirbating : was She efur wiggling her hips !"(n all the while twaddling with some invisible 'Funky' : that he shd go 'deeper !' - (poor pops : Hé's a kokú I dunno howmanytimes over).- She opens one a the doors of a cabinet:?-:- Here):" She's got n electric 'breast=shaper' - (z if her udder weren't big enough alrèady !) - ";(shaking her head wisely):" I'v always figur'd : the electric buzzing & massaging turns her on. -(?): she had another one before, that y connected t the tap: did she ever do some itchaculating thên !";(I often us't to erupt in secret curses & practic't ghastly imprecations t try n metamorphosize people or objects - but it never workt. (Let's go; only gets my dander up,))

(You'r familiar with the famous 'salle' already. / Here,on the lf, 'nother bath;just like upstairs;('xept, a course,in [redacted] yello.(And a 'bidet' thro'n in; nâ=turally;(oh,will I ever cramp Your style n eternity !). / The kitchen : more 'oppressive splendor' : whate'er the heart desires in applyances ! Dishwashers,ice-box-es & electric-ranges. Built-in cabinets, mixers & juicers. - a nice breakfast nook : corner-bench in yello & blue; table and 2 chairs to match. /Directly belo the large long=cellar - (they only peer down into it from above:?) - : jeering at hunger,the hams dangle from the ceiling; huge hardblack sausages. Stax of cann'd goods. A big heap of p'tatoes. Bottles in all sizes;on up to the 3o=liter balloon full of brandy. (:'The provisioning's the Major's job :'like n a Norwegian support-base',he always says. (Was up there n the arctic circle for 3 years,z batt'ry-commander.).') She lets the trapdoor [redacted] down.)/Back in the 'salle' -).

MARTINA (playing innocent):"N finally here=then - ";(she runs ahead. At the door):" Havn't been t see Him all day - (?): aw c'mon. - :plant yourself n that big reclining=chair there;you'll fall asleep in no time...:y just have t lean on back;the footstool comes up n front - ";(she demonstrates. - But jumps rite back up again : -)

(They walk along the ro's of books -,- (:Lotsev='xpensive items here too; totally diff'rent from Olmers=the=Ogre's, however : chosen more for their poetic useful= & whimsicalness.'):the thick quartos of the 'Monde Primitif'; a great deal of English,(lov'ly=old editions of 'Spectator' & 'Tatler' & 'Guardian'; of George CRABBE; the Victorians...) - :? -

MARTINA : " M=m : to appeal t Him I'd have t be a book & 2oo years old;(or poor & crippl'd, his inclinations 'r so pe-culiar).";((?): 'old gentlemannerly', ohsure, for the mostpart still. But):" He's rite thick=&=spong'y ne'ertheless;(with silkengray mohair round the base of his peter) - ?";(at which she clantestingly watches AE :?)

but ANN'EV' (wd rather finger ev'rything; astonisht at somany unknown chambers. - Then however):" It is the disintegra-tion of a great body that has sacrific't itself for something. : 'cause He is kellkurn, isn't he ?";(more severe):" Why do y always speak of Him so offhandedly ?",

MARTINA (ooh, only for wantonness. She gets up on her nimble tippytoes, and pulls out a beautiful=blue book : have y ever read this ?):" Never 'v I sens't so=completely how blissfully happy one kn be without religion : if hè's -"(she points to the author's name):" n atheist, then the devil must be a totally=diff'rent fello from what We'r led t believe !"

ANN'EV' (hasn't taken her eyes off her face during this maneuver...? She asks in a monotone):" Do yóu know anything about -,- about BULWER COLLINS COOPER?-(?: I see the names n your head.).";(she turns round to the BOSCH on the wall; she murmurs): " I had already sens't it...before... - ";(she stares once again into the brite=slender throng: -):"Not a single (craftily manufactur'd)utensil;not a tool, let alone a machine..."

MARTINA (with the equamnity of habit):" Yes; that's the 'Sukhavati', the 'Paradise of the West';"((?): well,somesorta=Buddhism : I know it from 'The Pilgrim Kamanita'. Shrugging one shoulder):" 'Avalon' too f'rall I care.";(and):" No utensils' ? But I kn see allsortsev [redacted] GLÄSSy items : vases; and tubes. -";(After brief hesitation,her mouth at AE's ear :'.....'- : '....,..... !'):"But y don't dare tell Anyone,hear ? -(?): Nósir;[redacted] not like your practic'ly unpublisht Egg : a real=famous one. Who wasn't able t get across the street safely without his admiresses stripping him naked.";(but that's only just my way a putting=it;n reality he's always held himself stiffly n the background - :?(she's amaz'd at her-self :did I just convey the idea that he's always held his 'stiffer' back ?! Ohh ![redacted] (Had his name chang'd.)))

ANN'EV' (nodding somberly :ergo mitey in Never=Existents ? Speaking with a guarded mouth):" I sens't something like= that already t'day. -(?): thêre;it was something about the picture. That's Mshunia Kushta;and my double is in it - ";(she points to her):" Her=there; the One lying down.";(she mutters to herself):" Soo thàt's=why ?!...";(she lets her head hang down; sighs. -(?)- Looking up distractedly:'You don't believe it' ? I don't like t do it. -):" Look there . - :'!'"

(She first points to herself with her rite indexfinger :'!' - whereupon the man=beside her, with the shimm'ring-blue blossom= (not 'shell' !) =cap, lifts himself up a bit on his elbo's; and turns his head inquisitiv'ly around (as if calld) :'!' - :he has A&O's face;only a good many years younger. And the little maid beside=him waves and nods eagerly now, too :'`- / Brief quiet pause.)

then MARTINA (waking, affectedly):" Pff. Aeh. - (That was some G=willies feeling just then - : kd 'v sworn they mov'd !). Funny.";(herself again : The one y call 'your sister in MK'):"Do y mean to imply sorteva...";(her gaze falls on the cal-endar,'October 2' :'GUARDIAN ANGELS' ! - taken aback):"...imagine that : here I was just about t say 'Guardian-angel' - n there it stands n print already ! - Hm;-";(thinking hard):"-but n that case y wdn't 'v said 'double' before. The biblical angels moren likely don't resemble their guardees...";(or wait ! What 'm I thinking of ?! (Just a quick dash t the NT here...(oh, blessed is the house in which so many bibles'r floating around !)...

(:'The conception of a man having an angel is re-markable.Every person has,according to the Jewish view, his angel,his guardian spirit,(cf.Mt,18=1o). This guardian angel,we may conclude from this pas-sage,is outwardly similar in form to his ward, or can make himself similar to him...' JOH.WEISS;NT with running commentary.)

here: ACTS xii : where they assume Peter's n prison. And he raps at the door. And the damsel,this Rhoda, flits on out;-;n reports back t the ones inside. And now Verse 15: 'And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel.'. Well just look at it : that's one most=revéaling piece a superstition;(a which this NT is rather full gen'rally speaking - they simply don't call the passages t your attention n

school : or when Paul allows 'em t baptize the dead : that's another cracker-jack passage !) "

ANN'EV' (demuring):" We don't have much t do with 'christians'.";(but t get back t your A&O[redacted]. -Ruminating):" Accord-ing t that, then, he had it bad when it came to 'Love'...(?):Well, back then, when He was young and he alone knew what he was; he presumably just lookt pitiful & funny,n if He fell for Someone, at best she just made fun of Him;(because he wasn't rich or famous enough for her). And now he's famous;n still can't find Anyone,(and is still made fun of), because he's old & us'd. -";(she nods cheerlessly. -(?)-:yes;I kn lay me down n his chair. She stretches herself out;and relaxes, an Allego-ry of 'reclining' -)

and MARTINA,too (standing beside her,very much in a brown study,regards AE's yello aByssus=sward : ? - and how mite a shrunken leadengray pouch match it : ??. - Hm. She takes heart again,however):" May I tell you ? -:You'r just z much n ob-ject a His devotion as I am a my bo's. - : Of A&O's : you'v long since become the apbelle of his eye. - C'mon; Let's stare him over our way !";(she lays her fists crosst upon her breast,and gazes out the windo - over to=where Eugen and A&O are sitting beside the table and dosing :! -)

ANN'EV' (a bit annoyd):" Please allow my heart to escape your no(sy)tice. -";(more cordial again):" You out to earn yourself a [redacted] lyons shawl ?!;((?):they us't t give 'em t the pandars & matchmakers. -)

(Outside A&O has rais'd his head. He massages his eyes with his indexfingertips. Then stands up;and stretches his elbo's a bit. Looks down at Eugen,still emitting military grunts. And then, as racket-lessly as he knows how, walks tward the house.../-,-. / - : -)

A&O (:whoops ! Oh,please):" Don't let me disturb you; - ;just wanted t look up...";(he checks himself for 1/3 sec : to learn the tableau in his armchair by heart:- (and makes such hungry eyes doing so that /M notices it;and nudges AE meaning-fully with her elbo :!/ which in turn Hé observes, and 'barks' at M):" Wéllnow ?;do y call that fe(y)moral, t sprawl your=self(=legs) out like that ?: don't y know that mendacious ladies with heavy lipstick 'r usually stricken from the will ?"

MARTINA :" What else do y expect from heavy lipstick ?";(n bytheby my lips are naturally cherry-red. Majestic): "It is Our intent, however, to adorn your chambers for but some few moments. (You ought rather to consider the gifts due your guests !). And entertain such lov'ly visitors with all due gallantry. - : what'r y up to thêre ?"

A&O : " I'm just laying out n opend copy a DÄUBLER on the windo-sill aheada time : so that the moon kn read from it -";(and hold down the page with a brass-weight, 125 g...)

MARTINA (sho'ing one of them to Ann'Ev' at once):" Hey look : ain't that sweet ?;these wreaths from the stampt-on gauge-marks - (from 1921 on, til '67;ev'ry single date(ie only the odd years,tho)) - ah: the quantities of sugar they must 'v weighd !";(turning to the serene=naked Ann'Ev'):" I have, y see, a decided weakness for sugar - tss ohlord : is there not some well-meaning soul here who'll interrupt me before I unburden myself of yet more nonsents ? -";(curious to A&O,who has mutely handed over 2 sheets of paper to her):"'s this for me ? -"

(Why sure. / Here on the first page, 15 mini=illustrations of - welll;people like myself 'd say 'modern' - painters, with typical examples;that y kn use for memorizing & recognizing the 'manner' of each of 'em rite off : this is typical=NOLDE. Here's MACKE. KANDINSKY. MAX ERNST,his style precisely. [redacted] BAUMEISTER. 'Francey reclining',by HECKEL...

MARTINA (piqu't):" I mean thàt's really a lo=blo : t paint your sweetheart t look like thât ! (She shd'v metamorpho-siz'd herself into thàt rite then=&=there,n He'd 'v had t marry her !).";(HOFER, and SCHLEMMER, oh yah, I know them : thanx alot;that's practical, a kind of analysis chart. - And whom do We have here ?) -

(They,(and AE as well) gaze int'restedly at CRANACH's 'Sybille von Cleve'... - /:'Take a look at that : from fifteen=fifty & is she ever dolld-up !'/:'That jéw'lry ! (And this sneaky florfrill between her necklace n where her bosom takes over !). /:'The long-hairdo comes off rite modern tho. But that horny little antenna on her forehead (n 'll guarantee she's wearing make-up !) : 't's made a gold= & silver filigree !'/'And that skinny & yet pudgy mug : checkout the mouth ! With those brows set so hi=&=saucy over her eyes.)'

MARTINA(reproachfully to A&O):"And thât's=what suits your taste ?:ought t be asham'd !";(n sho'ing it to Us besides !)

A&O (unruffl'd):" Not n the least, my sweetest : merely for your collection;and as n invaluable study in costume. - But that'd hardly int'rest You -";(to AE):" - n surely bore You z well - : I wanted t look up a coupla trees in my RUMPH (Rumpf ?); -(?):an elder botanist,'Herbarium Amboinense' - those 6 folios there;(publisht around 174o=5o). He (1627-17o2) had the very best opportunity t study Indonesian flora;was for many years the Dutch minister-'n-residents there;and his books 'r so chockfull a fine things that they were quoted for 1oo years afterwards, n he went down in (scholarly) history with the most worthy title of 'Plinius indicus'."(Went blind in old age then;n all his collections were burnt-up n a fire - tragic. -(?):'where this Amboina mite lie ?):"Look in your school atlas under the 'Moluccas'."(In case it's not on the map , y kn come back t me. -(?): Rumph :'R'u'm'p'h'. ('Rumpffsweg' omyyes thàt too!/THE THREE TREES:

1) the cultivated Jd:

Leaves oval=pointed,short lateral clus-ters,fruit reverse oval.Arabs & Persians call these fruits 'Indian apples';but their closest relatives are the mango-steens,& they are patently preferable to the durians;for the appearance gladdens mankind even as do the odor & taste;there are both wild & cultivated J. The latter is the size of an apple-tree with a dainty but regular,roundish crown & shiny dark-green foliage,so dense that one can not see a man sitting on one of the branches;the leaves a span or foot in length,and 1 1/2 hands broad,sourish

the red Sr=a:

Branches quadrate,leaves elongated=oval, flowers of six segments,with as many petals,berries spherical,with very long pistils.East Indies,Moluccas & New Guin-ea. A tree fairly similar to the former, but smaller,rather like an apple-tree which lets roots drop down from its stem & branches,like the mangrove,&also grows in swampy land in river estuaries;wood white &very hard,branches quadrate & al-most alated,but of irregular width;leav-es 6"long, 4"wide & pinnate,with oval, prickly & unspotted reverse;blossoms much as with Jv.a single one at the end,

the common Ps.pyr :

Leaves pointed=elliptical,ribs projecting & fuzzy beneath;pedicles short & with one bud,with pear-shaped fruits.Originally in the West Indies & all of South America; thence to Africa & India,planted every-where as a fruit tree,even from time to time in southern Europe,where it does in fact yield fruit with perfect seed.A tree rather like an apple-tree,about 2o' high; sprouts typically with 3 crooked stems,& if it has but one,it is nevertheless only man-high & crooked,1 /2 ' thick,with but a few branches,tho long & flexible,that do not snap when one bends them from the

& acid. The flowers look like those of the apple;but are much larger,bright red,with a large pistil of red filaments on which are lead-grey anthera;at evening they fall off & cover the earth,as if it had been strewn with roses.The fruit is similar to a red,longish-round apple, or perhaps more to a peach;but is not as smooth,& has 4 nodes with a butt;(however, there are also whitish & striped specimens as well).The skin is quite thin,so that one need not peel it;the flesh is coarse as in peaches,& within is a large,woody & unpleasant tasting pit,which rattles (in some fruits are 2 or 3;but sometimes it is quite empty): the smaller this pit,the better the fruit. This later smells as pleasant as rosewater,& tastes agreeably sweet & sour,so that one cannot desist from eating. It is a most nourishing fruit,particularly in cases of acute illness;also thirst-quenching for travelers.It blooms somewhat irregularly,but most usually in the rainy months,June & July,when the leaves are lost & new yellowish ones follow;& very soon thereafter comes such a wealth of blossoms that from a distance the tree looks quite purple; the fruits ripen in December & January,but this may last into May.The wood,tho hard, is not useful for building purposes because of its wetness;the bark smooth & grey;generally planted around houses & in the lanes at house entrances,for it gives much shade;but at night it is irksome because of noisy bats who are most keen for the fruit;it is thus customary to cover the tree with a net;there are, moreover,not all too many of them. The fruit is normally eaten raw,but also dried & cooked with sugar & wine. Should the fruit grow overripe,maggots creep into it, & in the pith a small black beetle develops which flies away when the fruit is cut open. Seeds are disseminated more by the bats than by any planting the lazy inhabitants may do.

calyx with 6 stiff pointed & starshaped sepals,likewise 6 small tapering lovely carmine-red petals,together with a great number of red filaments,without odor;the berry resembles a squashed apple,greenish, with a long style, is almost completely independent;the flesh white & juicy,very sour,so similar in both color & odor to old cheese that one thinks that that is what one smells when walking under the tree;is divided into 24 compartments by very thin skin;in each compartment a blisterlike tissue that contains a sour juice, therein lie several white,cornered seeds. The tree is likewise full of parasitic plants;it bears in August from its 4th to 2oth years.The leaves are also cooked with fish; the half-opened blossoms are worn in the hair;to do this the red filaments are pressed down by two small sticks laid crosswise thru the green sepals;(the goldsmiths imitate this hair adornment). The ripe fruits are cut into pieces & eaten raw,also cooked with fish,(the broth however turns black); the juice is pressed & mixed with honey as a remedy for milkthrush in children,& to ease acute fever in illness; the broken leaves when used as a compress on a shaven head relieve the babblings & aid the sleep of the seriously ill. In the tree live a great many thick caterpillars whose weavings hang so densely from the branches that many people are led to believe it is a fruit;(it is a moth with resemblance to those which yield the bengal silk gingham)./(A related variety): They are useless except for foolish jokes; whereby the fine hair of the shell is scraped off and put by in bamboo containers or paper bags,& when the occasion arises this is blown into someone's clothes or strewn in his bed,which causes an unbearable itching,vexation,frequently arguments & brawls;(similar pranks are played in Europe with pulverized amianthus,which thus also carries the name maiden's-weed).If one washes,matters only become worse;oil or dry ashes ease the pain,however,(If it has recently rained,one may not in fact bathe in those rivers along which this tree grows.)

top down to the ground;the smallest branches can bear a youth. The bark is smooth & reddish& the outer skin is removed easily;the branches green,quadrate,& almost alated;leaves elliptical, 3-4"long,1 1/2-2 wide,coarse,a bit curly &pinnate,smell like hay;blossoms white & odorless,a bit larger than apple-blossoms,solitary,or 2 to 3 opposite in the axilla,with 4 to 5 petals;the fruit in shape& size like an average pear,but rough & somewhat thicker at the stem, straw-yellow. a thin skin that one need not peel when eating,above a butt as with the J.;flesh white & juicy,as in a quince,half a finger thick,the rest a clump of hard seeds,sweet & tasty,without acidity,but dry rather like a pear or baked quince;has the odor of hay as well,the smell remaining in the mouth for a long while & filling the whole room.One does not let them ripen completely,partly because the bats eat them, partly because they are then drier & do not taste as good. They are good eaten raw;but one is quickly sated & they are costive;are best first thing of a morning or after breakfast;steamed with spanish wine& sugar,they make a good dish ;roasted in ashes for diarrhoea;also tarts & preserves are made from them. Does not grow wild in the East Indies, but easily planted in gardens & before houses,either by seeds or cuttings, but found only in areas where Europeans live,since they are believed to have been imported from Peru;it bears already from its 3rd year on,over 3o years long;blooms at the end of the rainy season,& bears on thru all dry months, even into May & June.(There is another variety with smaller & rouhder fruits, that are much juicier & tastier,almost like sugar pears.) The unripe fruits for dysentery;likewise bark,roots & leaves,& for the general invigoration of the digestive organs;often in baths for skin diseases.The branches are mostly cut for fencing;yields good firewood.

(A&O's glances have repeatedly wandered to the maiden -(She does lie there in the chair so beautif'ly :long & slender,(but with broad shoulders !))- and also to the (rather uncanny) fruit lying on his desk, (:'Whatever will gro from it?'). - He closes the book now;('too=boring' correct ?)

MARTINA (ohh,'ll do): " Nothing but après-cuddles, huh ?;(otherwise I wdn't give y much t be relocated n some other clime, with scratchy trees a that sort - but,as I'v mentiond, one does miss the dear=sweet fruit at wintertide,when the sun's half-dead.(Only the moon doesn't forget us.)) ";(she bounces up : 'd rather be sedentary & [redacted] sleepy=creative than mobile & slyly=thievish. To A&O)"Don't flatter yourself that you'll soon be rid a me : 'll check rite back in n a moment.";(just want real quick...shed... - she pulls AE along with her.)

(In the sturdy but not all-too-big shed; (the key, a long skinny creature,with a curly beard, apparently doesn't open up all that willingly) -/ :Axes & hammers, with handles of hornbeam & hickory. A darling little (electric) buzz=saw. Spades & rakes (harro's). /'Underneath the backwall 's where the big oil tank (3o,ooo liters !) is buryd. But we want t buy coal now too,n addition.')

ANN'EV': " My dad told about how they us'd tanbark=cakes t heat with n the War of 194o.";(thus she nods knowingly at the l'll cache of oldpapers & wood (for kindling) lying at the ready.)

(This tap here ?-:'It's a branch a the deep-bore : We have our veryown waterworks n the house,see !' Comes up on its own from a depth a 75 m, plus 12° C;we bor'd it just last year n January,took less'n 6 hours. - (?): a very=thin layer of soil (3o cm or so);then 2o m a sand; then,between 2o-45 m a clay; then sand again,alternat'ly fine & coarse : the Major prepar'd a complete vertical transverse section from all the samples at each level : looks neat.' /Say,that's a rarity : fir planking gro'n so hard : y can't drive a nail into it ! (Dulls the carpenter's saw worsen oak !)

MARTINA (with pathos):" Alas !; what do I see ?! -";(she pretends as if she's been forc't to stand and look at the grain,her hands splayd before her : ! - (?): justlook : n that reminds you of 'artesian wells' ?:which isn't all that mucheva diffur-ends. (The cellar, back n the house, is 'bomb-proof' by the way;the Major saw t that.))

ANN'EV' (nodding knowingly):"Serves as n abri,huh ? ";(n one shdn't do any foolish (=unnecessary) 'nailing' anyhow: so that the sound doesn't get stuck n the wood. Thoughtful):" So you'v got very=very pure water ? (N in any amount,too ?;ah.)"

MARTINA (mistress of transitions):" Uh-húh; the bushes n trees here 'd sure begin t notice it,too,if A&O 'd ever die : He's the one who most often gives 'em something t drink. -";(urgent):"Listen, Ann'Ev', n please be absolutely honest : which a the 3 men a the house here, [redacted] do y find most t your liking ?"

ANN'EV'(slitely annoyd : You move z fast as if y were on roulettes !. - But then with some thought):" The most interesting - in ev'ry sortev way - is naturally A&O. -"

MARTINA (at once):" You shall have him ! ";((?): 'Boaz', in the book a 'Ruth', He was alot older, too : y simply have t walk=upto him,n rejoice before his face.)

ANN'EV' (mocking : certainly;when the dead bear children... - but Her glants is frozen;her arm points to : ? : ! -)

MARTINA (Who doesn't catch on):" Yah, rite, a apple-crate. From our grocer=here. -(?): What ?;that's where You want t go ?! -";(hesitating):" I once ownd a painted platypus. - (?) Never mind : I'll call 'em myself."

'Red Ribbon'
HAWKER & SHADFORTH
Hobart
TASMANIA

(Egg & Bm namely. Who, in responts to M's screeching, come running over. - And,more or less dumbfounded,stand before the longish crate(with divider-panel) : it's been in T'. ! (Y kd go rite t work n study what kindev wood it is. Hm.)

EGG (reflecting critic'ly):" At the least arouses omens=suspicions. (Well, We'll be going=there by air) -";(politely to M):" Wd it be permissible for us t take temporary possession a this container as=uh - illustrative material,(and, shd need arise, t display it : as proof that such a region exists) ?" (He's already taken it;and hands it over to BM : - : Who for his part holds up the [redacted] pretty colorfull (mainly blue=&=red) label infrontev his face : ?! -)

MARTINA ('ll ask rite away. - She runs into the house. She promptly sticks her head out of A&O's west windo;and roars jubilantly):" Yé=es : gladly ! ";(:'ll be rite there, Ann'Ev' : pick y up by the barrel : for our swiimm !'...)

viii. Act

Scene 2o

(Time: just afterwards./Place : Martina and A&O leaving the house.)

A&O:" In a play now I'd have to ask :'Where are you bound in such haste ?'."

MARTINA : "And I'd answer :'Little critters háve t hurry.'";(at which she walks clear around him,on indolent soles,goddess of fainéantise, a scent of innocence. Daring him):" Just ask me what We were talking about."

A&O (it isn't manners, young=&=useless;but give delite to mine ear,if Thou'rt so inclin'd):"Tell me; I won't let it affect me too deeply."

MARTINA (with boldacity):" No; the gentleman must ask first.";(she smiles subtle & sly.)

A&O (no less adroit at dodging):" Okay, what 'r you fishing for ?"

MARTINA (punitiv'ly):" 'm not 'fishing for' anything;(otherwise 'd have my rod'n'reel n hand)."(Just don't fret=&=irk me. Rebuking):" Havn't y any heart ?"

A&O (I have indeed. An insolent & despondent one. - Okay):" About what did you=two take fool's counsel ?"(skillfully admiring):"You'v been most diligent at using the midday siesta for gro'ing still prettier & plumper : if I were the wind, I'd spend all my time puffing the clothes off your body."

MARTINA (save your hotblooded compliments for Someone=Else.(and your impudent sarcasm,for which you'll be paid back n full - 't's what yóu think, 'plump' !). Sedately):" I shudder at the nimbleness a your dodging lies.";(persuading):" I take it therefore that you insist upon knowing What it was that was the object of our conversation, rite ? Well, may it be according to thy will - :Did y know that SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, in 1949, at age 8o, marryd a 27-year-old SHIRLEY somethingorother ? -";(with a rais'd indexfinger):" 53 years diff'rents !";(just so y don't drag that in again, how y were born 'before 14'):" Well, what do y have t say t thát ?"

A&O (at best 'praefiscine',Nasutula):"He prob'ly didn't have a heart-defect, either,running his race with death by feeding on ISOKET : whereas I soon shall be what I shall be for a very long time.";((?): why,dead !).

Martina (don't hand me your Roman :'Carrolus is Latin for Queen Anne'):"I already know what the name a your 'heart-defect' is !('m on my way t go swimming with it;and yóu'r allowd t watch.) Don't play the hypocrite with me, A&O ;(not with a girl of my size!);'t's well-known that I'm 15 (and in mania respect a good deal older I'd say),and I know what glances are - :Do y want t hear the naked truth ? - ";(and at this she points,(most likely involuntarily),at that which to its shame genius has in common with the baboon : ! - (and laughs the while like an angel : ! -))

A&O (you'd best slip a shirt on it,(the truth)):"Yes, you are my dearlittle tothead,(n you'r allowd t take quite-a-few liberties). And you offer me samples both delicious & disconsoling. And z far as it goes y may well be a good judge a men." ;(but try your heart before you play the foolish maid further,(n now yóu have t be honest=too)):" You'd give your consent t

(:'I am thy dere sovereyn
Thou my make and my wyf
I thyn housbande and thy lyf
Thou my deerlyng everlasting
I thyn alder-derest thyng
Thou my byrde and my tyrtyl
I thyn ardaunt loves myrtyl
Thou my blosmy paradys
I the whytest of thy lilies
Thou my rose of redest chere
I thy loves seel most dere
Thou myn herber avenaunt
I thy lightsome servaunt
Thou my morwenyinges belle
I thy castels quikenynge welle
Thou my florishyinge forest
I thyn herte softe nest
Thou my speches daliaunce
I thyn herte affiance
Thou my fynest hypocras
I thy lemman and solas
Thou my Mayes dewe
I thy loteby trewe
Thou myn Easter songe
I hony to thy tonge
Thou my jolif amorette
I thy confort withouten lette...'

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ev'ry hirsute twen before y wd to, let's say, Olmers, n were it only as the most piquant a soul-brides : if he'd have the gall t wheeze a proposal a that nature into your ear : what do y think you'd have t say to Him, Miss Rosagay ?"

MARTINA (first, the old impert took that risk long ago;n second):"There are n fact some diff'rences here.";(entreating):" 'm not usually so sym-pathetic - more like thoughtless & incontrite, z You know - but n this case I can not stand idly [redacted] by any longer if I want t keep Ann'Ev'here with me n the Land of Jardinia for any length a time : you s(k)ulk around the barrel, asking [redacted] looks,'je te veux; - me veux=tu de même ?' ";('t's from MOLIÈRE):" Her, the freezingest & foolishest thing n the world, and you Her A & O : give her a chants !";('m surely not rich by any means;but Ann'Ev' in her pauperity hasn't a purple penny. -(?)-::" 2 girl-friends, One who 'gives' me ev'rything conceivable; the Other who faithfully takes ev'rything from me?: I must say 'd prefer the latter. And Ann'Ev' is sô=fantastic ! (In Her=way just like You=in=Yours !) - : Well ?"

(:'My pate's growing bald,
my heart's growing lighter;
whether chafed or enthralled,
my zeal's none the slighter.

:Were I sixty today,
all grey and crusty !
the maids would then say
they cannot but trust me

while sharing a kiss.
And I'd play their daddy -
:and taste the sweet bliss
of my Lucy or Caddy !

IMMERMANN.)

A&O (I havn't the vaguest what 'living' 's suppos'd t mean, Mamsell Matchmaker;and, disguise it as y will, I'll very soon 'v sung my last hi 'e';(n what 'r yóu when all is said'n'done ? a humming-birdette, constantly n motion;with (a)ro(u)sy cheeks, a kindev thinkaratus t top it off,(moist red velvet within,a bello's capable of rather dubious gusts))))):"Certainly,my treasure-trove; you'v struck one a the most not(e)ably weak springs of the male... (olord, Insanity !): it'd be childish t pursue your remarks any further !;(of which I wd hope SHE hasn't the least notion) : Martina; I forbid you...";(or wait;there's no point n that):" Martina, I beg you : not one more word about this, either to Her or to Me;(I shall bravely keep my eyes clos'd til SHE's gone,I promise you !). On the contrary, describe to Her : how I came into this world by aging lite;how I kn hardly even get us't to a new article of clothing anymore; just how peevish I am, and gen'rally unpalatable,('innocent suff'ring' 's the most refin'd pleasure for a wpoild heart);how upon creaky legs I avoid my neighbor by ev'ry means at my disposal : and that that's the brite-side a your description -"; (he is out of breath. - He tries anew,(attempt at mockery)):"Besides Her organ of theosophy is far more strongly developt than is Her organ of devotion. -";(he pretends to have to laugh at his own joke;(but so crudely,that...). - His face half turnd=away): " Naturally I'v seen too few (young) girls n my lifetime : naturally,were I 2o/3o (better yet 35) years younger, I wd come kneel before Ann'Ev', and... - "

MARTINA (spry=prying glances at first. Then delited,with an open mouth. And finally blush guessing. Brite-ey'd huskily):"Let Us doubt of it til the morro at the least. (Ann'Ev' says,'all things are preserv'd'.) -";(she regards him with a sLipp'ry smirk;(leaves him,however -(for now)- in relative peace;(altho she nods incredibly meaning=fully '.')). - Aloud,content): "Well c'mon then, Schnurrliison - ".

(The tomcat enthusiastic'ly accompanies her on out of the scene. /-.- :'Such a conversation is torture !')

Scene 21

'The soft season, the firmament serene,
the loun illuminate air, and firth amene
the silver=scalit fishes ohn the grete
o'er=thwart clear streams sprinkillond for the heat.'

GAWIN DOUGLAS

(Above the Laguna Encantada a smoldering paste of a sun. 2 clouds, sculptures in steam;(the wind is silent, as if cast under a spell). (:'It's said there are 'black trout' here on the 'Parched Moor'.'). / 2 groups of ladies on the shore : mermaids and mastodonnas, separated. / 2 groups of men :Eugen with feeld glAsses;Olmers with cam'ra;A&O all eyes. - Over=ontherite Egg and BM. / Thus half Ad Salices , half Regio Poplitis - on the whole a region with neither dust nor 'scene').

(:now' the giglets arrive,with their golden slippers !' : M's firm belly,distended with buttermilk. Her butt sandy. Above her chin there sits a smile.)

MARTINA (eagerly=sotto-voce):"That was great,playing ball just now : they had us sited with the binox.";(she smiles cheekily:'If only z a contrast : when she had t jump that ditch the bloated Silena carryd on as if it were a fjord : has got her claws silverd,the pipsquawking idi=ess !";(she whistles 'Without a care',by MARTINI).

ANN'EV'(Hair like nix-flax;both hands at her goldcurly-cues):"Keep cool - on accounta thóse sharoons ! the ol'lactescent fool fancies herself damper than We, huh ?;acts as if her south-side were erupting : y don't need t prick her first t get her t peel ! (Well,I'll teach Her the pas yet.)";(she

(Here are bosoms in excess,(over the Major's=belly, Grete's;mollycuddly furro's in lurex panties);a turban atop her lardneckedness. She smears /Asta,whom the sun also burns on her occiput),with KAMASUTRA=oil;('it's for making love with !'). /They inspeckt about for all those sirpresst erections -,-)

GRETE: " - something even seems t be stirring with Olmers;(not t men-tion our man-aging director).";(but that Bastard Marwenne's simply tre-men-dous):"The fello's got n organ fit for Jupiter !";(y can't see so much a your Egg;on account a the flo'ing garb). - But look=over=there -";(she signals with the corner of her eye):"One ape's balsaming thother.Fooéy;the spindleshankt,emaciated creature;already too weak t joyn in on any spasms! Complexion's somewhere between green, yello & dirt;that flat homely cleft in her witherd ass : she

peers threat'ningly thru her fists tward the site :! - (And thOther one ?)):" Hah;Labett makes the Lady : fat & with the corkscrewd rear-cheex of a parson's cook. - C'mon :Let's give 'em the jalousie; so they'll say 'ici 'r the lov'ly ladies'!"

(She wades into the pond, wearing only a smile; all capergreen & nutbrown from arboreal shade./ Flosse & Blancflosse./Martina,all her slender watery stores prepared,lets at least 1 breastlet peep out;(:'in every case and time and place'!). /And refreshwoment, shade-swirld./(On thother hand :Why should He who has warts lack corns ?)

: a n d w o n d r i n g f i s h i n s h i n i n g w a t e r s g a z e - (DRYDEN!)

the 3 oldsters./Eugen,clumsy,on crude blossoming wooden -legs -(that's all he needed,blossoming!)- a vol. of HACKLÄNDER apeering at his pocket;(out of which he recites now & again:'On the Rhine by moonlight:in the Rhine when it rains !'). He stands still & whistles:'un jours,dans les flots de la Meuse.'/Olmers has taken the binox from him,and scopes,lecherously,now=here now=there:'making stomachs at us'...'bent-over under the burden a titt'/(to which Eugen:'Well try tying 15 t 2o lbs t your chest sometime !'/and then back to catching nixes,...?...'Miss Sno'balls - nice tite maiden-buds':'Hey ,They'r intentionally blinding us with the shine from their wet butts !'- he focuses on both youngsters: - ?

OLMERS (the glass still to his eyes):"Why is she standing there twitching & screaching ? - ";((?):why your Martina :a pu lsa berta ting plumplass. - ?. He quotes,misstrustfull & holey-expert as Solomon.)

(They all make eyes like old ponds,yeauxningly;(one oughtn't forget afterall that the old,ancient part of us is our belly ! The brain is young,very young - why not memories of old,cool days then?'sueit sang the grene serene',while drifting off)

(:'In this brook are found several varieties of fish which are among fish what turtledoves & siskins are among birds : just as a pretty turtledove will tease a maiden by wantonly picking with its beak at the buds of her breast or her earlobes, so do these fish behave when one is in the brook,approaching one familiarly now from here,now from there and now from elsewhere - and with every sudden rap they arouse sweet terror all thru one's body,the which so delighted several of our young ladies,that very often they could not have enough of bathing.'HEINSE, 'Laidion' :which mite well be yet another elucidation for the BOSCH !)

OLMERS (handing back the binox;choosing instead to dry his brow):"Hmph; Siamwahz is not without purpose - a gentle breeze'd be most appreciated.";(he silently nudges A&O):"Well old Sir Undine ? EMG's fulla epeesighcles ? - Y know by the way that in 1928 one OLIVE SCHREINER wrote n 'Undine', don't you ?" (naturally y know it;but)" Who was also the beloved of HAVELOCK ELLIS at the time : what they must'v done with each other !?"

EUGEN (well just what kd they do so spectacular ?):"She was a female,(and ergo of soggy temgrament;and he wore a (at least intellectually Hippie=) Uniform.";(he points,briefly, with his chin):"I'm immeasurably tolerant.";(jerking his shoulders):"What's t do ?". (He observes,relativ'ly unthinking,the mitey gilded rearend out yonder; - Suddenly):"HACKLÄNDER was absolutely rite about that :'statues' don't belong in this climate; he writes:'I have always felt sorry for a snow-covered LESSING - not to mention the pretty naked marble' (add:'rears') - ?";(to A&O):"N where mite your thoughts be at the moment ?"

(Even before He kn answer,a maiden comes floating by, with visage pale and green -:'Ahoy=y !' (=Martina;in the future with surname 'de L'Etang')/:'Well ? Why so ahoyyty-toity,your majesty ?' /Silkskin, warm cool,ever changing,brown yello bluish-white,(her nether soles reddish =white). But hush;her wat'ry image answers)

MARTINA:" 'm just going t sho Ann'Ev' the island over there real quick. -";(softly to A&O):"Hey,look here :I don't dive for just ánybody :...!-:!-";(her wanton azure arms,com-

stank like a hoopoo just then - I mean,that was enough t make y gro a horn on your forehead !";((?):my so-calld Dear Daughter ?):" For thát fife=stone=spare-o ! :the signalement 'd be hot & dumb; She won't ever get stabbed bent over a book either,(like blsd. Archimedes)."

ASTA (pulling at her long floating breasts):" Giggly green femaleperson,";(M that is):"de-pendent=demifull breast. Orfun-girl hair at her crotch :deficient intelligents & superfluous filouterie.";(says it,all her locks glassyd o'er.)

(5o m further the duo Egg=BM -(before whom Grete & Asta almost 'xclusiv'ly swim back & forth)- mutual inspecktion with brite-fluck'ring eyes : ! -

BASTARD MARWENNE (his eyes fixt on the surging surf of the baysom):" Masch Allah, what a Wadi !";(what thighs, what bassdrumming-stix ! He sho's her his naked vaginal=visitor:!)

EGG (agreeable):" How true, the enticing symmutry of a You=know :'And the lovliest part of the female is her back'" (SCHEFER):"Admittedly ev'rything but lite-z-a-feather - !"

BM (testy):"Look at that sand : body-prints like a proconsulette ! A distended creature,and abdominally beautiful! You'r aware of the fact that I do not readily unite myself with mortal woman...(?):just look at your madam=longtitts there : colossal cheek-bones around a rubberd-out vulcano !"

EGG (enthus'd demuring=describing):"Hah ! those long brite-gray legs & posteriora ! - :that wildly cloven ass;the whole V of it as steep narro n ragged z a pass in the Abruzzi : the gray wasted tips-o'-heather upfront : thru the long-strait gourded=locks you are led up her digit lingu al path... -"

(Asta pulls up closer now;-;and he doesn't stint with gallant semi-erections and sim. riballd trix,'blossoming like the asters !' -/Placidly, she undoes her mitey bra from her ribs - : /Egg,(his hand cov'ring his eyes) :'Ahh ! -';(he erects still further-)

EGG (turning back):"The al lev lab iation of those contours ! : that's just the thing for one's egg."

BM (nothing doing): " Look but here : the beauteous panaroma ! Fleshy naive hips. Twixt the broad cheeks the sensuous Ømouth;(Presumably her mother's marriage-portion).";(disdainful):" - and there,those foot-na-half long dowager boobs ?...",(never t bounts again when she presses down upon y :?)

EGG (in defents):"LongOvals worthy of kisses ! : just think how long it'd take for just once-around,(and/or from top t bottom... -"(hah,how it reappears;in divine moisturization. He quotes :'A 'boatsman' rowed singing across the pond ...upon which sprouted a pale,as yet unblossomed,water-lily, ...she feels the tender yearning cup within her swelling - she opens up - : her first site, a glans ! ...In new-blossomed rapture she wafts to him the fragrant breath of her soul - smiling he greets her...' - he smiles astawards,his flag expecktantly rais'd. - After she has passt, to BM again) :"In ZIEGLER's 'Heroic Love' there's preserv'd a portion a the correspondents of Adam & Eve;(in=love & =alexandrines)- :hold ever before your eyes that I will indeed sing of these=your affairs as well - therefore be mindful thereof."

BM (gruff):" More Bestiarum and not a word more -:just always keep one reem or other a paper on hand."(Do y think we ought t lay a saddle for the wind on her ? - He walks up to the lady arising out of the water;disrespecktful,albeit with fully bar'd head : boldballd young lad !)

(Grete,helpless splendor divine,depools:her wet mouth;her full fut;her sultry midrifft.She pats herself invitingly on her thick belly,full of

mitting endless mischief.)

A&O (shd I study kneeology from You,too,o glaucous one ?) :"But be careful.";(n scream if need be :We'r n the vicinity.)

MARTINA (teasing):"No fear : I won't take my eyes off your Love, Ev-er !";(she flops onto her back & paddlewheels away from thence :'':''...)./(Question:where do noises go to ?).

(The 3 oldsters;moving off very slo'ly;rememb'ring the 'swimming=holes' of their lives./A&O:'Horner Moor' (near Hamburg);then again in Liegnitz 'Pansdorfer Lake',(Liegnitz,where afterall a small skein of mem'ry ...(but is it important ? - (kn only be prov'd in the rememb'ring;(but most probably important !)))))./Olmers : 'Queis Swimming=Pool',near Lauban. /Eugen ? -: diverse indoor-pools. (?):nah;y can't swim in Norway. A reservoir,'Golddream',in Silesia. Isolated rivers & ponds.)/P'r'aps a child's aquarium as well ?)

OLMERS (yawning tward the pond):" Happily waveless; - ooach ! -";(that noise behind Us ?):" Troll's hoofbeat ; the smuggler with his horse's-tail : well,if it got too turdgid for even Him t watch !";(I mean,We'r already more mature beauties ourselves. Soft,wrinkl'dulld to A&O):"Subtile incipient adulterium."

meantime EUGEN (back over his shoulder):" What, why HACKLÄNDER knew that already, with him it's 'yaks=tails' - prob-'ly ancient mem'ries of the Turkish nation."

OLMERS (ah that name at last). - To A&O):" Say, your old map;with the hand-written commentary=that one : isn't it signd by a certain 'Grete, Surveyor' ?"

A&O (quite rite):" 1848=49. With a scale of one Hann.foot to 2oo rods. -(?)-: Well; circa 1 : 3,2oo."

(Grete,lusty-ey'd=barlybellyd, swings her bosom, fills with fine ohdors, on past them;(not failing to graise each of them at least 1ce with titts & butt [redacted] :'Down boy ! Madame's coming!'

OLMERS (at once):"For the sweet sake of truth : just WHAT 'r we all thinking ? - Honest injun now :Eugen ? -"

EUGEN (in serene innocents):" I was just about t hum the song 'Willia' t myself,";(You know:by Léhar or whoever).

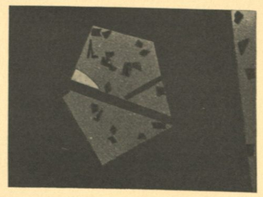
OLMERS (instantly):" The'will-ya song' :'a hunter espies her'=voyeur - 'the fello's starting to feel a bit strange',n we know about such strangeness.";(he titters;and goes on unFREUDend):" 'The maid o' the wood (= maid with a (pubic) wood) reacht her hand out to 'HIM' - and drew 'HIM' inside her feeld-stone house dim' - clear enough. And the hunter's [redacted] rejoynder follo's thereto:'will ya, oh will ya, my maid o' the wood : hold me;o let me',to wit: 'love as a man should':'oh, what'r you doing to me !';ergo,Eugen:'a love-sick man begs tim'rousleee'." (And now for me,he continues gay=seriously,(beyond good & efull)...stop;p'r'aps that'd yield something rite thère. He pulls a book from his pocket,D'ANNUNZIO 'Flame of Life'; he opens it ad lib,and reads):" Motto 'fa come natura face in foco',DANTE - okay 'Fuoco' is already 'fuck' + 'futsy in foco' + dandy. [redacted] Our hero & heroine bytheby 'r calld 'Staylio' and 'F os u carina' -";(he reads): -:'do you not sense... flattering his friend...someone as sensitive as yourself... in such an august place, in the salon of the Great Coun(t)cil : there y have it,what just went undulating by us,(+ 'sal'=salt & salacious). And,I mite add,just a while ago we were looking at the NECKERMANN mail-order catalogue, Eugen & I, the 'Corsets & Negligees' pages;n I remarkt:'Size ? dunno;I only know She has n ass like a brew'ry=horse'. -"(pleading with A&O):" Well ? : do y want t be better than Us ? Liberate your poor 'ego'; lac't up n your 'super-ego' z if in a girdle;standing up to its navel in 'sub-con' like a pool a j e o lly -";(he points with his thumb back over his shoulder :-. - C'mon;out with it;it's just Us):"'ll go get a volume a HERDER - something real chaste... -" (He disappearsinto the house. - And comes back with a little black papperback,with green label :!-)

A&O (reluctant,really.../(:'Don't look for it !')/.. well allrite. (but it's one helleva passage !)):" '...that we stand like Tantalus in a stream,in which apples swim and bob about before our lips...':?"

OLMERS (devoutly):" Fine ! : 'twas exactly our situation, at the pond...tss:a good omen for a lov'ly slip:onward!"

A&O (breathing disglustedly):" - :'Blunders of this sort are proof - and of what if not of the incompetence of the writer ?Here too belong those dealing with choice of syllabic meter : iambus,hexameter, stanza f o I rm...' -";(ohyes, I know;y needn't analyze it for me atall :'iambus = jamb(leg) + bosom','sex + meter'. I'll thro in the 'choice Sybill' for y z well; (plus sylla b ph le =elfin)):" Okay,Each of Us has now ma il l d his package. (And the transformatorial arts of subcon & language 'v been honord yet again. - At the swimming=hole's entrants he turns around once more:? -;-(:let's hope They come soon -))

Scene 22



(On the trail of wild fish : the girls swim in a line, their fluid bodies half dissolved in [redacted] light, over to the 'island' -(?:not 5o meters;there in no time.)- (?:besides it's so shallo they kd stand on the bottom anytime)- they'v stood up now, in the water;and wade onto the small strip of sand.(The stand of aspen begins its chatter at once,about this visit : whether they'll come dripping still closer ? Willo's waft doubts,(but provide a lov'ly curtain,'pretty=undisguising',UNDI...).

MARTINA (1 small foot still in the water, 1 already on dry land,does the honneurs for the island):"The 'canal' between both halves is 1 meter wide at most,(and 3o cm deep - y may chuckle. -";(she interrupts herself.With joyous apprehension):"How strangely you'r mirrord in the pond ! : Beautiful !"

(Finally,they climb out onto land,wrappt in a drippable cloak;(having waded thru the blue,like angels). /Hm-;-a nook of great terrestrity : here there still blooms (now ! :in October !) a clump of forget-me-not,(beside which one sets one's foot). 1 bald-coot disappears at the far end of the canal; (Martina yawns amicably tward the departer);-;and then points to the completely black canoe: -(on the surprisingly near east-bank :at most 1o=15 meters). On an old tree-stump a few nice wine-fungi. ('What's the ugly screaming about ?'): that's the heron pair - we'v prob'ly disturbd 'em. In the spring a '72 we had a swan here on the pond;(just for a coupla days;as a guest): y kd feed it./ 'Now they goon further in that gres,arraied in wilde wedes.' M now dancing frivolously,now wending her way respectably;(behind brush as thick as your eyelashes she too casts ev'rything off,(and is now far & away maiden));she slaps her own behind,with pleasure;tweeks her bellybutton til she squeeks -)

MARTINA (congratulating herself):" - that we manag'd t get rid a THEM at last ! Sleek lewd souls,with long flabby bottoms, from whom the very trees of the pond bend=away : acts z if she were Privy High Vestal;n when she gets a peek a Marwenne's cock -(my but He does have a long one,He kd make a knot in it !)- she grins like a Satsuma=cat : all she needs now is t pull him along into bed with her ! (She ought t be calld 'Ra-h-ch-ab','she who opens up wide'...(?):a landlady & harlot in Jericho - wdn't matter t me if she'd order up her burial with a coach'n'four.)!"

(:'Their eyes stand out with fatness; they have more than heart could wish ! - They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth!' PSALM 73, 7 ff.)

ANN'EV' (weary of this):" Aw c'mon; all things within resong : what d' we care about those Catins,with their dumb bums.-";(she shoves a few thin elfin-tendrils out of her face;and looks about:-?-): "A lov'ly tree ! -"?(she nods to it : `. - Then):"Stand here nfronta me. - Put both hands tgether;n a bit t the rite a your neck -(?:ah, T-a-u-bby;it's just so you'll look pretty !) - 't's it;yes. :y kd be good at going nude;(just a little practice-).";(smiling slyly):" Wdn't this be a spot t bring Martin for some kissing ? -".

(:'Attalus,the first king of Pergamon,however,describes the Lovely Pine thusly:The girth totals 24 feet (= 7 1/2 m);the height of the trunk from roots up 67 feet at the start, then it divides into 3 branches equidistant from each other;& comes back together again in 1 tree-top,so that the entire height comes to 2oo feet. This tree is 18o stadia north of Adramyttium.'STRABO,p.6o3)

MARTINA : " Aeehh ! -";(she thro's herself onto the grass;presses one ear to the ground and stops the other with a finger, so as not to hear any more such honeyd temptation -)

(The sun draws shimm'ring patches of lite on the wet figure. A breath of air comes by, a slender blue butler, who dries off her sweaty titties more tenderly than any man -(altho,after swimming,those dryd in the shade 'r firm= & fresher). /Ann'Ev' sinks down,too, beside M's head,watertir'd, with pendant hair;movements as if entangled in a net,(which however soon cease entirely), the nymph with a multitude of fingers./ A reed-warbler./-?-:'Mouken tonken.'/A belated dragonfly couple : the male takes hold of the female now in flite,now as she sits, with his feet behind her head;after which he doubles himself up;and grabs on with his pincers behind her head. Now he lets go with his feet; flies with the female a little way further,and they alite on a reed so that the male sits above her;after sev'ral minutes they again fly a little distants...the female repeatedly doubles herself up like a safety-pin;stretches out again,until she finally touches the forwardmost thorax=ring of the male, so that both of them form a kind of heart-shap't loop,whereby the female is fully suspended in mid-air,and rests her feet on her own rings. They sit still for a somewhat longer time;until they are disturbd - perhaps by the spectators;or by some other dragonflies, or perhaps only by a leaf, floating downwards. -)

MARTINA (softly):" Rite afterwards they lay their eggs. - Last spring a huge swarm of 'em sho'd up,sev'ral thousand; the whole sky over the village was full;they were hanging so thick on all the grain that the stalks were bent down to the ground - so many y wdn't believe it. The chickens flung themselves at 'em : after a few days sev'ral up n died a pure overeating; the veter'narian did a post mortem :'fatty degeneration of the internal organs' he said.((And he figur'd the migration was due t'mass suggestion' : cause he'd seen how n the course a the big parade other dragonflies, but only those a the same sort,joind in from all sides. And rite=close behind came swarms a seagulls, something the oldest folks here n the area 'd never seen before. (She raises her head :?- and lays the beetle that wants to climb [redacted] her mons veneris off t one side.)):"They'r such good souls,alk my hairsies." (She scrunches up closer to Ann'Ev'. And cuddles her head in Her lap.)

(Distant hammerings ? - :'The fisher for sure.' ('Show respect ! :A monk(=sluice) is in the making !'). /On the shore to the rt a Weymouth spruce : tall pole;tatterd banner./'Two little brook=giglets, watching their pond aging.' ('The Klappendorfer glades' they call it here.)Four eyes,lockt in an elfin-dream.)

MARTINA (suddenly with a dull voice):" After midnite. By the waning halfmoon : is when it's most beautiful here. ('v frequently=secretly been out here for hours; unheard in unheard-of silents.) Sitting; without speaking. Y watch how the moon slo'ly edges away. Crouching thoughtlessly idle in the nite. Content and in agreement with yourself. After n hour (or so) y don't even notice anymore how you'r bound up in a body." ((('I kd whisper myself t death like this - !.) - Flat, atonal):" Ann'Ev' -;- :mite I kiss your breasts just this once ? -"

ANN'EV' (jerks up :!. She makes her face hard as a stone. ('Don't want no baby !') /The meek little expectant face in her lap./ Gradually she relaxes. She murmurs):" Y sit here alone,at nite when the wind's calm. Y feel what you are : an illusion on a sandy shoal in the primal sea. -";(She sighs. After a while):"Bind my hands behind my back with a rush -"./Martina does this, not op'ning her eyes;and sinks back down into her previous position./Ann'Ev' lets herself down,infinit'ly slo'ly,bending forward [redacted] : - / Martina,as she senses the breast, begins with a totally childish-daz'd look on her face to suckle at it...

(... : 3 calls from the swimming=hole entrants :Martina ! - :Martina !! -: MARTINAAA !!! - / ANN'EV' brings herself just as slo'ly uprite - at the tip of her nipple is 1 drop of blood./ -)

MARTINA (embarasst, awakend):" I - I - I'll get the canoe real quick -";(She thro's herself flatout onto the water, expert rescue-diver;swings into the canoe;and ro's quickly,front=t=back, up to the sandyshorelet, where AE slo'ly appears.)

(M,happy & shy, hidden in water & hair, dresses herself nimbly in the dreepest thicket;('They'r stretching out their philhers for us again, aren't they, these Men ?!'. [redacted] jolly once more.). - Wait ! : first we have t leave some Sign of Our Presents behind ! -:she draws,(with a speed that betrays much practice), a large=round face in the sand : all from outside of it,with her big=toe : the bo'd mouth; the eyes and the brows over them; 2 nice ear-handles;and then 1o long-stiff hair-strands. Makes a long

leap away from it : -!- and then regards it lovingly : ! -)

ANN'EV' (critical):" Wéllnow ! :In case thàt's suppos'd t resemble ?... -";(she falls silent,wavering : ?).

MARTINA (hypocritic'ly):" Ohlisten : if y 'd ever get a good=look at A&O sometime when he's eating -"(she laughs aloud;and évades the impending slap):" C'mon,get into the canoe : I'll ro you 'out fro this wilde syrtis' - ";(slo's down again however after a few strokes of the oars. Shyly):" Stay here ! - There'd be alota love for you here - -."

ANN'EV' (countering):" Do yóu want t come along with Us ?"

MARTINA (consid'ring with a heavy lo'er-lip. Then gives one shake of her head. Soberly):"Oh no. - :too noisy. Too much farts'n'bother."

(The canoe slides quietly onto land;(where A&O - inconspicuously, or so he thinks - has waited : so that he kn now at least hold onto the edge. And offer 1 hand for the disembarcation :. - Then he walks,slo'ly, along behind them;(my dusky bride;at her tummy the haughty yello heathen-tuft.)/ On the terrace : the One into the house; the Other to the barrel. - He stands there : the wet trax of AE's feet. He stares at them; how they dry up so slo'ly now, disappear -)

Scene 23

(Immediat'ly thereafter Egg comes along wheeling his barro upto the fents,(there,where the barrel is); he thro's back the tarp - and begins, with an air of importants, to extract :

1.) a side=drum (with snares) for AE. With it a pair of stix,(with hippie-heads carv'd on them; the male bald, the female curlyd). And then a small ocarina. - That ought to make for a long=slender maiden, with pipe & tabor.(CALLOT ii,1o26)

2.) A bass=ocarina,(probably custom=made ?),over half a meter long,and correspondingly thick;(but apparently made of plastic;for the Bastard Marwenne's footlong fingers.Who has already seated himself before the barrel,attir'd in his muchtoo-short coat (the TAMBURLAINE=look);(his stubbl'd testicles nicely visiball,('and smother things,too', M wd 'v added in a mutter; - Grete now brings him a bottle of aguardiente, (which in his hands seems as harmless as a baby=bottle))).

3.) Egg then pulls out his own ocarina; made of terracotta;(the 2 x 4 finger-holes ingeniously spac't : by closing them just halfway they allow for half tones...). Nor does He abhor Asta's wine-bottle;((?):ah;She's soakt the label off it - ergo some of the rèally=good stuff !).

ANN'EV',(to Martina):" I kd take a Heaven-Up;(or whatever)./She brings it;and then sets herself down next to her New Friend,full of anticipation : ? -)

(for Egg has brought out one last utensil as well : a 'Moorish King';who, when fed with a coin gratefully nods his head - explaining)

EGG : " For collecting much appreciated contributions. -(?): ap=uh - :propriated from a 'crèche'. -(?): 'oca' the goose;(probably to be augmented with 'egg' : Egg blo's on his egg !) : a folks=instrument... ?"

for EUGEN (calls over,quietly, from the table):" Relativ'ly recent : been masst-produc't for no moren 1oo years."

EGG (glibly : not untrue;but:" Developt from ancient tribal forms -(p'r'aps was even a cult instrument at one time !) - there's been concert music written for ocarinas. So We,too, after having partaken of a snack, shall take the liberty of deliting you all with a 'Concerto for Drum & 2 Ocarinas'. - (?) - uh=mong other things.";(he adds in responts to BM's thirsty grunt).

(The audients,too, assembles gradually=in-full-strength. Not without comment. /:'That'll be a lov'ly tralludium. (Just look at the bivouac color a the skin on that scrap : those unequal back-cheex,tss!)'. /:'KUNG: Music is the articulation of the uniting of heaven with earth : with the aid of ceremony and of music there is nothing in this empire too difficult.';(A&O naturally)./Martina provides a before-the-fact war-rant for whatever 'texts' may follo:'Sure;they won't make any good sents; but then no bad sents either - and kn they ever be sung ? : delishuslee !';(she raises her hand impressiv'ly,and recites):'You have sought consistency of meaning in vain,while I have been content with the concordance of tone' : Wisdom of the Brahmans !'(As a nimble diversion,to Ann'Ev')

MARTINA: " When your other colleagues arrive lateron - : what sortev professions do most of 'em follo ?";(ie how do you all earn the money; what do y live on ?)

ANN'EV' (who discreetly sips from her potty of FANTA. She moves her head indecisiv'ly):" We had thought about ginyole." ;(pff;most of 'em - havn't actually been 'traind' for muchev anything):" At best they kd work with the spade=end of a peeosh. - Some of 'em whittle clothes-pins;(or long-handl'd spoons,for cleaning vaginas). Some of 'em sharpen pens made a raven= or goose=quills they find;(for highly-refin'd types - there'll always be Some). Some of 'em work as 'mourners' for under=takers; or as 'pole-holders' for surveyors : All of 'em 'r perfect at begging,n carry off silver & copper wherever it may be lying. Millet-maids and cinammon-peelers;dyers and stargazers;gravediggers and dancers;mutterers and nonstop-yodlers. Deal in knitting-needles made a (thin) bamboo-straws. Work as shear-grinders and pencil-sharp'ners. At fairs as sexual ac-

robats & wondermen.(Some of 'em 'll definit'ly come t you for plastic bags,what with the big crop of acorns now : they collect 'em;n sell 'em t the hunters : for 5 lbs t the mark.). (?): No; we don't have any 'Maravis' among us;(who live from what they steal n plunder by broad daylite)." (She considers for a while. Then, awaking):" But we'v kept up the 'Procession of Exigency' : at nite wand'ring thru the streets with a big=flat basket; banging on the wroughtiron grills, n calling out: 'Butter for the Moon !' - then they have t be given some groc'ries." (She falls silent;(just Stupid Folk afterall)).

EUGEN (from his spot, summarizing): " So in other words :'Mainthing's you'r healthy and your wife's got a job.' -";(he plunges back into HACKLÄNDER's 'Tour of Spain'). -

(- : first a bit of 'tuning up'. (Ie 'themselves' presumably; since there's nothing to tune on an ocarina ? (The little drum, however;that must be 'tightend down' somehow;(cf. SPITTELER on drums)). - /She arises,(with the ritual shake of the right leg). She dances,silently in the smallest of circles; only ruttling out a rhythmix with her stix;(Marwenne rumbles along like a wizard;Egg delivers the treble hum -)

ANN'EV' (suddenly singing with a clear voice):" 'She left her Father's house,to roam / a wand'ring Vagrant without home. /And thus she other's labour stole,/ that she might live above Controll. / The Publicans and Harlots she / selected for her company.' - ";(and so on)./(After each verse BM breaks in resoundingly :'Do what You will, this Life's a Fiction !'; Egg, lost in infinite humming, a strain doting on itself.)

('Brain Melody' is announc't by Egg. / Sirenissima slo'ly dances another lap,her stride long,her knees always pulled up very high;so that one sees her soles;dirty & yellowhite like elderberry blossoms -)/ Egg blo's on his egg quite delicat'= & charmingly : - /(BM more in the Russian mode,rumbling & whinihg)

ANN'EV':" - :'A tall beech tree;from whose very=top,shortly before break of thunderstorm, red-clad musicians often let soft music peel forth;(:ghostly !).' - ";(she dances in her circle.) : " -:'For if the part knows the whole,then it embraces the whole, and can do great wonders within it.' -";(she dances in her circle.): " -:'As soon as evening falls,the tone subsides on its own,and by degrees returns home to its ocarina.' -";(she dances in her circle) :" -:'When this song finds its end,as it will, please stand still with Us for yet a while.' -";(she stands still too. With long tir'd arms;in each hand a drumstick. Naked from top to buttom. - She goes to her place by the barrel. As she seats herself to BM):" You'r playing like a masett t'day. -(?): You slink, you stink, your hair gro's thru your hat : hardly the way t thunder !";(to Egg): " We'v got 'Tous les mots' down pat, I'd say; we don't need t do it again. But if I were you I think 'd repeat 'Buffalofoot' : 'll keep time with the drum, okay ? -"(/ Sure. Okay by me. - / - at first a restless swirl. More subdu'd :

ALL THREE : " 'The journey goes from the World of Dying to the Great World, the journey with the corpse=pyramid : may the sins be 1oo8, they shall fall beneath the buffalo's foot.'

EGG : " 'Out of envy he has sundered his brothers !'" / BM (grunts):" 'Sin !' "
'He has disturbed the marker in the field !' / : 'Sin !'
'He has torn a lonely tree up by its roots !' / : 'Sin !'
'He has angrily torn a dress from a thornbush !' : 'Sin !'
'He has raised his hand against shrubbery !' / : 'Sin !'
'Within his sister's house he has made mockery!' : 'Sin !'
'He has vomited before the face of the sun !' / : 'Sin !'
'Touched the flowing brook without greeting !'/ : 'Sin !'
'Let his water on a burning fire !' / : 'Sin !'
'He has murdered a snake/lizard !' - " / : 'Sin !'-"

ALL THREE : " 'But the house of sin shall be closed ! He may approach the golden pillar ! (May he come to the silver pillar !) He shall say to what burns : 'be cold !' He shall enter beside the way of sims ! The threaded bridge shall hold fast! The mouth of the pit shall be closed !' "/(And then once more sentences similar to before;only that each time BM mutters 'A Virtue !'/Like this :'He has paid his respects to the moon !' :AV ! - Folded his hands toward the sun. Taken hold of the foot of the bull's cow that was driven off ! Brought a yardlong sack of grain ! Brought lard as if it were rainwater ! Etc !'./Dapper ditties; with refrains partly infamous ! In one of them BM kept shouting at the end something like 'Brown Twat : White Twat!', (meanwhile accomp'nying these words with a twistch of his member,which no one but someone built like him kd hope to imitate :'Yuck=yuck, Yuck=yuck, Tereu !'). -

EUGEN (from the table,in best artillerist=voice):"Someone shd see t the gate : Somebody wants something." (I presume).

ix. Act

Scene 24

(Martina and Ann'Ev' up on the roof;from where they can observe the length of the road,and the area round the hillahay. They'r sitting on stools;in front of them on the balustrade a folded-up blanket,(so they kn prop up their elbo's)

ANN'EV' (eyes anxious,squinting,staring) :"We'v had 8 layovers this year so far. -(?) : 1 of Our interpreters,very drago=manic, knows ev'ry language from Poitou t Lüneburg(if y measure bass-akwards !) - been given the bum's rush more often than anybody else I know." (Name's Humnur Stafford.)

MARTINA:"And has he ever got ears : he kd clean out his nose with them. N the way they just let the Grand Deflorer hang=out=there ! - tss,wonderpole;(tho indelicate : my super-ego's already stamping away with both feet!) ";(she warbles:'Tho quite unaware,'m moren willing t share,the holystate a mate-rimony' - she breaks off :,- indignant):"What abandonitory clutching at hair ! What Rinaldic treatment a the breasts ! Trente milles moustaches : what's t become a tender-anjellic intimation ? ('ll admit mani times I'm my own antipodess;but such handling my parts like a dummie's...(well,She's got the mop for it - tss))!"

ANN'EV' (vext):"I shdn't put up with Vulla : a vaginabond,she beats ev'ry=body out for the uncleanaliness award;(but among the boys 'r a few who like t get a hand=full a stincky butt-ermilk !). -";(with her chin she points tward the garden-gate,where the Fello's leaning):"That's Boy Spook : stands n the street & stares in thru the windo's a houses - sometimes for a good hour n a half; til the folks inside 'r terrifyd : z if he'd A young man,(eyebrows so long he wears them tied behind his head), about his neck a knitted-loop (of unequal thickness), strolls by twirling and list'ning to a bull-roarer;has on a sweater tatterd at the armpits & threadbare pants./A fello who looks like Wilderness personifyd,on his shoulders instead of a head,a bramblebush that he keeps tossing back'n'forth;bottomless breeches;his only baggage some pounds of home=made explosives,(under the nickname of 'Cien Fuegos' : he's already brought 1oo explosions to pass) : He receives a special=greeting from BM:'The hail drive y this way too ?!'/Goddesses,angels, &startes and Liliths,representatives of 'Ars pour Ars' : the caracolette 'La Brincadora';a wild & strapping creature,with a long-thighd triangle;(the reason for the orange blemish in the middle of her abdomen remains totally unclear - a freak of nature)./A doll with a green =brown face,a golden-creeper,long-neckt (a chain of panhandl'd pennies around it),the arrangement & size of her breasts would be considerd unusually asymmetrical most anywhere;as she takes off her skirt of apocalliptic red,a green cross that has been tatood on her lf rear cheek becomes visible (the arms are of equal length : She shakes BM's beard affably;& he hers as well.)/: A veritable woodstrampet with scrach-tup legs, a leather patch on her ass. And from the front ?:the weeds of her panty beard;the long slapappy breasts,(at each teat 2=3 buds). All of which stands atop rope sandals./?:a smooth leather cap-scarf :a broad strap,with holes cut out for the ears,holds it fast under his chin;(it's as if it hasn't been off his head for the past few years .) Slo'ly the hair on the back of his neck stands up on end;he shouts :'I am the On. : The On has sent me !' Against the little head the broad knee. He shakes his head at Eugen./(Who for his part gives Him (At the table,on the terrace,Eugen as relativ'ly fixt pole;(only at the most int'resting points does he work at getting himself up& trudge over to the hedge in the E.)/The others,in groups of 2-4,are all standing there anyway, shaking=heads.Olmers is filming.)

GRETE (her face at a hole in the hedge ,to Asta):" Nice-looking starknaked young people !;(when compar'd to our pithless chimeras,,there at the table,with their sparrococks ? - then I say hail to the radicals,that's a diff'rent breed a men !).I suggest : we send over a whole carton a Spam. -";(she looks around :?) :"Now where 'd that half-gro'n smart-aleck -?- get to -?- : sitting up on the roof,bold z brass, as if she's afraid she'll miss something really=important ! (Well,I just want t notify ev'ryone that my patients is at n end : if I shd happen t blo my top... :next t her a course the liverspotted toad,(doesn't she look like somebody just hauld her outa the swamp? N that mouth flapping like a goat eating crab-apples: She's got a bad word t say for ev'rybody. Pf,n that head!: with those yello sprouts sort a flick'ring at that skinny neck !) What the One doesn't know she learns from th0ther : dirty filthy brats,semi=humans !"; (when there's housework t be done she's long gone;but her hands don't hang at her sides if her crotch gets itchy - well,her legs'll soon pay for her secret sins. -She nudges Asta) :"Take a look at - : the way He looks. -?"

ASTA (without trepidation):"Hm - quite nice 'xept for the build & the face : I wdn't want t knock on heaven's door with a

seen a vision."(Copulates with ev'ry hollo-willo : 'Dryadens Bryllup''s his comment.).

MARTINA (points with her chin):"Her=there: 's got a lov'ly,compact rear !"(I'd sure like t have one like that : if hers 'd only smell good too...)

ANN'EV':"Name's 'Got & Margot'.(Refuses t give info as t parents & place a birth; and appears,rather,t be asham'd a being found in the flesh / a body.) Belongs t those fakir-ettes who kn menstruate at will."(Which I kn do too, by the way.)

MARTINA:"Looks more like the last Turk - incredibly homogeneous bunch;y'd be terrifyd a them n the woods;(use dandelions gone t seed as the pattern for their hair-do's,don't they ?).";(astonisht by new appairitions):"Take a look [redacted] at the way He moves :He kd put a bellydancer t shaman ! Just like a [redacted] fool; or changeling: I'd call that the human racey !";(:veild?)

ANN'EV':"He thinks he's a great beauty; n veils his face :that way all the men (or worse, the ladies !)won't fall n love with him. - His friend=there's got a bullet-hole in his glans that he likes t sho off...(?): oh, the g[redacted]y's wife lost her temper."

(She provides some int'resting details : about living quarters,(=holes(in the earth),coverd with leaves & stubble[redacted] : the Hypogeans, for whom bread is a rare treat. They perform the sacred Snipping of the Hipberry.If there'r head winds,they pluck out one pubic hair after another,& let them fly away, in order to induce the Powers to sho favor.)/The sort who hold sleep=assemblies;(As a rite a love they have a 'Mixing of Clothes',that's quite pretty.With the 'Darning of Holes' beforehand : where their hems 'r gatherd tgether,n then the 'tip' bound up with a thread;(meanwhile the man stands infrontev her,his horn wrappt in a veil)).(?): No;they pray to a mallo'=root;(accomp'nyd by breathing the smoke from green hemlock & fresh pork-fat;(follo'd by a symbolic duel : Evil,armd with hart antlers, Good with a rose-stalk.)) /Wellnow, those'r the harmless festivals : 'Carrying whiskey from east to west'. The 'Weed=Dance': ev'ryone cloth'd in sheaves,(n order t exorcise the demons lying-in-wait all-roundUs);after which coconuts'r broken over the men's heads./ (?):Let's forget about the grislier ones for rite now;(frexample the 'Peeling of the Heart';preceded by make=up of terror - that's enough for now;(And then he's left lying there for wolf and wind.))

MARTINA (reflecting):"How the devil's clan doth laugh & jest. - Wow,lookathat : He's practic'ly glu'd onto her ribs;"('hir breste and hir hipes and hir skyn so slyke) :" su[redacted]ffocates her with the most infamous kisses - that sort a thing's more appealing in the crepuscular glo a poesie.";(savagely romantic;(well, when I report in to Eremburge, it's gonna be some narrative !)): "Why is that unmasqueHearded girl=there holding that faded bouquet a flowers in the drill-sergeant's look :he's seen some of the strangest recruits standing in front of him before this : -;-.)/An Artemussy tall as a tree, with bushy brows. A blond stipull of hair. Longlegged,in jeans gro'ing somewhat faithless here & there;(although she doesn't in the least try to make herself int'resting via the missing buttons.- She walks on by with monstrous grayello strides.)/2 in long blue linen-smocks,(Onuphrievitch and Honest Toes;bushylded foreheads,brawd-rimmd hats on their heads),they yell in cuncert 'Voo: Vay! - Voo:Vay!';bearded-backs & man'd cheeks - turning somerfarts as they approach : until they'r at the place reserv'd for them on the Teocalliahay./A gay in panties made of inverted silk,(ne'ertheless one kd make out the rectal=flap),his feet [redacted] fashionably chaind.Gold plated ears. His face hidden behind a veil,(altho one kn still discern the lids hilited in silverx),his bracelet of semil'or. - His friend accomp'nying him is outfitted as a male : long very=blond hair & a lace-collar, (which admittedly contrasts rather strangely with the stolen ham he's carrying).The few features of his face.Of graceful attainments,he hides his erection behind his thigh as he passes.'Othenio' calld L'homme du gaz;(which he at once authenticates with a flatus aimd at Egg;so drawld,and high-pitcht,that it appears to ecstpress more irony than uncertainty).Once encampt,he sets up a canopynis for his delicate friend; (and at the same time cautions him against 'the female' roundabout:'If you'v happily once got it out,you'll never thurst it in again !')./Wand'ring daughters of CETO : Popolina & Blakfut Su,bunches of ravenhair at their bellies;long with love acquainted eyes. - Anuška and Æresebet; slender as syphilides,propagullible=oval faces. - Still more Combri & Tittons (+ Acquae SEXtiae):Anal=Lisa & Phallus=Gerda :eyes as brown as their skin;and downrite tropical hairiness -their swains of the moment roll themselves down the hillahay to meet them. - Etelka,(with the nickname'twice upon a time',(: 'hairs are on thy belly !';:'strangers shall rejoice at thy chin !')); and PapiaNilla,the long blond piglet ,(Who for sev'ral days was considerd unmountable,til Prancid Charming...? /-:and there he comes flatulating down the road;above St Francis;below Gargantua;above as if he were on a pilgrimage to the HolySepulcher,below irreproachable multispouse and rifle man,('unusually strong when it comes to Paphlagonish');arrayd in cap,cut-lass, & pipe./Two-by-two: Mitrofan & Urice;a small wicker-basketed bottlarum about His neck,about Hers a container of molasses;He the son of the phree phall,She the daughter of the inclin'd playne./Fuckhart & Edelstand :hippies so authentic, they seem to be imitations;(ie apes kickt out of the zoo;Grobianus et Grobiana ; (appear also at costume-parties as okapis))./A tandem ? with a guitar's strumming in its wake ? - :2 bearded fello's march in,(the one's the glomy double of the other);on the carrier is a little seat,with a 4/4 tactility of a multiwido,some 11 years old :she plays & cro's;(and waves,albivatsic'ly,with her arms & legs at all who pass by./That fello=there,with the(adjustable) hat made of styropor : that's the doctor of her-do like thát, tho. - uh=Shd I send over a bushel a p'tatoes too ?"

GRETE (sure;bong):"But they'll have t peel 'em themselves.- uh=come on with me t the cellar : there's that old glass-balloon with brandy in it : not onev our finnickins 'll drink it anymore... -"

(They enter the house,debating./Almost at once the 3 oldsters take over the watch-posts at the hedge. -:?-:?-)

OLMERS (his film-camera up to his eye): "Gads,what a sale on meat !(Lord;I won't come across such a wilderness a models for the rest a my life;why I'd have t hire a whole Bordeaux...)";(he chooses a stronger telelens:-`-,'Nilli turbare Circ'Culus meus'- He sniffs):"(Cheesuscraist : stinks like Upupa Epops,the Gallo'swinger=there!) -";(he mutters):" This'll turn out Grade-A Fancy,this BUSSILIATic horde will !(N with this fantastic lite for thigh=seeing -)"; (he looks anxiously at the footage:?-):"If only 'v got enough film left... - tss:glorious ar(s)chetypes ! -";(he nudges one of his friends):" Take a look at Her : that degenerous turdyface,with the [redacted] chalky complex,the breasts with pores so big they look like white sponges. Plus that near Urient !:a fairedible Angora pussy.";(to Eugen):" Sure : reciprocal migratornitholojism;'t's as clear z pystal. (and not even that=reciprocal...";(?):"Oh don't begrudge me this. I really shd have no problems playing the eunuch,against my will a course.";(n other words :I'll pay for damages.(And blessed Augustine wasn't so virtuous n his youth either !)).

EUGEN (shaking his head): "Look there, in that pozo negro : 'v got stools like drug addicts ; already stinks worsen who knows what, (n a racket like Xerxes' camp !) - Well,then,who was rite ? : DARWIN or MOSES? Allev 'em 'r ripe for a biologist's side-sho : we needn't envy other continents anymore on accounta their monkeys.";(he points tward, granted, an especially 'preoccupey'd' Thorkelson):"Y ever see count'-nances more depriv'd a their civil lites than these Sylvan Brothers ?"(Now y know where the term 'marauder' comes from. Tss; the unfathomable joy they find n their do-it-yourself ghetto):" They say 'freedom' - n mean not having t wash & comb themselves. (?):Bull ! Tell that t the marines : naked bellies don't go in for studies !"

A&O ('Goblin Market' n fact.And makes a noise like the sea on the deserts of Bohemia):"I kn see Wieland's 'Calendars' incarnate before me;"(Altho n this heat it mite be risky t judge people on the basis of external appearances.N any case a most alert and locomotive race):" I'v heard it

her hands ?"

ANN'EV': " She's waiting for it t bloom again; then she'll thro it away. -";(yes, the doctor):"Name's Doctor Kornfeger;(he's never treated us to his first name) : looks unwonted strange,doesn't he;with his little black bag in hand.(He's got a whole ruck-sackfull a poisons n his possession;with somev 'em We kd poison half the world's population.[redacted] For tho We'r poor,We'r mitey; n when We take t the streets,ev'rybody makes room for us,n they stick out their tongues as a sign a respect):" What'r you staring at ?: has the pussy gone rabid ?"

MARTINA (gaping intent):"Sev'ral disparate observ / communications tenderd me by my pitfello's 'r merging now into a swea / mutty (w)hole -(the notions a young girl gets from a routine like that one,they'r well,I told y already,they'r strangely confus'd;I can't describe it n elegant terms)- there: the way He's=kissing=Her !,that kd disconcert n angel,(not t mention the devil) :the fate a the organ itself seems not to int'rest the captur'd soul much, does it"

ANN'EV': "There's no way t broach the [redacted] topic decently.";(the body ?:the filthy lining of filthiness.And):"the visible part a man is devil's work. -(And the invisible ?): ohmy ! - Listen t how she's chirping -:there ! now she's come unbuttend.A long=blue=one like that works just like a dime in a vending machine.";(Go ahead n watch;y kn learn Theory of Cheek-out-Girling): "There'r 19 diff'rent ways alone a wrapping your arms / legs around his neck.";(Or there):"A little retard like that just before ejaculation (the lady's) enhances the sentiment beyond the borders a credulity : the fat one's be-coming n acrobatass;the thin-supple one a hissing,screaming ball o'snakes."

MARTINA (shaken):" Les Horreurs d l'Amour: He'd ride the guts rite out a one's body! Wow,that'd curl your bangs"(despite which I feel quite porny : it sets the fut twitch / dripping. She sniffs;excited=critical): "A ceremonial stench ! (And that's the smell Eremburge says reminds one of n aroma out a the orient ?)";(taking another hell's-eye view -:?-:there's another one a your side-splitting methods):"Just watching gets to your bones & stones :well, they surely can't carry on any worse n the gloom a hell ! Plus those grimasses allover the yard besides !;;('t's a good thing the weeds 'r thick enough t deaden the sound some)"; (jostl'd by a blast of the box,she sinks back):"And does this stuff come in all colors ?!"

ANN'EV' (objectiv'ly):"Oh more 'r less; ('xept for shades a green).(And 'semen' is-the pack.(He's hairem-scarum for the love of his Turkass)./Wild men who kiss the peeceps of their derelickt ladies-fair;(and then hold the breast=buds softly between their teeth). /Arnillo,dit le Temporiseur & Miss fourteen bras, legs lovelly asunder :He's got her between pears and cheese;she b[redacted]andyshes his phall./Not a few dabble=faced Jani,beardlings from 'Interbuck',waving tward their priapisses with their shining hammers : 'O Jelly Day/Nillabulla,a rezy's member hard between two stix; (for the student of labiralarts is of one opinion,the brownette riding him of another)./He,brite shaft-patches on his dusky horn,with large bristly testickles,Herr van Achter; She the goddess of Vutzlipiezli,tabernaked,bids him a roaring welcome./ Tall & pliant of body,all her hairs look sunburnt,she undilates fowlmessages to him spousemodic'ly with her legs - there he is Bey=Her;with his lips suppliantly stroking ev'ry expos'd surface,(& she has naught but such to offer ! she opens the brutting pfortal to her lover,and smacks her lips hot=and=tottig)./ Ev'ryone(f.&m.) belongs to Ev'ry=one else,in Missipissi floods, in Grand Titton storms : hark the play of the sphincters ! /Muscelman & Musselwife:hard-working,priapic, pumparse. Her rear,bold=white,shimmers in the air,(so firm a bullt of liftening kd hardly leave a trace behind);his affuction for her is staggering,efficaseously deep,slinging secretions :-:and goes after his game with such piezass,that the heath litterally starts to wobble:!/ She cul-menates like the white horse of the Apoculips,with eyes buggering out,keep it up,you'r doing fine, her face,in front,gro's more dissolute from suckend to suckend,the sweat wells from the emasheated cheeks that she's so busy moving,what was once her [redacted] ab=do=do=do...MAN !-stiff backbon'd twitching.Quivers out. She ththrobs on him still,from the Marse on to the Mammae,from the Itch on to the Belly't:``:... -/?:?-: the appair=only Negress ! :curl'd wantoness,wide open,olive edg'd primalluromas agaping.Aboveher a dude as tall as a tree (in finest hippie-beauty;his styled curls an emblem of anarchy),who promises to fullfill the most dreadful sexpectations : he girds himself,serious=business-like, with her legs :first a coupla phalsstarts;then tempi of execreting manhefulldness;sensing the oncoming-spurt,he accelerates to a gallop - (and the longest part of her ganges punjabs too)- :and suddenly the air about her is culpepperd with spurting foam,Satonfarts;(and he proceeds ,amidst furze and laughter;(til he's Adamn site out of breath !))./Farses op-posing;they do it by the three=score;brand-name 'guaranteed bald at 30[redacted] :'Faire le Gamin':first she imboobs his mouth womanually with her breasts: @ - and then rides him on down,allah turca,(with 1st class interlace=work of arms & legs),thrice round the manege of lust,wrencht flagrancess,disastrous offspring of a dismal sire,a humansnake with more than her share of joints;so til he came off from the exertion with love damage)/Since all He kn offer her full breasts is an empty sack:- and just a flimsy : ? -Deblówrah laughs at her sucksess:they roll over,nurvsing on the Urinoco,stuck tgether recto=

said that HERMANN HESSE's quite the thing among these hippies : what if they get around t discov'ring GEORGE BURROW;(or a 'KENELM CHILLINGLY'). -(?):They'r all creatures who kn only exist n a pack;(thus avoiding the sweet=troublesome task a self-determination):a perpetual life a camaraderie - even that a your 'Journeyers to the East'-, wd be insuff'rable for me."; ((?): how's that,'a reemergents a the old aversion a the nomad t permanent housing etcetera' ?):"I'd be more inclin'd t say, 'to any kindev work whatsoever':your South Sea Islanders'r pretty much the opposite a 'nomads', but they still hold the record (with help from the climate) for loafing : 'aquae furtivae dulciores sunt,et panis absconditus suavior',even SOLOMON knew that";(or as MICHAELIS renders it:'stolen water & bread eaten in secret taste best'. Nat'rally they go around unwasht & gaudypied):"In Sanskrit n fact there's just the one word for 'pied' and 'beautiful';"(and the long-hairyness has its share a compurgators too):"HUC's 'Hung mao eül'. Sure, why with 'rough Else' WOLFDIETRICH had t consider:'and should I fain lie with thee, how came I thru all that hair ?'"(n 'black teeth' - well the Malays do that artificially :remove the glaze from the tooth,& then dye the bone coalblack;(that kd serve as a supplement t POE's 'Pym')).

EUGEN (nodding):" 'Bumming around' must have n irresistable charm, n for a Lota People -";(he quotes [redacted] from the 'Exemplary Novels' of CERVANTES)

(:'Oh you dirty,fat, & greasy kitchen-boys ! you counterfeit beggars & sham cripples ! you pickpockets of Zocodover & of the Plaza of Madrid! you swaggering charlatans;you errand-boys of Seville;you procurers for houses of ill-repute;together with all the countless host included under the name of tramps! : pack up,strike your sails,forget about calling yourselves tramps unless you have been through the course at the tuna-fisheries of Zahara at least twice (between Cadiz & San Lucar)! There,that is where one finds hard work & loafing in their real element;there's pure filth & swollen obesity,gnawing hunger & abundant excess,undisguised vice,perpetual gambling,brawls every sixty seconds,murder not much more infrequently;an affront with every step one takes;dancing as if this were a wedding;seguidillas exactly as printed;pompous romances,& anemic verses. Here they are singing,over there they are swearing,here is a farcas,there is gambling,& theft is everywhere :the free & easy life is right at home. Many gentlemen of quality come here looking on their own or send someone to look for their sons,& find them;& these youths are as distressed at being ripped away from their life of license as if they were being led to their deaths.(Even tho it is impossible to sleep peacefully here at night, for fear that someone will break in & drag you off to the Barbary coast.')

A&O:"Yes'ndeed;at a rite early age I found the question as t the origin of evil

n't just white either : at one end a the scale it tends tward matt=bluish;at thother thick=yellogreen;(n sometimes there's even a drop a reddishness to it). -(?):Oh listen : a supple mouth with a long muscrewlar tongue in it kn do wonders : think on Me at your third coming.¶ (? -shrugging her shoulders): " Man is hollo within;and evil in the world 's gro'ing steadily - t the shame of all creato redeemers. - Have y profited as far z knowledge a the craft o' love goes ?"(Do y know more now about your lad ?).

MARTINA (slo'ly. Hhmm:divided desire & split will. - I guess I'd better tell you about what happend;this noon,on the train): "Y see one a the boys - the Finest & Shyest of All) - (well n other words MARTIN) - just because Gudula pulld up her blouse to [redacted] her navel,n expos'd her legs about up t here : suddenly he got a hard-on ! And I mean a réally dreadfull one : like a wild-jackass ! (And he was so asham'd,n bent himself all up in embarassment,so it wdn't be so noticeable. (And Eremburge was even fresher than usual,n said rite out loud:'Sho'ing off his Zedonulli rite here under our noses!';(but then a course she assur'd Us n a whisper that : one kd draw some lively conclusions about future marital bliss from that))) -(?) : no=way;of course We all star'd n that direction, looking it into larger dimensions. (Most of Us aren't acquainted with it yet : end up like crazy-people flirting with ourselves) - wow,if only He doesn't do anything to himself out a shame. (N for sure I won't be able t get enough a wild dreams t'nite, rite up until dawn - (let's hope these visions here don't run interferents !)).";(she sighs): "'Thrall' 's actually a beautiful word; a word for twosomes. -";(she hums, 'Show me the way to Amorillo):"I wd fain do his filthy will,and deliver up my primeurs to him. (I'd like for him t have a certain decorous impetuosity; but I kn see it coming already : I'll have t help him unbutton,with my heart & fingers trembling for love.)"; (dreamily):"'t's a shame that nothing ever happens - I'd love t be rescu'd by him-: 'When I lie down so will I think on thee; when I awake so will I speak of thee !'"; [redacted] (that's a Psalm.)

ANN'EV' (resignd : faces & bellies 'r always the same;attaching hair t hair goes nimbly enough, n it's easy t catch the clap-(?): 'Me' ?):" Listen -: when y know that there's a heart attack follo'ing ev'ry go=round -. T get back t your Martin again - (by the way, what's the restev his name ? Schmidt ? Classical name)- :the way you describe him,he's got some damnd dangerous virtues. Look at your breasts:if He's always urethrally:she kisses him under his cock;he dips his tonguelet in her bewitching prefurable goblet,licking of chops in the contcave -:- and the automatic writhing has already begun, the sweet'n'fluid contorsions;each sucks the other out in turn abeat-off ,brown sweat running down them,Oneida Come-unity,racing each other on the way to Gelée Fountain :his fir'd-up head exudes a white slime;her witcheswell a thinclear ecstasy-glue;(and still he kisses the soft=corpuss of his redamptress)/Homocentrick comeadies :One swaggering fello has a manometer up his ass;while pricking both her cheeks raw./Another whistles all the while,(training for the lungs)./ Two,who are grazing with their teeth on each other's pubic hair. (Crooking one's arm & looking thru it' makes one clairvoyant : you'll see some aballing things !)./Inwardly coitales-c't;PHair presst to PHair: as if dréven by some internal mechanism; with each suxessive round ever stiffer;faceless folk with nothing moving but their rearends./ UNE and KALE ? : They indulge in a unique sorda lovemaking;sitting on the professorial stool for lesbians,Miss Brown=yello next to Miss Anemic,before them the élèves -('Mania them vote for a land where only girls may live,Misses & Miss : HE's not allowd in;& if he's already there,then he's got t be tosst back out !',so goes one of their [redacted] Hermapfro'ditties,suppos'd t be written at Leshos.-(?)-: Shoulder-shrugs: there they sit;one cunt laughing at the other./(?)-:each is amusing herself with her-mitt's delite : UNAMANO,(i.e.'one hand';because she ipsa =fecits 5 times a day,each time with a diff'rent finger). - The rose withdraws her finger (abraded with sand) out of her calyx. - A wild and lonely pump ? : 'Genia la Pouce'(just as the name indicates:a genius of the thumb - We call that :'A screw with the invisible man lady':if she had the capability of lending form to the visions invulvd, you'd see the party in quest-ion,as if formd from the flick-'ring air, lying upon her :there are People who sents when someone's playing with him herself and thinking of them !/Ah yes masturbare necesse est;(even if understood as nothing more than a cockfite):manuell de Phall,yah ?;Who first creams himself with Onanil,and then begins his uCello=solo;at the start con fuocko;then a feeble=rinfartsando./ 2 little girls,pale copyxies,;picking eachother's no sies./A girl Who,while thinking of pus her faraway lover,plays with breast and crotch,lost in réverie. Another,enrag'd at him;Who out of spite gratifies herself before his eyes;(a sorta real thousand-itcher,pour la main gauche,(during which the rite fist is laid defiantly on its respective thigh))./'And He is true,too !' : the lad who's just pulld his (absent) lover's sock over it -(:and then starts working so fast that it looks like he's bringing joy to two glans at once.('Many have been known to use HER glove as well.')/Nillum tetigit quod non onanavit./Tap'ring off :sexhausted powers. They kiss one another;even on the forehead for a change.Only a few hairdy,scaley rods are left,lepidoptrians & sigillarians, from which individual wully-sacks are hanging. Futman & bed fighter,their steering [redacted] eyes no longer admiring a single hole.Only here & there does Anyone try to phall into his lov'd-one's arms. Back in the corner a strange one - 'm more & more of the opinion that the 'origin of goodness' is by far the more puzzling.";(serious): "But there'll come a war,after which people'll be needed : who kn live without houses, n drink out a ponds;who kn go naked, n don't (want t) know anything about books; who will need no shoes in a wild and untam'd land,in a barren and darkend land,in a land where NoMan walketh,neither dwelleth a man therein - : and they could be the ones.(I'll admit ; y can't 'survive' on pure realism;but only on the 'realism of the fantastic'.) All such groups -Beatniks;Hippies & their sub-sects;Communards;cells of terrorist-extremists;etcetera - 'r symptomatic of a world disintegrating along its edges - p'r'aps even 'working in from the edges';similar t the way it was once around 13 - 15oo, the Beghards, Lollhards,Brethren of the Free (or whatever) Spirit;the Anabaptists of Münster (and elsewhere)."(He falls silent; and stares at the anthropofarses.)

OLMERS (who's listend with 1 ear): "Savage Saints : reciprocal Thebaids. (That Little=one=there, 'Babilonia','m gonna try t lease her lateron : adwhorable creature;(n with positiv'ly caligulan notions !)).(?) : ahc'mon !;'GOd forbid; as propagation once was all the rage,so We affirm these idle farces' - ow! -";(he's pincht a finger in the cam-'ra,and dangles it now :'!' -(bleating: 'Those'r the little chastisements a the SE)):"So,one full -(:'ll tape some commontary : 'll be a song a the voyrrier triumphant !)"(he sniffs):"Cheesus : miasmas worsen in dog days: HE stinks like a billygoat n spring;SHE like a Uri(ne)-an hole n Sweatss cheese;(n bothev 'em like flagrunt aeolides: plain z the nose on your face that 'carcass' & 'ass' 'r related afterall).";((?):oHell 'corrupt' !):"You'd best pay attention t your own pretty flesh & blood. -(?): thère : your comely first-born sitting up on the roof ;(n the ta(li)smanian face next t her's providing the appropriap comments anent yon hill a scandelicacies."(Must be just the thing for a feisty rascal t belly-slide on !):"Cave ! - Supe's coming ! -"

(for GRETE & ASTA approach:lovliest co(r)pulents;her stride has even more elastititty than usual,under which a heart beats loud & hornily;stok't-up with libido;the litest prestench of lust hovers in the air)

GRETE:" Weell ? What'r you all still prestiditchitating here for ? (Scrufty flesh=demons : y all belong in log cabins !)Pf,look how the lovesick tomcats roll

so etherial=waxy in spirit,they kd quite easily appear 'too fleshly'to him. There are men,(I mean youngmen)who,becausev the purest adoration n which they hold their goddess, think it a desecreation to imagine her with a rearend;(and bowel-movemats 'r forbidden - Lotsev 'em fart n their sleep !) -I'm talking now about the worst cases."

MARTINA (sadly. You're sinfully right): " It kills the mood. - But on thother hand isn't it perfect=adorable that he still doesn't know how to appreciate convex & concave at all ?"

ANN'EV' (rocking her head - well; hope He doesn't deceive y with barest verbaloving! (Tho barest peniloving's not the ultimate either)):" These chaste=fantastickers : 'r useless panderhandlers & vaintriloquests. N that case get yourself a position on the moon;'cause it's next to impossible t talk a jack-off into going back t the sole-beatifying womb!"

MARTINA: "That'd be just plain hell! (:Spécially if it's my soul & my belly?! I want t spend the whole day dis= & robing him,be z faithful as a spaniel; - ;but that'd hardly be agrée-applepie !)";(but then these summer=horrors here;insights into the workings of poor human nature;I still can't banish a certain astonishment when I cast n eye in that direction. (Trusting)):"Guess I have to admit it : during those first 1o minutes a watching - : all the harmony within me was hackt t pieces; I no longer believ'd n any sortev immortality;"(tho all my nerves were tingling, nat'rally, all my odors set free t roam,(but 'that is fleshely lustynge,and his accorsed yvelnesse')):" - and he's such a fine lad ! - (and kisses, sûre; ânу amount !)- but that He's suppos'd t ride me like that; his eyes falling [redacted] outev his head;his lily=rod rasing it, rasing it, even to the foundation thereof' -(that's a Psalm: 137=7)- I mean, if we were lying at the middlepoint a the earth, where all gravity disappears;but like thís...";(displeas'd,she shakes her head): "Some a that was contrary to all anatomy;& a plundering of all the powers a human nature;(do-it-yourselfing's pure relaxátion n comparison !(And Eremburge kn whisper about thís stuff cold as a snake ?))."(Maybe it was just the noveltia the situation that did it;n parts of it merely a delusion of overheated organs;('cause,I'll admit :some a my senses seemd t be seething like I'v never experienc't n my whole life;(I'v repeated the actus in mente prob'ly as many z 3 times,(n brought it to its climax)).Sighing):" But genius has no part in it either."(P'r'aps it was just a mattera mass production;since a crowd is not company. She quotes once more:'You have done this in secret; but I shall do it before all Israel,and before the sun.' Downcast):" And here I was so full a sweet presentiment.- "

ANN'EV': "The sweetest presentiments 'r not always the most trustworthy. - I just want t make it clear t you : youths men a that sort love phantastic'ly; intens'ly,so it seems; n ne'ertheless without depth." (She rocks her yello head):" At least think it over - otherwise there kd be suites.";(she stands up. Stretches her back & shoulders. She prepares to leave the roof. Already descending to M):"And do you return his glances ?"

MARTINA (follo'ing her down):" And how, with britest fire!"

(Continuing their discussion, they disappear into the house.)

two still cunddle duzemang; more persistant than the heathen tward morning./Farmer's=adage: brownshelld eggs 'r more nourishing.

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(:'By Jungliester,in Luxemburg,there was a pretty maiden who was loved most tenderly,but quite platonically & sentimentally,by an elf. Her family,however, wanted very much to be rid of him;but they were concerned not to offend him in any way ! So an old shepherd purged the maiden with a piece of bread that had been dipped in saltwater and then sulphered. When the elf came to her once more, there escaped from the maiden,because of what she had eaten,an involuntary wind whose thunder so frightened the elf that thenceforth, full of disgust and indignation,he ever avoided a world of men in which such vulgarities could occur.')

their eyes ! Whereas We withdraw,just to avoid having t watch these whorrers any longer- :Scenes that wd'v so mortifyd the satyrs of antiquity that they wd'v slunk back into the forests - [redacted] must 'v carryd on like this rite before the Flood - : n YOU ?! ";(to Eugen):" Well ? What do you have t say for yourself ?"

EUGEN (virtuous): "'t's like on the Blocksberg in 'FAUST' - :Hippielove dies fast;but syphilis'll last.";(clumsily he turns [redacted] around. And plods back to the table.)

GRETE (to Olmers): "N what about yóu, Brother=dear ? Did y manage t get it all on film? (Secret sins,for which our language lacks names !) Tss,that you emasculotted big-mouths still havn't seen sufficient a that smidgen a Him'llayya !";(Komepearly Mynes): "Ab=norm & =natur=al pleasures - y don't think of anything else anymore. (You'll lie there on your deathbed n the hospital n ogle the head-nurse's cleavage !)!"

OLMERS (commisserating : y ought t try teaching n old monkey t make faces!):" Nothing like a kiss n the pissoir." ;(confidentially):" Look at Hêr=there...(-:noo;not the oxydiz'd hueman with the horny mug;(manyficke girrl;but for my experiments already too old))...the thin white one,divinudinous,like she just came out a the fuct'ry: I smell I smell mayden=flesh¶ ((?): oh,gracious Sistermine:" You were already masturbating at 4 -(do I have t sho y the snapshot again ?)-:til your tiny hand sank out a site! Haehae -";(he suddenly bleats out):"Say, just imagine : rite n the middla pious old GRAUL's East Indies' travelogue, I actually found a missionariess calld :'Fräuhein Kuhfut' ! -";(he departs with head shaking=warbling:'On Saint Anus day you promis't me'...(from OSC.STRAUSS 'Bozena';Jan Burians song)).

GRETE (calling after him indignantly): " Depart ! -"; (to be completed with 'evil spirit' [redacted] oh.aeh. With eyes gro'n large & cold she approaches A&O:" Weell ? Were y able to observe her Laydyship's millyou with your own too=little eyes ? :the man who ends up with one a thát kind has really made a catch;y have t admit.";((?):Your mouth's all excited in vain):"She knows the gate to ev'ry ass-hole ! N doesn't give a hootif the whole world watches her at Whatever !" ((?):what sorta travelogue y hauling out this time ?...)

(for A&O has a quote about 'invisible raiment':'The natives make an even finer textile from a domestic Bromeliaceae,the Ananassa sativa.This textile does not appear commercially at all;it is,however,so extraordinarily beautiful that our entire textile industry has nothing comparable to it.Once extracted,the fibre is so delicate that the material can be woven only in places from which every draught has been banned,for the lightest breath of air lifts the filaments./This material has an unusual characteristic : it is transparent;that is to say,it does not envelop the skin in a mist as do the finest cottons;but rather in a shell of finest glass.The woven material of itself is quite soft & can be woven very tightly;but nevertheless a space remains between each thread & its neighbour,& this contributes much to the transparency;moreover the threads themselves are equally transparent & to such a degree that,once the textile has been woven,it is always adorned with delicate embroidery,because otherwise one could in no way perceive that the body had been clad with an article of clothing.The native girls are so stubborn that they will sell none of this material;for,since production & embroidery demand such extensive work,they maintain that no one could afford to pay what it is truly worth,which I am quite willing to be-

lieve : I obtained some of this material as a gift;but I was never able to come by it thru simple purchase. It is truly a very great pity that these foolish people will not have it any other way : how fine it would be if it were possible to display veils & shawls costing 1ooo thaler a piece in the windows of our linen-drapers -(or better still,our milliners)- : what a sensation a rich banker's wife could cause, since a noble woman of wealth would not dare buy such a trinket ! Stuff of this nature would enable great artists to procure models who are still unprofaned; for the model stands fully clad before the artist, & he is nevertheless happier than Scopas when lovely Lais stood,with soaking wet apparel, before him as model for Aphrodite. It was cloth of this sort that gave the great Mogul Achmet occasion to say to his daughter that she had too little on & was therefore clad immodestly !;to which she replied :'Dear father, I am wearing seven garments, one atop the other - & I simply cannot wear more at one time !'/Apparently LAßWITZ,'2 Planets',Chp 28,belongs in this context:'...a small spool,no larger than an index-finger was thrust forward, apparently black;but in Isma's hands the little spool unfolded into a large blanket in which one could wrap one's entire body.The weave was quite soft,loose, & completely invisible;dark threads woven into it served the sole purpose that one might at least be able to recognize where the cloth lay and of what dimensions it might be.Isma wrapped herself in it cozily,& one could not perceive that she had thrown anything like a cloth around her;her toilette remained totally visible.' etc.)

GRETE (brutal=contemptuously): " but you'r upset just the same !" -

Scene 25

(In the kitchen;during the preparation of sundry ev'ning=snax, Grete and Martina. Asta comes in and out. The search for a 'clay-oven'. A large kettle simmpers softly;(its lid is rais'd occasionally -:?-): 'chop another handfull a mushrooms in it.'./Outside brite ev'ning at the windo,o'ercast with the most delicate redyello,embroid'ry at hem and waist.(The sun first enterd a cloud-tent, and then set./Thus it's mostly Madame Inquisitiva and Miss Innocentia,(like [redacted] Piezze and Piezzetta)

MARTINA (equanimous):"... o just about Ev'rything, hounds & hares mixt :of man, male, and animale. She does have a definite goô for clothes, n that's a fact most true. -";(admonishing the pot entrusted to her):" Coffee ! : be fragrant ! -".

GRETE (vext): "She kd lend a hand or two z well, the liquidated spyderthread : squats there like some princess under a curse n dreams up allmanax ! (Or lies on her back,n counts the birds flying by overhead - tss,She sure feeds & cons her way thru life !). - "

MARTINA (rebutting):" Y act z if she were a gourmette. Y know only too well that that's a fib as high as the plafong : on certain days she makes it a point a conscients t collect the scent from flowers:as if that were a finer delicacy, so t speak.";(an easily misjudg'd creature who's surely been misjudg'd a thousandtimes over):"she's fundamentally a girl of most diverse fortune;naked & strict as a maiden of Sparta." (She warbles 'La calumnia e un venticello'./And when Grete sneezes into the rosemary bag `!'-/):" Same to You ! -(?)-: Well :'Bless thee with blessing of heaven above;blessing of the deep that lieth under:blessings of the breasts & womb !' ";(there's all sorts a stuff n the Buybull):" Ann'Ev's one a the select few who know how to wear their nudity."(And BM gobbles up more all by hisself than 2o of her : 'd rather have Her raw than you breaded'n'fryd n butter !).

ASTA (climbing up out of the cellar,cans in her hands and under her arm): " She doesn't respect herself. And makes herself as downrite useless as Sunday personifyd. -(?):nat'rally she's 'seen more a life' than's good for her : the proof's that skinny yello rear a hers : if y carv'd it outa wood it wdn't be more expressionless !"

GRETE :" N you'r not gonna try n tell mé that that sickly tir'd-blooded pussycat's unselfish, are y : she floats rite along with the current ! She let herself be futographt by Olmers (that old tatter of absurdity),(n don't ask me in what for poses !). She attends on yóu in her reculanum with babyoles and prurient phrases. And she's casting in on poor A&O with a coupla physio= & psychowd'y'do's plus fArsical revelaytions,(calves' brains burnt in the pan 'r richer n ideas !) - n then the pale yello paltry gizmo flickers with her eyes z if she weren't all=there - n the men hardly even notice how she's forever sho'ing off her breasts & etcetera t them,z good as unacquainted with shame : húh=uh; nix is nix,even if y giftwrap it in silver! After all." (:Han' me a cup there.)

MARTINA (I méprise your badmouthings;(one copperbellyd Heckaté on topa thother ! : if it were BM tho;or smother bear with seven senses,(n with 'a membre so comendable' !);thât'd make y purr & honeydo.) - ?):"Oh nothing; just talking t my underwear.";('I wexe erk fro thyn alday drery open mouthe',n 'll see y get it n writing,on a little packet a salt !).

GRETE (around here y obey orders,n without mutt'ring):" Where's that cup ?"(Or 'r y expecting some special revelation for that ?):" Why do y need t stop n stand nfronta the mirror first ?"

MARTINA ('contemplating perfection'):" Havn't got legs enough t fulfill all your demands...";(she proceeds, with an intentionally shuffling gayt, to the cupboard. Grasps a cup. Which, as she is handing it to Grete, falls to the floor & breaks : ! -)

ASTA (just raises her eyebrows;and goes back down thru the cellar-hole : wine vinegar -):" 'll do it myself..."

GRETE (after she has recoverd):" N what was thát suppos'd t be ? (Y got mud between your fingers ?!) : trap's fulla saucy phrases;but when she's suppos'd t lift 1 hand t help, she drops it outa pure meanness (and a native love a disobedi-

ents !). - (?): Well ?What 'r y standing around n cogitating for ? : y kn kindly bring a whiskbroom & dustpan."(Tss; just be thankful it wasn't one from the good dozen; otherwise y wd'v really caught it !)

MARTINA (weary of it all):" O Christ walking barefoot ! : What a cooyonad,on accounta 1 cup !";(enough t make y prefer t be wrappt up n your cerecloth. -(?): - wrathfull & unrepentant):" Yes'ndeed : I'll fétch that whiskbroom ! And it all works better with less yelling, too.)";(t get praise around here One 'parently has t die first.)

GRETE :" Whàt=sorta croquant remarks 'r you bringing t market this time ?...-"

(She interrupts herself; her glants directed to the [redacted] pinkbrite giant=square of a windo - :- where Ann'Ev' has just strode by,playing with a big=frail ball,woven from whitlo' grass : it looks like she's walking along the edge of the world,just in fronta the rose-cLuster that still lies above the setting sun. She is abducted a way by the sunset's glo. -

MARTINA (emerging from the floor,the deliberate drudge):"...glue the shit back tgether again -"; (She stands there, taken by the [redacted] twilite of Kitchen=land. -:'Sweet !'- She murmurs):" And They want t censure rearcheex like=Hèrs !"(Unfortunat'ly my tongue's under house-arrest; otherwise I'd sure know how t cite SCRIPTURE... (?): Well,maybe):" 'Blessed is the barren woman' (WISDOM OF SOLOMON). Or RUTH:'...for she is not of those damsels who sit at home upon a pillow, leading a sluggard's life.' " (And n case A&O shd àctually be her admirer):" The prophet HOSEA -(n verily not one a the more wretched ones)- marryd a whore, too(n by divine command at that !);(n from all appearances didn't live badly with her either : poorkwanône ?).

(:'Lyk to a syklìche mayde/the brotel worldis appearance/ and her semeley coverchiefs.')

GRETE (having collected herself):" Ohlord; close your prophetic-trap : 'v been onto you since y were n egg."(If y had just 1 flicker a dyunderstandme,y wdn't put all your energies into sharing your inheritants with strange=folk : there's a kind a snàke they call 'seraph' too, y know ! -(?):Your heart tells y diff'rent ?):" 'Heart' ! -: Who askt anything about Your innards?! - uh=Yes,what is it please :?-";(for she has taken note of a,decorous, rapping at the door :?').

EGG (enters; with demure self-abasement,he requests the 'Pearl of Great Price'):"Also mite I make so bold as to request that you not be upset by our fire... :strictest controls -";(he falls silent,and lays a hand to his heart,for ASTA's head has appeard above the floor: !-)

MARTINA (not without an indiscreet smile):" The gentleman has most likely enterd mistakingly at this portal : the sev'ral libraries are located somewhat to the west of here."

EGG (unperplext):" Moreover I wisht -(in passing !)- to present our request that the garden-hose be stretcht over our way... - gooling libations - p'r'aps even the lavation of a thing or two : already the clouds have caught the glo reflected from their backsides - the thronging eyes of the village youth...";(he extends his soft hands,courteously :? -)

so that GRETE (to Martina):" Wellc'mon n lend a hand,Martina : y know where it's kept."

MARTINA (persisting in her masterly sloth - (first a quick gulp a cawffy for the Je) - then):"'m beside m'self with joy -(think I mite even be able t remember where the aforesaid implement's t be found) - ne'ertheless p'r'aps Ms Asta's more experienc't hand wd... -";(she points gracefully with her cup:'Mrs.Egg,and other Barbarians' - ?)

ASTA (with resolute dignity,to an ecstaticly gestickulating EGG):" I'll be over by the fents in 1o minutes - we'll lay it over thru the hedge - 'll demonstrate how the nozzle works for you : we kn try it out a coupla times..."

MARTINA (who has lent an ironic ear to these revealing formulations:? - lays a hand to her tummy: a bowel ? - and then departs from the room with a thoroughly transparent pretext -(?)):"Burn your own fingers on that clay-oven!";(one kn hear her mini-song, something like:'better t tramp it while you'r young, than later to collect cigar butts & dung'.)

(the most outlandish vagabond faces appear at the windo. Baboons promenade back & forth arm in arm with girillas,(and wish evil upon the in-habitants & all their eventual progeny). In the bluered shimmer of evening,but this time from the other direction,Ann'Ev' again;her litely woven ball balanc't on her head)

GRETE (with heartiest aversion):" The mangy toad ! with her insidious skinninnyness ! -";(to M, who has returnd exhausted):" well just have a look for yourself : nothing like n exhibition !(for A&O : nauseating !). Tears big z peas come sliding down her cheex whenever she wants : well,in the valley of Jehosephat she'll be painfully sorry for her lies !"

MARTINA (planting herself with effectation on a kitchen stool):" Ahhhh; - :must be what it's like t have a baby !"((?) :what do y mean by 'unladylike' and 'sinfull':" 't's just a mannera speaking. An obstruction a the nether organs is a torment t one's immortal soul,n drags it down t just such regions. (?):besides,yóu don't know anything about it either;"(having babies. N z far as 'sin' goes):" Ann'Ev's specially strong in dialectix,n has the ability to answer all things. -(? 'Truth?):I waive all claims t truth. N if somebody demands it of me,why I'll believe n the Holy Quaternity;(an oath or two makes no diff'rents t me)"(she takes hold of her coffeecup anew -?-:there's something gothic about these gingerbread figures,don't y think ? -(?):'prayer' ? :z if all a you were constantly at prayer !):" Sure,back then; when the bridges still had no railings : I shd waste my precious time !" (on the whole):" He who prays too much prays Himself rite on thru heaven; n then has t tend geese on the far side. Húh=uh;the pious fare z badly as the godless all too often (& vice versa) : Other people 'r of anOther opinion.";('an authoritative word'?): "may put an end t strife,but not t doubt."(shrugging:all the same t Me):"Hold thy peace, o my rosy lips;(you'v held it for many & more important things)";(conciliatory):"Have a sip a coffee with me instead :'That your navel may prosper,and your bones be refresht'.";(No ? well have some cianuro di potasso, then. (?):hard t pronounts, ain't it; (specially for those who wear false teeth).She chews happily on her 'BOUNTY')

GRETE (save those antix for mardisidnitegras):" Just go rite on assuming it : that your Ann'Ev' was rockt in her cradle by the brownies :'r y really so naive z t believe she's been thru all the things she's palmd off on you [redacted] ? Ohsure; if the clouds all had names'n'addresses, and the pumpkins kd only engage n conversation !"

MARTINA (rocking her head pensiv'ly on her shoulders):" At least she's gone thru it all in spirit;(n that's plenty all of itself : of Bad Dreams !)";(n z far as 'conversing pumpkins' go,I do recall that n the 2nd chapter of book vi. of 'Don Sylvio' I ran across one that was hardly devoid of intellect. And):"Nat'rally there are Sweet Dreams z well - O Martin=

what 'housewifely persistents' means : no vain illusion t be sure ! -(?): Olmers is on his knees again upstairs - let's hope he won't ever be able t stand-backup again, the ol' derelickt...): " - psst ! -";(something's creeping closer.)

(for a long-rob'd,becinctur'd figure flies twa~~r~~d her : ? -, - and just as quickly pulls back again : ! -)

GRETE (archly):" Why lookie there, Sir Poet !;back out among 'em again ? - ";(softly to Asta):" A stu(d)pendously rakish face ! Well, open slitsame !";(she glides,nois'lessly away:...,... -)

EGG (at once, enthus'd):" E~~cc~~omi, pronto ai baci. -";((?):'Here I am, ready for kissing';from MONTEVERDI's 'Combatt imento do Tancredi & Clorinda'):" Ahh ! : Neckturds & Bumbrosia !";(he sniffs her up & down; his finger between her blouses bu(s)ttons):" O be but forebaring with me ! -"

ASTA (a doubulby cowtious tittaness):" Not so fast, said the bride ! -";(with her left hand she opens herself up; with her rite, him:...,... -)

EGG (he presses a long,devouring kiss upon her breasts;-;and then, for when it gets down to mammalErotix he's a second Palamedes, lays his sculpting hands about them :?-: but even when splayd at their widest, they aren't big enough to encompass even one of them to any extent ! Prattling away in pre=rut, he speaks up again from inbetween her breasts):" Had I a heart for falsehood framed, I ne'er could injure You ! -"

(With twitch & itch, they dovetail nicely with one another, the Hamateur & the Feisty Old Lady :

Egg,long since having eRebussl'd down,in the slit'ly convext lawn,to the aromatic curls,promenosing in the Forest of Ambatondrazaka, in odorous stupefaction,('Audumbla', the mine=moist,rich=juicy one), the acrid smell of her loin =groin,('Here is Hellysium!'),he geniculates allRound her, twixt water & jungle, nothing like sweatss cheese,(or maybe a bumburger);her moonstrous seating-arrang'ments in his hands,eggstatic 'such an opening !' (gullystar:'like a dawn =lit [redacted] honey=rose !'),he takes her measure,rite on up over the hole Radschin : come,let all Your moisture flow !,like at a ball-nite party,('Globallher and globallher,behold the world's squalor!'),the lady with the lov'ly perfum'd hairbunny,he n~~u~~zzles her quickly once more in her glands of bartholin.And ~~o~~bobbles her heart anew; he measures the number of mouthlengths from one nipple to the next,in the bosomy swells,his member flunkeys untiringly,strangely moldgreen in the moonlite,he discovers her armpits,warmoist & hersute,and again a good deal of kissing (on a rather conplicated system) is the result,but her obbliging breast is sonear so big so sweltrysoft,and he bites into the ancient udder as if it were ma~~nn~~~~mm~~a from heaven

Asta the graybearded reciprocates his kisses in deepest cuntrabass(the F=hole,(fing'ring on the verteBra)),making love with their mouthes;but very soon she's strOaking HIM too,to convints herself it's not another phallsifuckation...(C'mon, c'mon !:pull the rod out of its bolster !'),wallo'ing in the neggromancey full of savages,she gives him her tongue to egg him on,her hands revelving around between the vis-à-vis chubby =cheex,she illumans his parts with a flashlite,to be absolutely=sure :?-: a fat pugprick,thick now from beer,elongated in her hairpee's grasp,((?):'The anvil shrinks not before the hammer!'). warmly steaming,with automatronly power :'Come=up t Me !: I want t kiss You !',fumballing & grumballing in total invulvment, kneading his pee= nuts,til he cries Zeta,(his finger at her hair's p~~a~~rt,and the nadir full of tears;she dries her slit with a prac~~o~~'s hand: 'Bring the motions a your immoral hand to a gradual halt...(?) :Me? 'worn out' ? : 'v rippt the horseshoes off many [redacted] another stallion e'er this !',and her portal thundarse,trademark: Heavier than air,(tertium 'let it fly' perhaps ?)

(:'In the acorn we recognize that same providential goodness,that same wise benevolence,that we find in the gnarled trunk on which they grow.';COOPER,'Oak Openings'.)

EGG (fervently inhaling thru his nose : ahhh !;she sells a rair cheese,and I love her tairribly !):" You doubt my faithfulness ? My uprite=ness ? - :at the very next blacksmithy I shall have myself infibulated, in your presents !"(But what wd it avail us, shd we allow the coarsend inhabitants of this world t share the sublime secret(e)s of our love. - But tarry here yet a while !;he [redacted] osculates her larynx,to leave a mark of his passion):" My member shall ever thrust wide my trouser-door at the merest thought of You ! ";(as proof,he shoves it thru the wire=mesh;and describes to her what he intends to do with it as clearly as never a shepherd to his Phyllis.)

ASTA (thro's the drollittle organ a sweet uncom(e)mon look. Magnannymously she lets it play in her hand one more time. Between squeezes):" More soon ! Y kn hold out !";(she slips him another bottle of whisky.)

EGG (his hand on his heart,transported, grins his love. He takes farewell of Asta's pinnacles, of Asta's peaks. He speaks from a mouth red-kisst & stung by Asta's beard):" Only squanderd wealth is safe. - Uh=one more thing,my beautee - : get on good terms with Ann'Ev' ! Her rule over us is as good as absolute;(above all n concert with me & Marwenne): if SHE gives permission,y kn be eternally mine in Tasmania too. - O were I my middlefinger ! "(he raises it to demonstrait):" He was allow'd inside you ! : '!'";(he kisses away at it suckingly :! - His farewellleap over the fents becomes a bow :!)).

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(S h i f t o f S c e n e .)

(Time : the same as just=above./ Place : Olmer's room. - Before one of the bookcases stands a long,ashen-colord smock;out of which peeks a kind of skull above,and something graying=flabby cold=wrinkly belo, (once 'long','tis possible;but now hopelessly witherd,'Matha Matha, you are disapetering'; he sho's it, annoyd,to the doubleNEONlite on the ceiling :'!'), he rum~~mag~~es it all for ~~n~~ix. / Babilonia - as frontispieces her white dangle of pears;her back hardnarro,br~~pr~~ickcolord,smeard over with a soft milky tint - stands before him on dainty soles,and lifts & holds it in her palm - :'You'v got the blewest thing !' - curious, she looks about her, her little belly soft & puffy from kefir : ? -

BABILONIA : " what is this here ? : must be furniture, huh ? - ahh.";(unfamiliar to her;except on=television.('Books' she calls [redacted] 'Alfabitjunk'.). She's acquiring a taste for such new,strange feasts for the eyes :...;....: ? -)

(His hands two scrawny hothungry polyps,(in the finger-nets quiver delicute little breasts,1 per net), he awakens the tender-maid buds,('ah how it turns young ladies heads...:when stars are hung in their beds' : a rich four=syllable rhyme !), the femalleable s~~u~~x,o mihi si centum voces et ferrea lingua,a garbage heap runs round in his head,(ie the ancient adamite,paradisic,'qu'il perdi por le pum ki li fus contredis') /til she grabs him by the wrist :!/and he stops short,amaz'd at the battle-lust of such soft organs?)

BABILONIA (fascinated):" Wow ? - :have y got more a those ? - g~~iv~~e me a l'll piece ! -";(the fire-engine red bandaid on the back of Olmer's hand has enchanted her;and her fingers nibble and conjure at his foreskin :!/He promises Her the rest of the roll,if she.../she at once thro's herself in pinkisst expectation onto his collapsabel bed : -)

(One more quick inspection,from above. - :the perky face. Throat purewhite. Little lumps o' breast,as if

formd from sno - First he kisses them all gooseb~~u~~mpy;-;and then moves on again. With baresst hoary finger he burro's in her navel. Her tummy=plain : la mesa blanca,la mesa encantada.He falls to his knees,comebursam'ly, and in each hand he grasps one of her aphroditic [redacted] cheeklets,(:'What is man's ultimate goal,and how does he achieve it ?')Deeply toucht,he gazes into the Promisst Land :'Hot springs at Source of Lou Lou Fork,Bitter Root Mountains, looking South',(or just like the funny 'Haute Garde',on the rt) He takes her firm little heel in his hand, her graceful achilles tendon between his thumb and indexfinger,and gives her her first lickture,Albert the Unnatural, landgrave of,where else but, Thuringia,(around 13oo or so),the fello must have had a belial's tongue,his hands bun-gling all over her : looking for smuggl'd=goods,nicely wobbling,bu~~dd~~~~tt~~ing aromas for his nose, juicies for his tongue'n'mouth, and they try to tell you there's no rose without its stem, oh vagina pectoris./She begins to drum away on his back with her thin shins;she clamps him between her knees,and bends wayover backwards:!/And with malicious joy of posthuman rectaltude,he slurps up her hormonal suds with neither thanx nor words : for h~~is~~er infoamy has clos'd and lockt his mouth : Santa Glucia !)

(:'ear=auricle=orifice=Ø : send away with a flea in the ear/sleep on both ears/prick up your ear = incline your ear /scratch thoughtfully behind your ear/blush clear up to the ears/ear doctors/whisper something in her ear/send away with a flea in the ear/little pitchers have big ears/be all ears/play this one by ear' etc)

BABILONIA (pulling herself back=up first;she sits at the end of the couch, her arms wrappt around her shinbones): " Nah; Take five ! ('v been bulldoz'd 3=4 times t'day already.) :Have y ever done it n a hammock ?"

OLMERS (amus'd=confus'd):" Mygod,who has ? Shd I consider it a major omission ?" (He gives it some thought, however. -Hm. - What mite be the special=charm...?)

BABILONIA (desultory):" When it sways, y know ; with real=wide swings t the sides : y get n extra-added [redacted] funny feeling."(N when y come then, it just won't stop : helps the mood. - With her slender finger she points tward something o~~i~~n the tin=iron bookcase:" What's that stuck on there ? : a lamp ?"

OLMERS (looking along with her):" Flashlite : with a magnetic hold."(Y kn hang it up anywhere -(I mean,wherever there's some metal)- n you'v got lite: on your AutO or whatever. (Y want it ? Only it won't be much use t you;cause it's recharg'd on a normal lite=plug. - Shrugging)):" Makes no diff'rents t me. Fine : here. "

(She grabs for it gleefully : !. -And in gratitude very soon lets herself sink onto her back again, coquette and unabarsht, the 'Acculux' in her rite hand,(with which,in the course of what follo's, she points at one dark object or another with delite : ?- :?-)/(At one time maidens smil'd 'abasht' ;(ergo a beggar 'drabasht'; a chemist 'labasht'.)) /And soon her nipples are remoistend by his kisses. Licking the little white girl's foot,with a mouth gro'n stiff, with girl's white a tongue all tuckerd out,he turns his eyes wretchedly on high :? - /she jestingly shines it up into him:!/he's already so stiff from kneeling that he dreads the very thought of standing up, what will that be like ?,he goes on working omly from a sense of honor (a phalse one [redacted] at that):.,.,.,.,.,.- til finally he cuts it short,peevishly. (He succeeds in hauling himself back up,without her even...)

(:'...Charles the Bold,the Fiery=Pippin !.../Oh Haute=Garde,haughty house !...from Pee=rynee's most tow'ring tor,whose snowclad peaks e'er upward soar...before whose feet fair Septiman its blooming homage does./A belt of evergreening oaks on Montrotund's high flanks arrayed,while at its mid -rifft,granite grayed:but red & white & pink brocade of bushy rhododendron glen shun I not to mention,nor pungeant thy[redacted] & blue of gentian,nor heather that one sees,a pasture pink for bees...upto forests fill'd with resin's spice...proudest yeomen...which batt'ring ram in vain assails: while higher still the ivy scales.By steepest path the ibex wends his upward way round narrow bends;nor man nor steed can e'er draw nigh,your fissure has been closed for aye...the slipp'ry naked crags... only the base...while o'er you,on lonely wings,the eagle... free./the darkred porphyry walls,then do you most seem like a queen...lofty shoulders...a fair white brow...you hold within the best of gems that soul & sense might treasure,a love beyond all measure,a gem of love ne'er seen by man since love's hot kisses first began !/ As in a dream a garden small that lies o'ergrown& half run wild;no blazing midday sun dare fall upon these pee-onies...the countless roses spread a canopy of dense perfume : sometimes a butterfly with brightest plume... at cloudy heights a falcon flies...all else is still,an elfin mood;with nothing of this world embued:from well of marbled stone,there flows in monotone a stream whose constant drone has ever run like this.Be still...that love may reign alone, content with its own bliss !/Concealed within a rosy bower, within a honeysuckle dell,Upon the lawn,beside the well, in rapture still there lies a pair : he lays his head upon her lap (sic!);his grayish eye both keen & fair rests in hers,so brown (sic!)& vast:thru his flaxen curly hair her finger soft at play is passed;& sometimes with delighted grin,he strokes her pretty dimpled chin./So they rested,thus eyes play'd;the happy swain,the happy maid...true love is mute - unhappy he who first must learn such mystery! The nature of the deeds of love accomplish'd in that silent dell - I'll not reveal by heav'n above;let another that tale tell./Who knows how long their fervour blaz'd,& wordless they each other prais'd... He drank & gave to her the cup : & tho the rim was not use~~d~~up, as she began to sip she placed her dainty lip where his had been before,the which allur'd him all the more;& leaping up his veins afire,he kissed her with increas'd desire,her waiting mouth so debonhair....:O thou whose soul lies deep in deep like ætna's hottest blood;I yearn,I thirst,I love thy face, its radiant joys,its blush,its grace: & never since the world began was maid so fully lov'd by man...to tarry at each kiss, an ever-growing bliss itself renewing endlessly,this alone gives joy to me.Upon thy mouth my lips do hang...as if thou[redacted] were a vintage wine I'd lap until thou be all mine :Nor shalt thou live outside of me ! Such is my love's voracity;thy body & thy soul with mine insep'rably I long to twine : o torment hot,o pain most sweet,in me alone art thou complete !Ah when thy life,so full & free has once been off[redacted]ed up to me with passion's burning modesty.../In my chambers (+ shame & bursa) thru the years,shedding enigmatic tears,sought I him whom now I've found : take me now,o take me whole./& with her hands to him uprais'd she threw herself upon his breast- in transports rare& as if daz'd he pulled her to him tightly pressed,& sweetly kissed her brow,her hair,her dark& lovely eyelash pair,& kiss on kiss did follow fast til her eyes for joy tears cast .../With fingers tender [redacted] does she coax his soft young beard with gentle strokes...& feels her flatt'ring hand now spread to tease his noble neck & head !.../The deep ravine bars [redacted] ev'ry man!,no worldly power can burst this ban. & if beseiged we shall not die of thirst;this well can ne'er run dry...where subterranean caverns lead..&in that dungeon's (+ Don Juan !) deepest hall, there where water ever purls, there lies the never failing store.../From thy hair an urient scent...this softest brown...a gentle hand pulls his on past the soft contours of oval form,her cheeks of alabast,to lips not small,but swelling,warm,where kisses cannot be too short, & where to kiss is finest sport...a merry elf does eavesdrop there:how softly swells her maiden's breast,a surging wave of purest zest ! Her hips are slim,but no way small...then down to tiny foot,where neath her ankle's gentle vault a tiny bird (sic!) might come to halt.../...:farewell,HauteGarde ! We now descend. /FELIX DAHN,'Rolandin').

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(Babilonia has caperd away,(recommending herself for further consumptions)./ He stands there for a good while;with vacant eyes, the ∞ of his underpants at his feet;a spissy tang of fish fills his nostrils,for they have dallyd too long,('Have done with a twisted mouth,and let an evil tongue be far from you.'). He begins to sh~~am~~uffle,with (rear)cheex drooping, [redacted] tward the privy,('Godfather Death');it's gonna be difficult, afterwards those stairs..... -)

x. Act

Scene 27

(Stars in fine vapord husks. The lunar=object hangs to best advantage above the terrace;(there are, however, lites flick'ring -?:Harms is threshing again - atrocious). / Food and small-talk on both sides of the arena;

'for they were all shackled by the self-same chains of darkness.When so much as a breeze rustled [redacted],or birds sang sweetly within the dense foliage, or water splashed on its headlong way, or stones fell with louder rumblings, or when capering creatures,which they could not see, ran by, or ferocious wild animals howled, or an echo resounded out of the mountain dells, then would they take fright and begin to despair. All the (antipodal ?)world was bathed in brightest light and went about its business undisturbed : over them alone lay a covering of deepest night, a night which was the very essence of that darkness and shade which would one day come upon them;but they themselves were more somber than that darkness.';

thus, brave sublunary scenes / things ev'rywhere :

(Soft recordplaying : ELGAR,'Starlight Express' (on the Polydor label;the Bournemouth Orchestra,for baritone and soprano :'Came the moon from out its chamber,strode to greet a slender birch tree,sat him down there in the tree top,strumming of the harp to hearken,joy and music both to marvel', a maze of melody)./At the table,on the terrace,the customary five oldsters./Martina=Parlatine & fro between them and the barrel;(all the while,as ex-[redacted]anders to pert polytricknician,disagreeing with someone or other)

MARTINA (to A&O):"...n the music wdn't be so bad,really : but We'v opted for sticking-put - ('v forgotten the rest)!";((?):well ?;no tip for the pup who so obligingly relays the messages between you=two ? Aren't y n the least int'rested what certain occidental circles (uh-húh, 'Circe-l'!) think of you? (course you'r int'rested : be honest now. She administers a patronizing / affectionate slap :'!'')).

A&O (likewise sotto voce):" Just go rite ahead n report all about our cockaignity over=here,(a/o =there):'fixed & creative, contra mobile & finaud" ('m not sure a the English word at the moment -'sharp shrewed cunning artful crafty'):'the sedentary soul is ruthfull & seeks t preserve things;the mobile one is ruthless & runs over ev'rything,(n if he has time,'ll even maim out a pure malice).";(besides I=inparticular have but a vague sents a property - [redacted] not even z a child :'a feeling for possessions' must be quite diff'rent; (found, p'r'aps, in 'patrician families'). -(?): Nothing else, except 'To be sung of a Summernight on the Water',by Frederick Delius : 2 voices without

:Ev'rything in the best of confusion!/Garlic-angels hurry=girldy about a fire made from ruthless gleaning of brush & human-dung; beside it a fello with a black beard& red fingernails (first?name Absyrtus) fanning it with a blo'pipe./A jumble of boild mushrooms &chanterelles,herbs & spices,snails & horseradish prepar'd by the Pan-demoiselles. Here a goo of barley beans & chestnuts./Fencing-match with barbecue-skewers :! (The victor got a mangerfulla sauerkraut;(a large glass of mahogany-colord grog,(5oo drops of rum to 1/2 glass of water) drains and refills itself miraculously before him !))./A company of no yesterdays:'Here we securely live and eat the creams of meat;and keep eternal fires,by which we sit and do divine'(HERRICK). Here hawberries & beechnuts,hipberries & beets,(just like pilgrims !). There's even a wildboar with cornpudding;(plus a kind of candy made of potatoes,rowan= & black alder=berries)./:"Hullo=oh!";from the foggy little gullet of a smoker,(upto now she's been mechanic'ly stirring a kettle with a jagged stick):"Roots and Reptiles!";(they have gruelsome soup in those pots !)/Frogslegs as big as chicken drumstix;over them a batter made of phosphorescing cheese & grass,(at which The Odd especially distinguishes himself; (for in gen'ral they all eat gassy items on purpose & more than their bodies require; (giving rise,naturally,to scenes at the spot

words...- húh-uh; no 'pop-music t be had n the house.";('xept for what you'v got uptop. (?): abso=lutely not !):" Popmusic n gen'ral, 'hits' n particular 'r...";(or wait):"Will what I say now 'go further' this time, too ?" (murmuring,'if only I don't forget -: so, first, no sents a property'): "Well c'mon, cough it up.";(but short n mem'rizable,so that I don't lose half of it on the way t the barrel: ? -).

A&O :"...for tho your 'hits' are n no way music;they'r definit'ly highly important, since they must express popular=subcon views,comply to its wishes (a/o present them in some disguis'd (superego=edited) fashion... "

(for Martina is already flying eastwards, a finger plugging her dainty ear :'Enough=enough - :oh my poor head !'.(Ce sont les pas d'une personne qui danse.) / Corraboration from

OLMERS : " Something to that. : I wdn't have felt up to owning muchev anything, either, not when confronted by a 'pregnant spouse'(or lateron, in the role of the father !).";(bytheby, your English music=there):"I once saw SIR THOMAS BEECHAM direct 'Tales of Hoffmann' -(?in London;kd be 4o years ago now) - in white tails. N when it came time for the 'Barcarole' it grew dark;n he wav'd his baton : n it had a little (brite) lite at its tip, [redacted]so that the charlatan kd illumine himself nice n con amore ! -";(nonsents : 'thund'ring applause' a course;(crazy effect, really !)).

(Slo'ly leaves o'ergro the moon. 1 lite at the fisher's place -(?-no; 2). A smoker wrappt in clouds of sighlents;(a breeze carries such=aromatix from the direction of the nú=pieds that he very soon has an erection to hide;by way of disguising it he speaks up)

EUGEN: "Those guys - (?:the Knights of the Gutter,overthere) - just goes t prove that Beggars can be Chewers : the teeth of a lion (or of a Marwenne) 'r a prerequisite for their meals!";('hff=hf' : The stench a just 1 pubic hair carries 7 rest-=stops further. (Whom do I mean ?)):" Why the grullo : the Jim Pansy. It gives me pure joy just t watch how those folks manage t keep out a work's way - living on the proseeds a the goodol'days; just singing away!?:makes y want t get cro'sfeet around your ears !".

OLMERS (ahyes;ev'ry foot-high hippie needs a yardlong rod):"N what an introduct'ry speech the Prince a Whales gave for starters !:typical for a messiah a his diameter : stupendous deliv'ry,meaningless content.";((?): sure;y kn include Prickwitz=Horsen too,(or Saint=Boeuf :that other Sufferkles,Egg=there,'s consid'rably more intelligent!)):"No matter what : the friends of ø -(and Who's not t be counted among 'em ?)- will find such t be a well of usefull information.";(he quotes BRENTANO):"There's such a twittering in the town,that one cannot even hear the clocks' : GODWI. (And kn he fart ?:y kd hook up a gutgas line to it !)."

(Rite,Martinchen ? :'Odeur de Niflheim';(c'mon over to Us))

A&O (to her as she approaches):" Wêll ? The stars still at their posts ? -(?): Well,Grete, 't's been peace'n'quietful by the barrel afterall."

GRETE : " Ohsure; like moths in the closet !(don't you speak up for 'em : fickle joys demand the fickle mind). : that infernal secretary was áll She needed !;why she even tries out making [redacted] pornografaces in her sleep,the ghastly baghappy[redacted]quarter=Frenchie : That such a filthy abyssmality 's even allowd t run the streets ! (Eyes like grease & litening ! Tells more lies in 5 minutes than a gutter kn hold ! (We'll make a dent n the ranks a these alien [redacted] folk allrite : she'll be out on her nose (plus Argob & Arja !) soon enough). - (?): Aeh. Y kn open your foolhardy mouth[redacted] z loud as y like : with Hér it prophets nothing good. ";(vext,to the 3 oldsters):" I was just walking by;askt 'You n the bathroom ?' -:she farted n answer;and giggl'd about it too! : My rear=end has more manners than you! / her - And here you all sit n ogle like -:'Sheep,regarding the setting moon'!";(to Martina again):" Well at least play pretend;and for decorum's sake, express your abhorrents a these gutteral=songs of posteriority,as presented by Satan & Kin !:vile tunes and worse throats."

MARTINA (a poor thing like me with a wee voice kn get a word in!):"Sure it kn scrape your nerves a bit, that whole ensemble=like. But wishing don't make it true;(n Some of it's not unwrythmish);"(she shrugs): "Just not made a the same staff, that's all : coarser and nicer.;((?):we all squar'd up as designated as the john...(well maybe more on that later))./For a table 2 broad thighs, for a plate a handydish.(Some of them withdraw to eat in the [redacted] (deciduous?)trees;Nebuchadnezzar's daughters;with bits of cookt bread along with it.)./The Ladies prepare the fut;the gentlemen the drinks : water down the kirsch with cognac,(? - :the 'King of Rotting Wood' takes a long,long sampull :?-). -A duo ,between them a brewtubfull of twitching=stuff;(mixt with the juice from golden-thistle root,(as a comfortative :keeps the earth / arse wagging));they pour it into a 2-neckt bottle,(definit'ly intended for ritual purposes). He seeks salvation in kipping with his arrack bottle('Jom kippur')./The Ladies, too -(and each is cradling at least 2 savage children on her knees)- bedew their lips,(ie they'r guzzling til their hair turns soggy!). The 'Turkess' keeps pouring whisky into her handydish;-:and then sniffling it up her nose . /:'Yohoho & a bottle of it !' : a nitey fartrass is our God ! Shoutings in Jötenheim; (:'like a mighty man that shouteth by reason of wine. And he smote his enemies in the hinder parts' PSALM 78=65f.)/A board laid across 2 buckets :'The 7 Deadly Sins Bar':while they hold the tumblers in their left hand,they use the rite to search for who-knows-what in their hair;one pro(file) tells the other, in nasty phrases, of designs gone awry. Demonic imbibition:One fello [redacted] is so turnd on by the mardigruzzling that he openly admires the 2 pairs of breasts on his playmaid./ They have opend an Arse Gullery : Princass Easterhazying; her great moon=glo'd rear illumines the whole shippodrome - a squat fello,with a pointy green=felt funnel on his head (dented, brimless), gives her a laugh,rejoicing in the results of hot bulbous buns and antiTokay./ Célébrons sans cesse ! : Dozens of glans=es flaming upwarts;the mussel is passt merrily round;ev'ryone highly in his own favour. ? What has the stronger effuckacy ? :HER heather & broom tea; or HIS sevenpeter=brew ? (As a kicker She shaves her pussy with champagne; HE holds his cock (one of the wartiest anyhow !) above the incents=bo'l : on the smold'ring coals,dill & thunder=flower,milleroot & castorbeans,cumin & NotreD bedstraw)./Dansons, chantons,faisons rage ! : S(tr)ongs for mixt chorus,out of hoboe lungs, inexhausdribble : a passingly new tune from Hungarie,sung without end;(after each'n'ev'ry verse the refrain: 'Now we have sung it,sung it indeed : and it 's turned out so well, so well indeed'.)./The head tubeman (ev'ry day he rips a guitar to shreds) recited porny po'ms by THOMAS LAKE HARRIS,per arsin et thesin,(in a manner which would have killed PAGANINI outright) - interspurst ever and again by the Rock=&=Rollfellers :'Carbonate of soda;chloride of sodium; sulphate of magnesia: carbonate of lime !', with obligatory whacking together of mitts./ 'Shirts off & let us prayte !':the suntannd circade leaps into the ring ('she swallo'd, most solemnly, a badminton=birdie: that's why she kn bounts around so good !');then & there she lets all her hemispheres pendants;out of her mouth there gargles coarse,jerkily staggering,unmelodies : He wallks circumballdly about,(He sniffs a kettledrum):Manatou Vorcyon,skinny as Someone who's huggd a norn too often;(apelike face with very long ears; his hat has lamellae under the brim) :like a dervish round his own axis;he threatens Her with arseon:'Spooku : spooku !' - She,the nude-butt-erfly,makes lady=grimaces,'Hoo ! Fie ! Foo !' the screechmachine,and throws her limbs abroad./Pervants gullyhards menuwetts fannydangles hornypeeps wooltzes pollenazes gal-ups twostoppers they fill up the world with their hits & hairs./They lift &rub their knees together : Turlupin & Turlupine. They press their fingers together as if to thro arro's(at demons?) :! The hairyhill of the unihorn?:she gets hold of him by the wippywillter!Sweetflutings?:but Ossian,couzen of lit'ning,has fingald her alreddy!:a fiery crimson ;a beautiful rose=colour :Thou my Bloxberg, I thy vulvravine./(?):!:Marwenne hovers about

far z that cup goes ?):" 't's long sints repented & prayd away. ('Tis only he who graspeth not who breaketh not.)";((?):what 'm I suppos'd t be ?:'Diligent and cheerful'?):" Y mean either=or,don't y;(n I prefer t be cheerful)." ;(she bends down to A&O's ear :'Whishperwhishper whishper. - :Whishp !")

A&O ('Books'? :printed paper,my love;the ashes of my insites): "Don't try t talk n old air-castle=man into walking the green paths of earth once more : I spy a barrel;and there in about much slender vice - 'v forbidden myself t think beyond that point."

(:'that there are in fact such persons who in later years still like to hear the imaginative creations of their youth,who can so much as speak of them - that is so barbarous & so terrible !'EF)

MARTINA (nodding slyly):" Just z long as one's aware of it."(But what if y shd be given permission -written;on a birchleaf- t let thought roam free ?;(or p'r'aps even t take bold & tender action ? Well,give it some thought.) She looks about her contentedly into the nite :?-):" Looks like a silver dollar pryd out of a cloudybank, doesn't it, the moon ? (Or n almondpancake.)"

('Nakedturnal thoughts of upher(cl)ass maidens' : at least one learns what 'moves' you : 1.)you'r hungry; 2.) y like money.)

MARTINA (so what ?):" As long z I still walk the green paths of earth? (After 'm dead 'll gladly starve a little;but at present...)";(she sighs : ahyes,if only there were no such thing as the evil sweet Je -.)

A&O (not a soul here doubts that you'll have a rather corpulent catalog a sins, royal 8°...(?):uh,no cursing now,Grete):"Who knows what may one day become of this pleasantly yawning virgin ?"

GRETE (I kn everso easily divulge the secret a what becomes a Someone Who's forever letting her shoelaces come untied):"'fess up : were you smoking too ? (The smoke was pouring outa the barrel z if the innards were on fire !) -(?):Hà! The likes a Her ? : perjures herself 3 times per breath. Turn on the television;(time for news) : but not so roaring=loud this time.";(/since Martina turns around,with a spitefull :'Demand! : Command !')/Grete issues orders):" Halt ! -";(to M's backside):" Well I'll be ! : n where 'd y pick up that hole ?!";(yeees : thêre ! (You know fullwell where it is)): "Sham trousers have sham bottoms !";(/as M,exiting, delib'rat'ly shakes it : sal= & contum=aciously: ado)/Grete):" Y ready t bet me she's learning how t darn holes from our barrel=buddy ? - what I want t know is : in what clothes."

(Nah,pipe down:let's see what Daddy - (or more correctly 'Comrade') - State's got to offer as our Marxist word o'the day-)

EUGEN (demurring):" M=m. 'Rolling rite over us' can't be done in zero=Comma=nix : not z long as Europe's iron=clad.";(but these plantbreeders a theirs !):" Develish cunning !"

OLMERS (giggling):" 'v got a (distant) nephew over=there n Görlitz : can't speak a word a west=German anymore;only the parroted pap a his super=egos." ;(he's a really=rabid sort, y know ?;Who considers taking a shit a 'Waste of Time'):"Tryd t convints me : there's moren 1 Florence n bloom over there. - (?): ahyes;another blunderbuss= bitch;('v no sympathy for these hyperactive bandettes !) -(?): ohyes;demi=historical events.";(There's a new hellabulloo ev'ry week:'Angela Davis', or 'Mikis Theodorakis'):"Y kn hear six-

Announcer MARIA MOESE,(but in fact not unpretty : not one a your ascetic tomboys, wearing her Newest Reddress,a huge straw hat à la 'Action for Vietnam' on her head),tho admittedly of marxist confession,('reason has no effect whatever.');and the winds of doctrine are blo'ing lustily now:/:Eastern bloc-heads,circummUrald by soulessdarity : successful attempts at peace by the USSR, (:'Solitudinem faciunt,pacem appellant') : the very latest breakthru -(in a town umpty versts beyond Kazakstan and with a name no denture-wearer dare pronounts)- the crossing of potatoes & tomatoes,so that the same plant bears both at once : belo earth= above love= apples !/(In=contrast bad harvests in Western Europe.Inflation.Slums & Unemployment - all backt up by statistix,precise down to zero=digits;('Do you want to define the weather,the herd with one term -'))./ Ev'rything in the People's Hands !'(=Ev'rything in the Hands of Unreason). And its deputies rav'd, in Saxon dialeckt,about the 25th anniversary coming up:'We shall travel with you into noo dimansions !' (to which the People's Chamberlains cracked out monotone clappycry)./New books on the market :'Tanya la Guerrillera': began as sport=riflewoman (joind the Party as early as possible,sure).Then spy,propagandess,partisan.Then Che Guevara's 'Comrade'. In brief 1939-67;(death by 'betrayal' of comb-thro'erettes !).(Became a best-seller at once;(if only because nothing else gets printed !)./New homes,brandname 'y want t live windily or moistily?'. The propagation of smokeless man. Mythisiz'd workers(sortev like the way STEHR's 'farmers' are saintly caricatures of the real rural population)./Anti Israel : a cock-ey'd photo

her : clad in an unclean Jute-shirt;a fence-post in his mitt;someone from the counter-firmament tapping at the moon. His nude-owl parforces about him,'The Daughter of the Skreetch';now letting her neck be silverd by the flame,now her snatch be copperd by the moon : Le Feu Nu & Prince Mitternacht./ 'Strampet Dance' :'oh hippie day !':'hip hip whorey !'. Scenes of instability,in lov'ly (?) fleeting haste : SHE,hardridden face, playing the hairpee,a buttox like Old Glory, (from all that riding round on it,Mylitta, she's only good for balls & strokes.A giant, with a great rod,runs around her nudely,Venerable Beat,a mystic drunkard from NeuCölln. (She at once grabs him by the middle,crudely crochet'd of witch's yarn;(had they been wearing clothes they surely wd'v layd waste to them. /The Turkess slips into the twolite -picturkesk poses,enhanc't by moon & fire- (intriguing (& rare!) the thin trace of hair wending from her turft triangle up almost=precisely to her navel. A longhair, with pornytail & black habits follo'ing her,eggcited ice;he thro's her onto her back and shouts:'Supertime! Supertime!'; (with the aid of doubleshots he's brought back to normal unreason: 'suckl'd by diverse erinyes').....

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Ocarina tones, calling a ! MEETING ! ?!?

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Egg,in indulating tunic -(for that's what it is more than likely)- at the head of a petty parade : 3 maidens;of whom the first is carrying a wooden box ?;the second a long tube :?; the third (also known as Babilonia) the small projector pilferd from OLMERS' studio,(which He uses for enlarging his nude snapshots - ergo more or less an Epidiascope). Egg=himself has 2 small objects in his handydish(carryd solemnly before him) : 1 slide-photo (of which we shall say more lateron);and 1 postal stamp,which has a truly long trip behind it: all the way from Australia;indeed,a perforated T is stampt on it; what's more,with the cancellation 'HOBART';and a strikingly good likeness of a wombat thereon,(Graphic-artist H.Bates,RBA - but these trumps are for later).In order to lend a more romantic touch to their entrants,the 3 maids 'stride' like the lady-gymnasts on TV: their little butts presst titely tgether (the V as sharp as if produc't by machine;torsos not moving atall)./Accustom'd to rhetorical presentations,they all take their places in 'disorderd ranks':fullmoon in hippiebeards,(the 'Inflammable''s penis is stuck at erection). BOMBARDA's dancing has won her a dungrass wreathlet of honor,(matches perfectly with her other oakum-clumps).The sinkings of their forms;All ghostly belo the (presum'd) beltlines - : -

(= the applecrate from this morning, (as illustrative exhibit) /=the big map 'TASMANIA'

'To start: greetings, o unbounded ones ! : Fellow=compotators & comerades ! :Amidst thousands of worlds there shines in softest beauty 1 fortunate earth ! as brite & lov'ly as when it first was created to be a paradise for innocent mankind,who, facing that temptation by which We have been o'erthro'n,resolutely stood the test,preserving immaculate the goodness of their natures : a blessed abode for blessed men ! /Never has anger or envy(or violent pride) disturbd the sweet concord of its inhabitants:as one single piecefull extended-family,in which Each is the joy of the Other,they live in the lap of Nature and Innocents - both the true prophylactic against all hardship.'/(Applause

year-olds holding forth on 'Solidarity with the embattl'd,free-dom-loving forces in Chilly' - (M that way they earn a red neckerchief t replace their old blue one : just like n the Days o' Hitler ')-"

A&O (ahyes;They only know what 'Art' means anymore n connection with 'of gymnastix' & 'of skating'):" Have their annual record=bad=harvests n the arts, too : Marxism is z congenial t Great Literature as that numbskull PLATO was n his day; (He kd 'v sav'd 'mself the trouble a banning artists from his Republic :they all wd 'v left voluntarily!). The=ir whole 'instruction & education' results n the most cultureless slops of all !'";('The Aller=culture' !): "Doctors who never pick up a book a their own free will;veter'nary virgins who take root n fronta the TV;a Phd=proletariat that'v been taught:that the advants of man,since at least precambrian days,is bas't on the issue of wages !";(or struggle= for=wages,for all I know : how'd it be if we tune=out ? (ie our little rebelle is best on her feet;'d be just the handle she needs for her Je : where is she then...?)).

OLMERS (Your more than merriag'able daughter ? : is back again peeping thru the naughty-hole a course,at the Neo-Savages. -(?)- shrugging): " Let her : saves you the money for porno movies;(or a (inter)course of instruction at nite school). - I'll do it;('v got to...anyway)!"

EUGEN (still in a brown study):" Sure. :On the one (=our) side 'oppressive freedom'; one kn hardly appear so grand & amount t so little z this Marwenne,(surnommé le Chevelu). Whereas on thother side=there,in German=Kamchatka,these tyrannical marxist deliria(who e.g., make all Art impossible) : at one time, before the first world war one had a healthy disdain for all these cultural parvenus, whether Americans or Russians - after lost war number 1. it all toppl'd over into Yankee worship; now, after number 2.,at least the eastern half a Germany is all gushy for Russians z well !"

GRETE (but y can't just revile Russians as 'lacking in culture'):" Think a Tchaikovsky, TURGENEV -"

OLMERS (Who has returnd):" Oh but y kn very=well accuse 'em of it : that is n fact what's so dangerous, so easy to overlook -(n which these guys make such good coldblooded use of n the West !)- that we=here still give 'em credit for DOSTOEVSKI or PUSHKIN. Russia ? : for 5o years now it's 'The Land From Which an Author (Artists=n=gen'ral) Flees !' -";(he lets himself snuggly back into his soft armchair : aaahhh. Continuing):"I saw it here allover=again recently n Görlitz : if y stand 'em up one against thother, whether Erich or Ivan, they'r z alike as two checkerboards - stuffing for their uniforms,not one thing more. If y happen t mention to 'em the name of any particular westernwriter,first they give n automatic scream:'a reactionary tool of the capitalist classes !';n then ask:' uh=what's he written ?'";(húh=uh;the sorriest proof of just how sick human reason kn get. -(?):Me ? 'intolerant'?):"Yés, I àm intolerant. 'll admit it gladly : 'm no friend a 'colords',(not even a 'foreigners' !). I wdn't torment any of 'em for the fun (nor for the meanness) of it;but Ev'rybody just ought t stick to himself :We don't belong tgether !;

of Jerusalem;jam full of folks,all of them with insolent non-aryan features./Ms. Furtzeva had died : her urn was borne to the Kremlin wall by under-age astronauty maids. /'World Gymnastic Championships' in Varna ; the prescrib'd exercises for women : long -tendond legs of musculettes;(toppt off with globust pliably=traind little athlette bottoms;parallelbar'd=horsevaulving, ballancebeaming=culasthentix The announcer has got himself so arous'd that instead of 'Cottbus' he says 'Coitus';(no joke;from some fello nam'd WILHELM SPECK:'after sev'ral years in Coitus...':'Now I'll turn you back over to Maria Moese)./Negotiations GDR=FRG ? :just Russian as the 2nd official language after-))/Something else anti-semitic : they wanted to celebrate their 'New Year' (or the like); the rabbi slaughterd kosher,(and,as usual, took the 'innards' with him). The vet was thus unable to inspect and so refus'd to release the meat for consumption : 'Bonn' demanded it ! The peev'd Hebrews meanwhile had had 5o kg of meat flo'n in from Canada : but since only 6 kilos are allowd,the vet now prohibited the import - : 'Bonn' again demanded the release !(The Jews screamd about 'Nazis' & 'chicanery': the vets about the breaking of hygiene laws by arbitrary government action.)./

'Alexandra' led a tour of 'Vrotzlaff' (ie Breslau) :'Shall we have a beer'/The newly founded 'Mounted Academy of Sciences and Literatures'in Ulan Bator : a Worthy Master of marxist stiltistix,in team=work with 3= dittos,sings in seljukian doggeral the praises of the gas-pipeline as it passes thru; (the poor political=dupe;so nicely stupidify).Well,over there it's the shortest way to the Temple, if not exactly of Honor, then of Honors)./THE TYRANNY OF THE -CRATS IS A HEAVY TYRANNY;AND THAT OF A PEOPLE IN POWER A VERITABLE LEVIATHAN !' :HERDER.

repeatedly interrupts the orator's argument. The girl with the map -(by now nicely unrolld),wanders slo'ly thru the grouplets of the nite-hu'd host. She often must sit=down with it for a while;and the stirring names are read off :'Mount Melaleuca';'Styx River - empties into the Derwent';'Lost World Plateau !' -)! Egg proceeds:'Here We stand with our face to the wall,and sing for with empty pockets : here our angel-like souls vegetate like sweet-smelling blossoms amidst weeds & thorns,(while all=alone preventing the nations of NATO and the Warsaw Pact from being turnd into macadamniz'd wildernesses !)There -(with a mean annual temp'rature of 11.36 degrees on the av'rage -:or wd y prefer it n fahrenheit ?...'/(and,awefull,the bearded cry:'FAHRENHEIT !')/(You shall have it):" - at HOBART the coldest month,July, registers 45°, the warmest,December,63° such priceless degrees ! : no waterspouts, sputt'ring o'er empty wastes in maddend rage,shall incommode our unsophisticated huts. -(?)-:n the cooler seasons the kapok yields its soft fluff for raiment for our older members;for youth, highly-artistic loin-feathers 'll suffice; (gen'ral principle of attire: comfort;with no affected pomp:the free penis bears uprite witness to the doubting maid a the feelings of its stripling : Unmounted 's the term for a maid who seeks by clothes to deceive the adoring youth as to the size of her breasts! -(?):witty emballishments on testes and breasts look good on a couple,just as do poses adapted freely from BLAKE and BOSCH.)' (He waves the slide (a cheap buy in the Prado at one time),promisingly;He goes on):"Lo,I instruct you, o New Nomadic Tribes,(with obligato(ry) ocarina):the flowers will give of their perfume,the herbs of their green=nourishing juices;the bees will share with us their gelée royal;the nude boulders shall cover themselves with britest tulips. Cars with outriggers : the Bastard Marwenne as a Prince,a dingo-fleece about his hips,a tree=fern in his mitt. -(?):Whoever wants,with kangaroos;('standio non concipitur'):Docktaild men will hie across the blessed vales (yea plains !);on past the cliffs,ornamented with pictures of their ladyloves;on to the even- symbols ing assembly,where enthusiastic poets will sing for naked-breasted beauties in accents heart-rending of deeds ne'er done. :Never shall these happy ones -(=We & Our Children)- need make a survey of their inherited land, never need introduce laws of property!'(Fut & Drinks,all in common. (?):'Cannibalism'? : only in cases of most=extremely=bitter winters):'Two-hundredweight patriarsesses, undamag'd by age, Who relish the joys of nature on into their last years:between their (even=now tender !)thighs the most delitefull grandchildren (gender : male),for whom they explain just=those joys;and tell them tails thereof to enkindle a spirit of emulaytion within them.';(For the first time he has talkt himself foamy at the mouth;and bedews it once with linien=aquavit. (In order not to let the fine enthusiasm evaporate,he meantime slips the 'Garden of Delites' into the projector:!') /:?-:??-:?!-:!!! :Ah ! Oh! Stooping,they creep closer to Asta's staind bedsheet : ?-(:'Get out a the aisle of lite!')- Mystic floating=sleeping. Sometimes cold affecktation.Always enchanting. They ejaculate a,soft,song into the anti-day;moonmusic:'How lov'ly art Thou,o Sun of Eve,on western hills,as Thou gleamest 'mong glo'ing underbrush!How lov'ly are Thy last glances,which Thou castest down on Lake Pedder,lying now half in shado !'. - :'(Hie Thee,Thou pure source of lite,to bring sweet day to those left behind on earth's other half : now the mountain peaks are dyed ! Now they awaken;and bewail Thine arrival calling them to dullest toil.)' -:'While We,in moon's serenest glo,mello weary slumber in perfum'd shado's,and smiling dreams like angel-forms

(:'Who spurned him as a brute,for like a boar was he,and hearing now his lute ,are amazed as they can be'Pumpeddypum!)

(yes, n fact,separated). I mean : the inequality of the human races is really not some vain delusion;we 'Arctics' 'v got a total a 3oo thousand years of ice-age embedded in our bones,(and the misery must 'v been dreadfull !) - something Negores, South-Sea Islanders (n all other New-Year's-Eve folks) were most certainly spar'd."(In the GDR it'd go like this: looks in his ref'rents works for 'Klaatsch' - not there - reads the article on 'Kitchener' instead. (?): yes,negresses 'r something else again!).

(:'Even at present the issue of intermarriage of white, yellow & black races is dealt with by parliaments without their bothering to consult anthropological experts about either the positive or negative results of interracial mixing. The humanitarian ideal of earlier eras which considered mankind as one is questionable in theory and has met with bitter set-backs in practice in America. The uncontrolled mixing of races is perhaps one of the great blunders of history; to the extent that slavery & its abolition permitted such mixing, both phenomena are subject to scientific critique. Since we now know that profound divisions began to separate even primal man, that the development of the different segments of mankind most assuredly did not occur uniformly, that while particular branches moved on others came to a cultural standstill or even retrogressed, the basis of the equal rights of man has become uncertain./.../-when comparing the caucasoid, negroid and mongoloid races. The latter have now shown unanticipated advance, because, while discarding that which proved inadequate in their own culture, they borrowed new forms from Europe. There are certain peoples, however, who appear capable of cultural development only within limits, and left to themselves, relapse into a more primitive stage.' HERMANN KLAATSCH.)

GRETE (yawning : Old goats ! (Planted round the table like statues of impotents -). Yawns again : ooaah! -):" They'll overrun you=&=your=culture:all the same !"(Ooah:'d love t h[illegible]t the sack - but 't's still too early,huh ?):"Won't hurt if it does turn cooler t'morro - a lota plants 'v started rite in blooming again : Bokelman's dog-rose has a half-dozen a the prettiest=biggest blossoms !"; (shaking her head):" Funny. List'ning t your grumping always makes me think the world 'll end the day after t'morro :crawl back into your bookcases;n be happy that they don't organize a protest-meeting to abolish you !"

A&O (ahh;say now, that's int'resting):"That expression's t be found in fact n 185o already,in COOPER : against whom his dear fello-countrymen organiz'd just that.";(the modern catchword,with precisely the same meaning,is 'elitist';by which He among=Us is 'brand-markt' who doesn't join=up to read the latest bestseller (let alone 'gen'ral=int'rest=books'),or who dares wag his head at the 'memoirs' of obsolete actresses. Who doesn't watch detective stories on TV. Or recommends that instead a lo'ering the voting age to 18, it shd be rais'd t 26 (or more). - But you'r only too rite): "Youth shd skip & [illegible] squall - the day they don't think pandemonium's dandy comes all by itself."

(:'...it may be well to explain that 'aristocrat' means in the parlance of the country (=the USA), nothing other than a man of gentle-man-like tastes, habits, opinions and associations...If there happen to be a man whose property is assessed at 25% above that of all his neighbours - who must have right on his side bright as a cloudless sun to get a verdict, if obliged to appeal to the laws - who pays 5o% more for everything he buys and receives 5o% less for everything he sells, than any other person near him - who is surrounded by rancorous enemies, in the midst of a seeming state of peace - who has everything he says and does perverted, and added to, and lied about - who is traduced because his sleeping habits are different and his dinner-hour is later than that of 'other folks' - who don't stoop, but is straight in the back - who presumes to doubt that this country in general, and his own township in particular, is the focus of civilization - who hesitates about signing his name to any flagrant instance of ignorance, bad taste, or worse morals, that his neighbours may get up in the shape of a petition, remonstrance, or resolution - who prefers his own pursuits to public life, and is regardless of 'popularity' -: He is just guilty of the unpardonable sin. The 'people' will forgive anything sooner than this !'COOPER.)

GRETE (Mymy;must 'v been impossible t live with COOPER too,once he got t the far side a fifty):"Is that always the case : that the young man's warp is t the left, the old man's t the rite ?"

OLMERS (sagely):"In youth 'left' is normal - the simple expression of 'revolutionizing' against 'authorities' gro'n oppressive. Whereas with age one recognizes that 'destruction' is shamelessly easier than 'construction'; ergo one decides t 'keep things intact' : but that means, to use the Latin word,'conservative' -not 'rite-wing'."(The 'rites' are even bigger asshole than the lefts - when I consider what one E,M.ARNDT had t say about

hover about our temple.' (so they sing, denting (plowing?) the sand with heavy b[illegible]ottoms). /Lively diskissions; chiefly regarding the trip there - 2 possibilities especially are 'crystaliz'd'

a) first kidnap some old duchess (or other) ;then highjack some suitable BOEING B 11o7.

b) (and here the names of important patron-saints were mentiond : JUNG & KNUFFGEN !) : board a l'll-ol' tramp-freighter & make off with it, in Hamburg -(it kd be Emden just z well,or Noirmoutier).

Difficulties with b) : 'Any of Us up on naval sciences ?' /:'Not necessary :the captain (plus stoker andsoforth) 's to be taken along;(and rap't,hourly,by Marwenne until he voluntarily takes course for Tasmania;(and with full steam,if his ass means anything to him!)). / Ship takes too long ?/:'Provisions to be confiscated from certain warehouses on the warf. During the journey fish-it-your-self. (And certainly the aforesaid dowager duchess,lur'd on by our physical merits,will not be stingy about subsidies.)/Mutt'ring in Femalia ? -:The demand that an elderly duke be taken as well : he's to experients,belo deck, what'Love' means; and it's guaranteed he'll volunteer 1,ooo £... (?): his heir & successor is good for the same sum;for the old man [illegible] 'll be all us'd-up in the most charming way of the world well before Tasmania. Good;'twill be made note of./-(?): to go into details of equatorial baptism-(as tempting as the subject admittedly may be!)-wd be premature; but in no case ought one fall into the arms of the Holy Improvisation :'ll soon become apparent up on deck,surrounded by the most refin'd props nautickle wit e'er conceiv'd,who's to get the thick end of the cable & where. (Spliced virgin to the wheel from time to time as a thank-you for our pilot ? prob'ly only opportune for the clearest,coldest heads;otherwise,intoxicated by Cape wine he'd 'come off-course'). But,as mentiond, more of all this later - (:Let it stir in your (lov'ly) hearts)- :enlarge your circles : the Ritual Hours near .....

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.....: 4 tramps, who sweep=free the inner area with their beards.Meanwhile the others bring over their gods,and lay them in a circle around the ring : Babilonia 2 very small (just pinky=size) Black Pebbles;Others a tiny bell, or a bit of incents. A Futilitarian who ev'ry day must crush a red stone with a white one.The Pastorelles;who consider it improper to mimic the cuckoo,and pray while laying a finger aside of the nose. (EGG prays to an idol painted on an egg - hence his name.). Sacrifices:the rich bring garlic peelings; the poor their nails, pieces of their red= & golden beards,or insects;or simply call out :'Sh'Allah l'Allah la !'. On a small heap of stones sits a ma'amselle with a lite in her hand,(?:int'resting demoniac!);only after she has crumpl'd an eggshell into the flames,can the ceremonies comments.The 'red-shirts';who pluck out their beards with their teeth,and practice the implantation of horn-buds (some of them already have nodules) : all members [illegible] of the group will become gods after death./On the left a ceremony of initiation, (the 'Giving-back of Garments' has already taken place - the proceeds are invested in giniper,to be drunk t'day): Novice & Novess spit into the air in the direction of the next village,as a sign of contempt for civilization:!- & then catch it again with their rears.Follo'd by cutting a portion of pubic-hair: the 'Nether Tonsure'. Then :her (half-developt bosom pounds for some seconds upon his,his member twitches in her smutty-hand. (Then finally the simultaneous making of water;(upon the command of the eldest veteranette present :!)/A wedding:She,adornd with a curlycue of hay,bashfully fondling her weeds ;while a coconut is split open on His skull (=proof of pubescents). Both speak together [illegible] :'Be my future form! Be my future emotion! Be my future con !'. Then His

JEAN PAUL. Which He,however, took litely enough, replying merely ironic'ly:'our good ARNDT finds ev'rything about him small and mean, when he compares it with his own great life.')

A&O (nodding):" LUDWIG TIECK's 'Aquarian' 's a fine example; where Florheim's tirades kn be considerd samples of the 'Young-Germany' movement of his day;(a lot of it is still valid nowadays)!"(N when y think that back=then they hadn't experienc't anything like our modern 'red-coats', who bomb the hell out of whatever doesn't suit 'em. Shrugging):"Compar'd with which,'ll grant, the Soviet Union seems nicely disciplin'd,like a refuge for bourgeois propriety: Which has gro'n very rare among=Us n the West !";(potential seminal-cells for future propriety ? At the moment all I see 'r the Mormons in Utah,(who are,of course, crazy thother way 'round); or Australia appears relativ'ly=conservative.): " But it's all a dirty ditty. - :rite,Martina ? :you'd agree t that."

(:'The foremost among these criminal effeminizers,these whittlers upon the nerves of human vigour,these anatomists of the innermost shrine of the heart, these dull grave-digger souls,is the famous JPFr RICHTER;who corrupts that which is most beautiful by extravagance ...a dangerous man...corrupting by seduction and poison,so that He who indulges himself with such a man will most surely undo all that which is manly and formidable within himself !'

MARTINA (what ? did I miss something ?):" I'm a great admirer of 'Dirty Ditties';(and 'v been 'curious' since my toddling days : I get that from the Major). - What were y talking about anyway ?"

EUGEN (still without his gin):" About FLAMSTEED the astronomer : he was very small & scrawny.Wd receive no guests when busy. Spent his days sitting in a coffee-house. His nites in his observatory. Kdn't stand females..."

MARTINA (modestly indignant):" You lie worsen The Wild Hunt;(or than A&O). At the very least it was that well-known 'Neglect of the Present Age'," (from which you=all suffer[illegible];makes one want t weep to one's GOd !).

A&O:"We are too old,sweetheart, either for beards or for your beat=bouncing : just look,You'r all the typical jazz=age rebels - uh=Eugen,: what was considerd t be 'stimulating music' in the HACKLÄNDER=ERA ?"

EUGEN (plays the piano on his chair-arm for a bit. Then):" According to him : the Overture to 'Zampa'. -";(lamenting=yearning):" - if only I kd hear that sometime ! -(?):y needn't worry about that : as a theater-expert he knew all about things like that."(Nice novellas, the 'Variations on the Huguenots' or '(Madame) Lohengrin'. - To Grete):" uh=with your permission ? - a cognac ? -"

OLMERS (full of sympathy=disdain):"Hell, go ahead n drink,and don't ask :what do y think got guzzl'd down in Our=home ! -";(shaking his head):" Tss; when I conjure up the picture a my Father & Mother... -";(to Grete):"Of course You know that We mov'd away from Breslau rite after the First World War : to Lauban;where our mother originally came from... - "

rt testicle is silver-plated;for Her the 'Anointing of Apertures'.At the conclusion the bridegroosom is sewn into a hammock,and his prick is committed into the hands of his bride. (He deliver must,by the way,pour the 1st semen into her ear;(because in his day the Logos is said to have done it that way - bogomilian trick !)/The 'Dune=Dwellers' of Peru & Sylt,(:'onward to hell after death : it can not be any worse !')/The 'House-holders' (in contradistinction to -'owners') : all self-headsters & ambiholians;erect statues for one another made of tin(cans?),filld with glo'ing coals./'We think of those who have died in the meantime' :Song for Someone who fell from a palm tree,(in such cases the valid line of inheritants is thru sister's-son). Portions(= braziers made of hip-bones) of Someone who has translated himself to 'Endura',(?:'Who, after some especially splendid moment, takes neither food nor medicine;in order to make 'a good end of things' as quickly as possible, thereby preventing himself from falling back into sin - or just plain normality.'): on the 3rd, 7th, and 45th days after a fatality, the 'Eating for the Dead' : little white cloths, upon which the futs are placed./The'No Roots' or the 'Donner=Party':worship the black-moon, (ie from start of wane to nix);in conjunction with cannibaalism,(real bearish types,hairy from head to foot};dwell in templeless places ;'Learning' is not practic't among them : 'their children had no time for school'./The 'Wind-people' (or 'Those who find themselves in the Lacuna' : the sort who bury themselves in air,(wind-dryd).'They lay 1 of your shoes on their head; gazing meanwhile at a plate of flour;and remind you of ev'ry event in your [illegible] life.(Have savage wives:at half-moon they run about, and wrap themselves in their long hair,so that it looks like a garment).' / Ah look : 'Dancing with the Devil',as a prelude. - The chieftain,(a frilly=shank of thorns slippt over the root of his cock,must embody them both,'Divine Vengeance' & 'Divine Love.' Behind him youths with horse-tails stuck in their crotches - scraping the earth with conceptual motions - they dance to the front - it looks like a battle against clean spirits. Now 4 straw-faces : with restless soles & quiv'ring nipples;they spring on their toes; stamp with their heels;crumple up their hands : witch-physix.Redispersal into individuals : a fello who sends his relatives 'thought-messages out of avarice.('He has already summond a recently deceas't banker sev'ral times,and had him write (back-dated) checks for him : the signature was examin'd by the bank in question;declar'd genuine;and the money was payd out : Did Hé (= the spirit)ever groan !) .'/They continue their configurations

Scene 28

(Terrace. - Only a few constellations are still hanging around : the furro-maker,broad shoulderd legged(high out cape and hanger,(like BM); the Great Bear forges his pole. The moonlite swallo's all; of the SouthEast;Jupiter, just as high, in the South). /The gentlemen, to a man, batterd figures;(according to Ms Grete:'Hoary buttons on de-lap-idated trousers.') /Her=Corpulents in her (te)at-home négligée,(providing deep glympses into her normal=overpapulated female heart).Asta's boney m(yl)iddle piece. Martinchen,seated Turk, between Eugen and A&O - the angle of the op'ning at her legs is reprov'd (not all that unjustly) by her mommy;(the flowers,however, rearly do smell strong this evening !). / Beside each a fav'rite cooling drink, as much as cellar & refresherator are capable of. At times cars make long headlites over the hill. Just once, flitepatterns of an acoustic shape.)

OLMERS (thinking aloud,wool-gath'ring):" - shd I tell the old ladies gents some stories ?... :?"

(The ironic applause of the others encourages the vain old man.)

GRETE :" Kd be really I dullic :'Confessions of an Ugly Soul'; (I know the reput(rid) of your character !). I swear 'll not budge retreat n inch from here until

(:'He sits at the window,old,broken in body,and drums listlessly on the damp pane ;grey the winter's day & grey his hair.Occasionally he carefully watches the throbbing of the veins on his wrinkled hand./It is drawing to its close;his eye wanders

I hear all about the latest atrocities !."/(Martina,'tis true,swears to nothing; but neither does she retreat nor budge).

OLMERS (much slanderd Mephistopheles was in the rite often enough too, was he not ?):" Hhmmnn, my 'ancestors' - well, Each of Us has his couplev importunate corpses. My grandfather was n ecrivain des demandes up n the mountains...(?):noo;weighd in carats they weren't : the French 'demande' = 'write up petitions' - ergo not n excessiv'ly=regular job. T what extent he was 'given to drink' we shall pass over n silents;tanyrate the (contrastingly attractive) trait of loyalty t his king has been reported of him : how once,by moonlite, he took a meado stump for the king's reeve, n tryd t kiss the hem of his coat. He left my father absolutely Nothing; which inheritants He passt on t me undiminisht. There's nothing much t be said a my grandmother other than that she was the wife of four husbands -(Wherefore I had more relatives n the vicinity that [redacted] King Priamos)- and,when she wd get bor'd,(ie all the time n fact), she wd read her fire-insurants policy,(greenish paper;6 pages of fine & compact print on both sides,21 X 3o cm),n wd about go halfmad n the process.";(but wait; I shall consciously do no man injustice):"She also had another brochure (greenishyello z well);full of thank-you letters from the users a somesortev wonder=tincture -(was it HIEN Fong?;hardly likely)- hundreds a desperate cases abandond long since by physicians;who on the afternoon of the very first day began t lose water by the bucketsful...(?)-:You'v once again misunderstood me [redacted] completely, sistermine. I wdn't 'v grudg'd her her literary trivia for the world;had she not had the gift a persuading me in the most perfidious fashion (tho very seldom, 'll admit) t read the crap aloud t her the whole=halflong day...(?):Why,by the donation [redacted] of a 1 mark-piece. (With which I kd then root out a nice=thick volume a [redacted] HOFFMANN or WIELAND for myself n the secondhand bookshop in Görlitz.)."(adjuring=admonishing A&O and Eugen):"Never get involv'd with a young lass a t'day! : they can't even read 3/4 a your library anymore, simply on accounta the Gothic print; that's a genuine & bottomless gap, let me tell you !";(quite apart from the fact that y screw yourself t death.)

GRETE (just z I thought):"Y kn spare yourself half the marginal notes.";(? Why ?):" Well because your niece is sitting there grinning directly across from you : describe something;n the smirk-aleck 'll go out n do the same thing on her own."; (Why else ?):" Because with all of you ev'rything ends up a flatout disparag'ment of 'woman'." (She leans back,indugnant. She folds broad biceps over broad('s) breasts :!).

OLMERS (I know myself t be in agreement with the best authorities) :" No woman kn become a Buddha. ('mong cath'lix, a priest; let alone the pope.) Just be happy I didn't quote MOHAMMED." - (where did I [redacted] leave off ? Ohyes; my parents): " The moon was not beaming exceeding propitious upon/at my conception. I had a father,(Which after-all is the custom in these parts) : a monster when it came t manners ! Was a working-man, in a chemical fact'ry; but about as lecherous as they come...(?)"

GRETE (disgustedly scolding):" First, he was a fore-man. N secondly, [redacted] 'Thou shalt not analyze thy Father & Mother'."

OLMERS (lively):" Indeed I too, my dear, was born in Icaria;n once believ'd I kd perceive the 'cube root of P" in ev'ry mortal=man/ob (n not just in my father). But y know very well that Mamma only stuck it out with him because as a child she had fallen off her sled and lost her sents a smell : how many times didn't he bid her/Us in the language of alchemy t kiss his ass;(or go t hell by whatever route) !";(tss;I have t tell one more anecdote):"One a their chemical backbenchers had croakt; and at the same time the 14year-old daughter of one a the municipal higher-ups;so that the fun'rals took place on the same morning. Both of 'em laid out n the cemetary chapel : n what do those drunken carousers do but take the wrong casket;and whistle flabbergasted airs at graveside : what a fine ethereal little critter their buddy [redacted] was ! [redacted] 'is said the preacher was no less amaz'd that his lov'ly [redacted] churchyard stank so diabolic'ly a hydrogen sulphide."(And,contrariwise, 24 white-clad virgins provided the old sinner with the most charming final escort. - Pondering):"Why -(it just occurrd t me now)- do y suppose our father always said he was 'just tickl'd chicherin' ?;(if 'm not mistaken, it's a color - some shade a green ?)."

EUGEN (critical=expertly):" 'Chicherin' ? :that was n old Russian [redacted] diplomats=family. I know that 'Our Blessed Liberator from the Tsarist Yoke' had n advisor by that name; and there was another one, a contemporary of ours actually, 'Member of the CC of the CP of the USSR,"(to use the abbrevicant. But):" My mother-in-law still Remains unmenshunnd. (I never knew her atall; died shortly before we got marryd)."

OLMERS (Oh, a fair-t-middling bedraggl'd herring of a soul):" At any rate greedy, hot-t-trot and stupid=arrogant enough t make y sick a the whole sex rite from the start. -(?)";(to Grete):"Don't get excited : I knew her a quarter of a century longer than you. -";(shaking his head):"That'd be a chapter all to itself n my autobiography,:'What We Ate' - tsss; an outrage ! - n not merely out a necessity : she'd never learnd how, n simply had no inclination either. When I think a her 'boild p'tatoes', that we often had for weeks on end ! (The First world war was a veritable life-saver for Her : all she had t do for years was just cook turnips n water.). When her husband up'n'died in the bloom of his scribbl'd=debts, she'd go out to eat (even if she had t pawn a piece a furniture) n a restaurant -";(to Grete):" - where she got acquainted with your father;(but I'll leave any report on thát t you,n gladly)!";(All I kn still call t mind 'r some snapshots: like how of a morning they'd sit facing [redacted] each other n bed;[redacted] reading aloud t one another some column or other out of the 'handy KNAUR lexicon';n marv'ling at the size a the world. Well, I dwindl'd out a the domestic scene as opportunely as possible):"I was n any case ordaind ab ovo for celibacy : the mem'ry a my parental=(well, uh, 'home' it wasn't; We never had a home) : =bivouac ! wd always abort the teeniest germcell a desire for 'matrimonial bliss'. -(?):Mer ?; 'ven'rable with age' ? Sure,they tryd to indoctrinate us, 'When the bosom begins to lose its bounts,the fear of God begins'; but my experients (n prob'ly that a most men) 's been quite the opposite :'The focks may lose its hair p'r'aps, but not its cunting !' : the last time I saw Our Mommy,(she was almost 8o), she proudly told me all about her girlfriends, 'who still did IT at 85 !',(n those toothless jaws of hers just clatterd away;(she still pronounc't the word 'hubička' with a roguish smile [redacted] for ev'rybody):" It's Czech; means 'kiss'."

GRETE (proper):"In vain mite one's ear here await a pious topic of conversation. - So I'd rather you'd tell about our house n Lauban;where, after-all, I was born;"(tho I havn't the faintest idea;not the vaguest of mem'ries of it). -(?):Noo;not even if y were t sho me a picture; I 'd just turnd 5 when Mother n I mov'd away."

OLMERS (Hhmm,Lauban): "I had just turnd 15 when we mov'd there n 1919,"(Small town with 14,ooo inhabitants. Big han'kerchief fact'ry; railroad repair center.Somewhere there's a letter from LESSING that runs : the magistrate in L knows what he [redacted] kn do):"I'v nothing to add t those sentiments. - From then on the course a my life was strangely 'disjunct':I liv'd in Lauban,Walkgasse 12, true enough;but I went t secondary school in Görlitz.";(in L itself there was only n awef'ly ven'rable 'Gymnasium';one a those with Hebrew z the first foreign language):"Ergo I had t travel by train daily :'Lauban=Lichtenau=Nik'lausdorf=Hermsdorf=Moys=Görlitz', 45 minutes each way;(n sometimes it was twice a day)."

EUGEN (remarking calmly):" Lov'ly old German word :'Gasse';especially by moonlite uncommonly Spitzwegian."

OLMERS (animated):" And that's just how it was : daedalian convollusions ;short tunnels thru the old city wall. The 'Brothers' Tower', n another one on the market place :leftevers from the Hussite wars;L.was one a the 'Six Cities',(the same z LESSING's Kamenz). East a town ran the 'Queis';(ancient slavic territory : the 'sputterer'). Railroad line Dresden=Breslau. The usual 'mixt' population for the area,with 2o% cath'lix,(n even a convent,with sev'ral 'Sisters in Gray'). 'County seat' with all the consequences -(?) : well frexample a garrison & barracks;where my father once 'serv'd',(upon which occasion he came t 'know' my mother);by a whimsy a the fates about 4o years later I too did my basic drill there for 3 months long. L.,too, was the proud possessor of a laccolith...(?): the 'too' because the second a the scenes a my young & foolish years,Görlitz, was likewise endowd with a 'dome',(naturally Görlitz had the larger one. -(?):Basalt; and [redacted] accordingly ditto large quarries;most no longer in use,and converted t pleasant little parks). In L.it was calld the 'Steinberg';(with restaurant, lookout tower,n a small amphitheater,[redacted] when the neighb'ring provincial theaters had t set out groaning'n'moaning for summer tours :y kd see 'productions' there !;rite out a HOLTEI's novels.). There was a movie=house too;sure." (He falls silent, deep in thought.)

GRETE (op'ning ever more of her midriff to the moonlite,(under pretents of warmth), the wicked shado thro'n by her...) :"N why is it that Lauban=Görlitz 's so epoch-making for your life ?;(n not the 15 years=previous n Breslau) ?"

OLMERS (well, because, regardless of where y spend 'em, three=things tend to occur during these years): "So, there was my first intensive contact with nature; with literature; and finally -(but when we get t that,you'll have t cover up your ears, Martina,okay?)- with love."

A&O: "If a northern German shd be allowd t make a guess :'the Silesian mountains' ! -:?"

OLMERS (demurring):" M=m : 'm [redacted] no silly-billy. I was on top a the 'SchneeKoppe' but 1ce in my life;(but then two other times n the GiantMountains, in Schreiberhau=AgnetenDorf; where I saw WILHELM BÖLSCHE from a distants). -(?): GERHART HAUPTMANN too;yes; but that was n Görlitz;at a Silesian music festival. Altho I was in the so-calld 'IserMountains' 3=4 times,(up on the 'TafelFichte' & the 'Heufuder' : like in BISCHOFF's 'Golden Castles',y know ?). But:no; mountains always gave me the ennuies. When I said 'nature';then I mean very simple basic combinations of (evergreen)forest;streams;[redacted] gentle slopes, (like it was n my fav'rite bit a woods, the 'Nun's Bush',north a town -(naturally another S=for/ortifyd example: the bush of the nun + st(r)eaminess + gentle (sl)ope's !)). Or, what at first I thought detestable & tiring -(as a 'commuting student' y had t leave n hour earlier of a morning;n got home n hour later n the afternoon besides !)-, the way t the train station; which necessity I very quickly reshap't into a virtue by collecting pictures :sunrises;garish green n summer,

(A classical symptomatick=act was associated with this, by the by : in my garden, near Frankfurt,there had for years stood a witherd (var: dryd-out,dead) plum tree, that 'd long been an eyesore t me. Then in May of 62 I receiv'd another one a her shock= & scare letters :'she was blind' she wrote coyly,(which a course wasn't true atall,as I very soom ascertaind;ne'ertheless I was understandably upset).Tanyrate 2 days later I bear down on the skeleton : first I saw off the 2 thick main branches. Then dig a ditch around the trunk at the roots (a circular gully). Then laboriously, in old teutonic fashion, chop away at it with an axe,('Holzfäller : The American Axe' occurs t me). When I kn hack no more,I bang my whole body up against the trunk,& break it off at the bottom;(there where it met the soil it was already damp & moldy). Then spread dirt over the stump;so that there's nothing more t be seen of it. It was,after-all, a hard job for me; I sweated & gaspt./ (?): well,a typical'ambivalent' [redacted] symptomatic act :

1.) Slaying & burial of the mother ! (Auxiliary details:lov'ly reddish (flesh-colord) wood(=mater + material). It was n old with[redacted]d'plum';(n fact a so-calld 'egg-plum' !).Then spread dirt over it. A desire to eliminate z well.
2.) The whole thing highly-sexualiz'd ! The gasping & sweating and banging (slang forcoitus),'til I can't do it anymore'. The '2 main branches' " legs (arms?) + ('tear off a piece'=copulate. 'Dig a ditch' & 'root at the trunk'. That 'American Axe' occurrd to me : because my aforementiond father said 'axe job' for Ø; the 'americaxe job' my sister in [redacted] Nebraska ! ('Saw','Buck-saw',ia,like all back=&=forths, coital.))

(:'He knows : It is impossible and can not be that the female may become a saint, one fully enlightened, or a royal conqueror of lands;such a thing does not come to pass. He knows : It is however quite possible that the male may become a saint,one fully enlightened,or a royal conqueror of lands : such a thing does indeed come to pass. / He knows :It is impossible and can not be that the female may gain lordship over the heavens,lordship over nature, lordship over spirits;such a thing does not come to pass. He knows : It is however quite possible that the male...' /(Allrite, I was finisht anyway.(But in any case 'MIDDLE COLLECTION' Part xii., 5th Discourse,'Concerning the Multitude of Species'.))

cations of the Rhenish Historical Documentation Society. LVI. 85.—
277 Lauban/Silesia.—Skobel, P. The Maidens' Convent of Maria Magdalena the Repentant in Lauban, Silesia from 1320—1821. Edited & supplemented to the present by E. Piekorz. With num. plates. (1970). Size 8°. XIX. 41lp. Oln. (35.-) 24.—
278 Leipzig. A survey of the character and growth of a German City. Commemorative edition of

starblack or pinkwhite n winter - n back in Silesia they have real seasons !;(sharply dilineated;unmistakably a continental climate). The cold lunar face was faithful to me there; the shades a dawn with all its various cloud=forms;the squeaky sno;(at noon,the way-back from the station was absolutely banal : shallo midday;too many people underway). In the afternoon I'd get on my bike -(one a your 'semi-racers', polisht brite yello=red)' - : n ride out along the Hohwald Road,(t where the woods began);n once n a while (altho less often)to MARKLISSA;or GOLDENTRAUM,(the dam by 'Wassermann'); mostly tho I rode over for a [redacted] swim n the 'Queis=pool...";(he puckers up his gray lips, staring expressiv'ly :... -).

(:'Before him stands a glass of darkest wine,and with a shaky hand he reaches out for it; he sips it slowly - but wine as well no longer offers pleasure to his heart. He rests his head in hand; 'I feel as if this thing, this soul, desires to fall asleep,while enigmatic night draws near...')

A&O (nodding once):" Yes; that'd be another a those chapters in ev'ryman's (auto)biography : 'Our Swimming Pools';(immens'ly important for men)" (to Grete, inquiring):" for women z well I take it ? -"

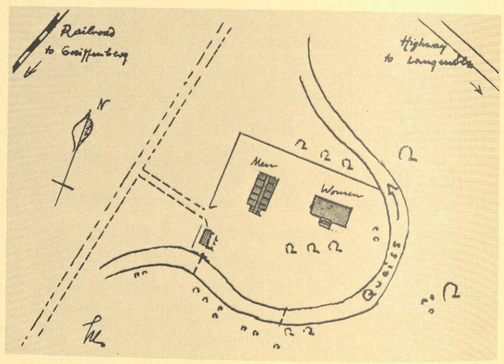
GRETE (casting an arrogant eye):" Notintheleast." (lavabo inter innocentes manus meas : naturally !).

A&O (and with an unsurpris'd nod,('the customary mentaciturnity of women')):" For me, in Hamburg, there were - (this is apart from n indoor pool we were hauld off to ev'ry coupla months,('Lübecker Gate');n a few disp'rate, totally isolated mem'ries : nudist=beach by Kattwyk on the Elbe,(where my father just had t take Us one=time); or the 'Pansdorfer Lake' near Liegnitz : was what I'd call hot !)- yes, for me it was over=whelmingly two locations : z a child (a small child) the 'Serpentine' in 'Hammer Park'; n then later the 'Horner Moor'. -";(turning to Gerte=Martina):"I'd like to emphasize that n those days the sexes had strictly=sep'rate times t swim.(And the ladies didn't know anything else but=one-piece suits !)."

MARTINA (peeling back the skin of a long banana, really con amore):" Ridickulous !"

A&O (slo'ly. Say, listen now):" 'm not so sure about that. Back then love was [redacted] something sweet=mysterious - nowadays it's done (so it seems) n an essentially brutal=stud-yd fashion : our youngsters all have (for my taste) a bit too much experients n life."

OLMERS :" Yes, if y mean by that boozing, balling, & boorishness. In ev'ry other way they'r stupider than we were by a long shot; 'realistic' n fact,(which afterall 's a synonym for 'stupid'). - Ahyes;so, for me the aforesaid swimming=hole was located in a loop a the Queis, southeast a town : 1 (lacustrine-like) barrax for the men; 1 for the ladies;at the rite a the entrants the refreshment shack,(where the lifeguard & his bigboobd ollady sold tickets. From the direction a the station came the noise a freight trains being switcht; from distant=Steinberg sometimes a concert. On the far shore willo's and alders;(beyond that cattle pasture) -(?) 'how wide's the Queis'? - just a small river;'d guess - well - :15 meters. Sometimes of n ev'ning,by moonlite, I'd climb over the high wooden fents;n wd sit there beneath trees rustling overhead : the water shimm'ring;willo's twirling their leaves gushingly in the [redacted] wind; thin slo clouds - I'v set the scene of 1 EMG & mania dream there. I'd also just made the acquaintants a THEODOR DÄUBLER, (who was THE lyric poet for me back then)...(?): ooh,otherwise not much modern stuff;the 'latest releases' hardly atall,(were way=too expensive !; y kd get 1o=2o oldies nstead a 1 new book at the us'd-book store)[redacted]. Once I read 'The Damned' by FRANK THIESS while lying on my stomach a coupla summer afternoons - 'd still say it's his best;(z far as I know he's still alive ?) - "



A&O (with a brief nod):" 'v seen him a few times."

OLMERS (continuing):" There,at any rate, males & females were alreddy sunning & bathing all jumbl'd up happily tgether : no wonder erotic phantasies from all sides caus'd me...?"

GRETE :" Before y continue, take a good look at your niece yonder : how she's rais'd her frivolous eyes ! I for one consider it my duty... ?"

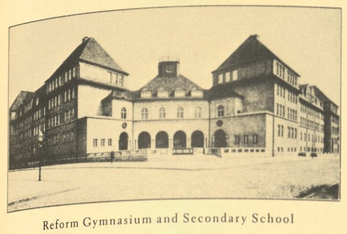
for MARTINA (her mouth full of COLA):"... most certainly yet another real daring [redacted] duty. :rest assur'd, we no longer mistake storks for obstetricians. -(?): M=m : your hand has no reason,and I mean absolutely none whatsoever, t go messing a-round with my epidermis !";(purring, she rubs her cheek against A&O's).

OLMERS (watching with int'rest):" Very good ! - At least since then I'v never been able t read titles like 'Flora of the Lower New Red Sandstone in Wünschendorf near Lauban' without thinking a that swimming=hole. - A word a praise for the town library (located n the town hall),that I made diligent use of; and for its reading room where the latest eypressionist anthologies always stood. -(?): o I read [redacted] lotsa hist'ry;even then I had my fav'rite epochs : Byzantine Empire;Gothic Kings;Cromwell. Still earlier : lake-dwellers; Herodotus; HOMER (célèbre par sa façon de rire);I was also hot for 'Babylonian Cylinder Seals'.";(with prehistori[redacted] it was 'carbon' that fascinated me;(I know 'why ?' too : because whenever a buxom lass 'd cross my honord father's path, he was accustomd t say with admiration :'Now that's a pair a carbonados !' (to the accomep'niment a hottentot click[redacted]; by which he meant the center cut,thigh & rear)); ergo carryd over later t 'Carbonari';or when the 'carbonades' loos't their thund'ring fire n COOPER's sea stories;(only here recently 'carbon paper' brought the whole imaginative series back t me with a tender sadness))" Wherein did I otherwise profit in L. ? - Ohyes : I taught myself t 'play chess' there; we had a young 'stove=fitter & jointer' living with us,Kurt Leubner -(the 1st in a (short) series of 'intelligent craftsmen' that I learnd t 'respect';(ie as far as it goes))- Tgether we workt our way thru the whole 'MIESES=DUFRESNE'. - And, wait !,:the radio=reception there was magnificent ! ";(to Martina):" We=Oldtimers - that is[redacted],y have t 'v been born before the first world war; A&O belongs t the group too - think more a radio n fact than of your television [redacted] : with a radio the world is your oyster ! ;(with TV you'r at the mercy a the state : hope=less ! (And 80% of it's kitsch besides.))";(he spreads his hands,putting the question to the group :?-)

A&O (terse):" 9o."

EUGEN (interceding):" Let's put it this way - [redacted]:there ought t be 1 channel for educated folks. Whether the rabble (including the academic) raises a howl or no : They kn stick with their detectives or politicks, with their hit=parades or soccer=matches.";(he shrugs his shoulders; and selects an extra=cigar for himself:... -? - To Olmers):" What were your experiences=impressions when y chang'd schools? - Y came from the state capital afterall."

OLMERS (animated):" I discoverd the absolute preeminents a provincial schools : I learnd alot more in Görlitz than I had ever learnd n Breslau ! The spirit behind it was totally=diff'rent ! : n the capital they fancyd they ownd culture in its entirety,n 'd gro'n jaded; here ev'ryone was more open, eager t learn (the teachers too !); sho'd autodidactic thoro'-


Reform Gymnasium and Secondary School

ness (the teachers too !);they made better use a the books & tools available - precisely because one had t make better use of 'em. Even then my unshakeable impression was : culture 'd begun t withdraw t the provinces;(an impression that's now solidifyd to a certainty : in our big cities you'll find a noisy culture=busyness;'behind which' is nothing atall anymore) - and at the time eg in Berlin there were afterall whole collections a high-sounding names : DÖBLIN; the MANN's;ARNO HOLZ;(ah,why shd I reel 'em off; you'll find 'em in any KÜRSCHNER a the period,at the back, under 'Survey by Place of Residence'). Nevertheless the first great rift was becoming visible in z much as [redacted] almost all the 'rite-wingers' held their distants from Berlin;where in fact there was too much tomfoolery & weird exhibitionism going on. Then 12 years a Hitler gave our culture its final fatal shove;(we don't have one anymore;either in [redacted] West or East,(where the leaden lid of marxism & all its consequences 's been put on the arts))."(he falls silent,'got off the track').

MARTINA (yawning):" So I won't miss anything then if before long the ashengray thread a my life shd break -";(it seems she's been struck by an idea;she wraps mouth & chin in her lf fingers - then to A&O):" Wd any of you - (LOrd lets use any old example[redacted] -:say, literature !) - shd y happen t see a manuscript, immediat'ly recognize & proclaim the promising genius ?!-"; (she now props only her chin with assembl'd fingertips; and gives A&O an ambush look :?-)

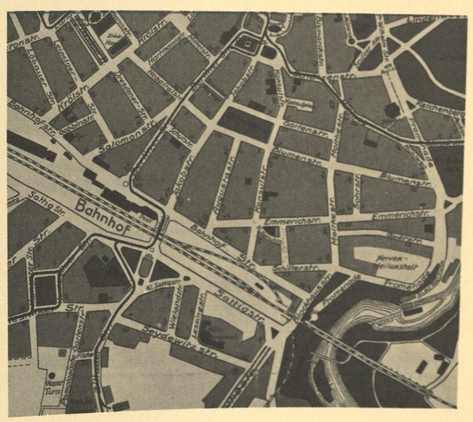
EUGEN (taking charge of the answer):" Át=ònce of course ! If somebody a the stature of HACKLÄNDER..." -

(He is interrupted at this point by a laugh-quintet -(3 female=,2 male=voices)-./ And the moon looks like a pound of sheep's=wool besides./ 'Shall we all bleat to our content first.'.Then

OLMERS again :" That was still n the days a 'student=caps' -";(to A&O):" - do y still remember that ? : In G. we had orange ones n the lo'er grades;n the senior year [redacted] white-silk atin;(altho by then a few precocious snobs preferrd hats)."

A&O (nodding):" We -(n my school in Hamburg)- [redacted] had darkgreen velvet,(with diff'rent=colord bands). -(?): ohlisten; there's also something t be said for it : it's not for nothing that n England they'v stuck t wearing 'school uniforms' rite on up t the present. -";(to Olmers): Did y ever happen t have a nickname at school ?"

OLMERS (laughing):" And how ! Thru all the Görlitz years they calld me 'Allah' : because rite after I got there,I gave a full-hour-long report on Mohammed;(bas't primarily on HENNING's (=Reclam pocketbook) 'Koran', plus a few encyclopaedia notes - when y come down to it, the selection a the subject mite 'v receiv'd its impetus from the polygamous desires of a pubescent;mite well be,I don't know)). - (?): and 'teachers' ? : oh not a one still alive !;(the youngest 'd have t be - mon Dieu ! - 85-9o now). I only know what happend t two a my 'schoolchums' : One is now [redacted] a teacher in Görlitz himself ; thother one a university professor in EastBerlin."-((?):'Names a teachers'? Ppff;what kn I still put tgether ?):" Our homeroom teacher was a certain Thomae -(always prefixt with 'Ass't Master Dr.', t be sure)- a GermanNationalist,ended up a Nazi. English was Geister, Ottl : now he was a clever artistic fello;small pudgy,impetuous; (sang very well;connections with the theater,(more correctly,with actresses : We met him once, a schoolchum & I,z he was coming down SeydewitzStraße with a saucy painted chorine on each arm)); out a piety I later forkt up the cash for his doctoral dissertation which I happend t run across;on the devil=scenes in Jean d'Arras;('v still got it inside). Mathematix was a certain Hasenfelder;(we had a 'Philosophical Study Group' with him). Thothers I kn recall only with difficulty : Döbelt=chemistry;Hittig=physix;Jäger=French;Each of 'em had a definite characteristic idiosyncrasy. ' We ylads -(at graduation there were still 1 dozen of us)- mostly wore the clothes of our dearly departed fathers...(?): Noo sweetie : if a teacher 'd let 'mself get invovl'd in a 'debate' with us, - We wd'v despis'd him, and figur'd he was no longer competent ! What We wanted from him was his knowledge a the field;he knew so much more than We did that a 'debate' was totally out a the question. And he didn't exist z a 'person' for Us -(if 'm not mistaken : we fallo= students hardly for one another either.(May be that that was only true of us 'commuters'; who never even saw the others outsidev school.))";(he lo'ers,ever more gloomily, his seventy-year-old pate.)



EUGEN (the expert): "When did y start smoking ? Presumably during your railroad commuter phase ?"

OLMERS (still distracted):" Yes; round 17. - It just occurrd t me that the houses n which I'v liv'd during the course a my life were systematic'ly 'raz'd' 1o=12 years after I mov'd out : bombd,demolisht,leveld - just z if the traces of my

days on earth were t be eras't on principle - curious kismet."

EUGEN (soberly):" Prob'ly less peculiar that you assume : after 2 wars like the last ones ? sundry folks your age'd have than n common with you."

OLMERS (still full of suspicion):" Well now, I wdn't know about that. - Noo. Noonoo: between & after wars, too, over n over again. (And to all appearances quite solid houses that kd 'v stood forever. M=m;something wrong there.)";(he shakes his head. In his mem'ry he rides again the thousands of 'trains' in his life : think a 1o,consecutive,years, ev'ry day, in depots, hopelessly lited, in antiquated compartments (with 15=Watt=bulbs))

(:'Suddenly it grew light;a faded ray of winter sun shone into the coupé,& onto a picture on the opposite wall.And from the frame emerged a girl's face,with youth like early dew upon it...')

MARTINA (business=school girl-like):" C'mon, fess up about the girls : why they ran around n those days like they were n some costume-play."

('Well; y better cover up your ears then !' -(the wind has just now obligingly hung a cloth over the moon)- Motto :'Musselcramps are the wages of sin !')

GRETE(her hands cradl'd behind her head - and the blond woodchips frazzle in her ample armpits):"'twere best if you 'd shut your mouth.";(explaining to the others):"A man's who's never learnd gone t dancing ? :'s unnatural from his youth on up!

EUGEN (amaz'd):" Yesbut,Mother o'GOd - : when a fello hardly out a his [redacted] paltry teens was forc't t work day & nite;first payd his way thru school n then college : why, He simply didn't have time for anything a the sort !"

GRETE (triumfunt):"Y'll soon get n ear-full a his doings;(whackerjinnies y mite see n your dreams hanging on a fence).";(to Martina):" And yóu make yourself scarce!: you'v already seen much=too=much for your little dab a years. - (?) :Scat !"(And go to the Lord of the Flies.)

(Martinchen departs with unsubMiss-ive step in the direction of the barrel. - (2o seconds later however her head reappears,cautiously, around the west corner of the house : -?-;(where,during what follo's,she leans up against the wall,& while standing,devours her bits of penury,(Cola & pretzelstix), & listens: -)

OLMERS (first pours himself a glass of wine : -(:'C'mon;unsober yourself.')- Takes a trial sip like an aged pro :?- and commences):" Ev'ry man is acquainted with earthly love. And I kn particularly recall my earliest antix : like when, n boyish prurients & curiosity, I lifted the covers from a sleeping cousin -?- n t my horror saw how 'snakes' came creeping out a her vagina !";((?): why, mawworms naturally. Or, not much later):" I was coming along the hallway that led t the bedroom;my father lay,fully dressst, on the bed; my mother was standing next to it,pútting underwear away n the closet,and,like the bundle a horny that she was,says :'All y want t do is fuck : y ought t be nam'd FUCK !';(which they then proceeded t do at once,on a red riding-chair).";(to Grete):"In this connexion I kd provide you with quaint anecdotes about our ancestress : must 'v been moren a Few she took unto herself in extramaritally ! - N those days I was a lad with your standard ing cheerfull prick - blesst days,when expressions like 'supple fullness' brought me to instant erection. Where mis-readings were cuntinually cropping up : 'sylphic-kiss' for 'Sophocles'; 'fairtitties' for 'verities'. When I read of 'tender boxes' in COOPER & at once visualiz'd a pioneer ess; was int'rested in the doge,'parce qu'il épousait la mèré;and read English textbooks about conic sections,with a passion :'the foci of a conic (=cunny)'...";((Me ? n exception ?!) That's what yóu think, dearest !):"It was no better for thother poor bastards : a lota Them gobbl'd up travelogues;'cause,now & then,a halfnaked Tibetan female (ugly z sin !) 'd be seen peeping out from the edge a the picture. One guy n our class was so starv'd that he'd get all excited just looking at the woman on the back of a fifty=pfennig=piece. However carefully I budgeted my few pennies for buying books -(almost nothing but Reclam-editions;n us'd ones at that !)- for years I considerd buying SAM SMILES 'Self-Help';simply because I thought it mite be a justification for masturbation - listen : I still know the number by heart :'3267-69' !";((?): oh Grete,'t's even the case with adults):"How many folks do y suppose n the Hitler days continually heard 'hairy one' along with 'Aryan' ?."(A colleague once admitted t me that he felt a strange pref'rents for the 'March of the Mounted Finns',n started rite in crooning the Swedish text:'og friheb gar ut fra den ljugande Pol' -?):" Well 'My + arse + mounted in fun', and'Freedom comes out a my lewd-gamey randy pole' ! - (?): Noo; I must 'v kept my homosexual impulses well-represst :'no man can awaken the woman within my soul'." (I'v just got t supplement the 'swimming=hole" motif with the fóllo'ing : that I read 'Martin's Summer',by VICKI BAUM, a coupla times over - (were sorta pre-paperbacks,in lemon-colord covers) - (?)-: oh not just on accounta the authoress' name;but because it takes place at a swimming=hole. - Ah yes-but-now for the First Girl;(who,naturally,was not nam'd Olympia... ?))

for A&O (asks permission via a handmotion for interpolating : -):" I recently made a droll discov'ry n regard t this particular tale a HOFFMANN,";(ie 'The Sandman'):" what wd y think of a story : where the hero falls n love with a beautiful young thing via telescope, that he's directed at the oriel a the corner house across the street, [redacted] who sits there hours on end,his gaze fixt on one spot... (?):the hero's nam'd 'Adam Engel' : n thus the same "a=a=el' as with H.'s 'Nathanael'. She's gorgeous, a union of delicacy & fullness. He hears her nightengale voice singing,and pines away behind his telescope with love for his ideal female. So,'ll make it short : he approaches her,n addresses her in Italian - it's a wax dummy! And t top it all off, there's a banquet where :'Olympia was sitting next to me'.";(EMG's of trav'ling with her,etc;and he has t put up with many n allusion about his weakness for 'waxen hetaerae'. -(?)):"No; 't's definit'ly not some invention a my own; but a novella calld 'Temptresses',n it's by one GUSTAV SCHILLING. -(?)): No, t that,too :HOFFMANN's 'Nocturne' appeard in 1816=17; SCHILLING's was already in 1804,(& oft.) -(?): For the third time, no : no 'plagarism'; more likely indisputable 'inspiration'.";(to Olmers - but now back to you):" Which one is the 'First Girl', really? "

OLMERS (bleating appreciativ'ly):" Yesyes;a definition's not gonna be all that easy : starting with mommy (and/or mommy=surrogates); then on to waddling baby-betrotheds; fondling aunties & biddies - but let us pass over such half=unconscious and practic'ly=formless sweethearts. Should 'the First' be a purely visual love,with whom out a bashfulness one exchanges nary a word ?";(n don't éver underasstimate Them !: the'goddess'on her pedestal doesn't answer her worshiper,

either):"Or the first crude missalliants then,brown=moist hairs caught n the turn a the screw;whether as a [redacted] fello'= novice n love, or n attractive séxpert,who kd make a saint sick a the Book of Ezra - :Witch wd y call 'the First' ?"

GRETE (acting indignant,(so as to duck an answer)):" Should I participate n your sybaritix by the merest gesture, may a sign be performd upon my body !";(tss; what chaste creatures women truly are when compar'd t the stallions on parade !).

EUGEN (('Ev'ry man thinks himself a GOd,and ev'ry other man a thief). Honestjohnly):" I give my vote - :t the One y spend the most time carrying on a mental conversation with."

A&O (nodding,trying for precision):" With Whom y organize the longest & most frequent EMG's,(n rite on into your later years).";(I'd exclude the first sexual contact as relativ'ly accidental n of no importants (just n gen'ral)).

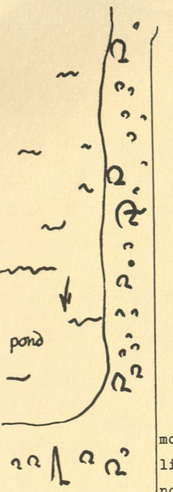
OLMERS (wellnow,them's only theorems.(I'd suggest : the whole chose 's somewhat unsatisfact'ry.) But I'm here t report about my First -):" Okay,let's forget about those earliest micro-amours -(They'v faded away anyhow)- the First one whom I kn now recall with any detail was a maid with pale-white face, 'Inge von Nadau' -(her father was a cop in Sheerberg, not far from the trax : she commuted by train too)- tall & resolutely consumptive,(with thin dark braids);intelligent and libidinous, and a semi 'medium' besides -(?):'pretty' she wasn't,noo; but int'resting. -(?):Noo;not with Her. That is t say, She made me n offer ; they had a private swimming=hole,hidden by reeds;where she coolly strippt down nfronta me : I kn still see that vision before me here & now : a kindev heavy twilite,(cloudy sky) ; the [redacted] narro undulating path thru reeds down t the little gray pond. And this skinny 14year-old girl;naked t her waist - 2 longish limp snowhite tubes - out a fear & respect,my prick let me down. -";(pond'ring. Then,regretfully):"What a shame; certainly wd 'v been a unique tidbit. (P'r'aps out a pure extasy she wd 'v gone clairvoyant on me; n prophecyd the winning lottery numbers, or something.) I regret it still t this day;(I really ought t 'v balld Her til my prick was z black as a boot !). But She was prob'ly 'content' with the impression she made z it was - She did get t see how I was shaking;(and kept raising n lo'ring my eyes,Lord 'a mercy) -";(shrugging):" Got what she wanted anyway : just look!: here I am still talking about it 55 years=later."

(:'Never had I seen a lovlier box;
But open it? Not I!By Pox !;
let him who will do such a deed !'
WIELAND.)

EUGEN (counciliating):" Ahyes. Just for a meaningless 3 minute-exchange a words y mite stand n the sno for the better part of a December nite - ah, but love was a fine and exquisite production for us n those days."(In comparison t the slap=dash screws a youth nowadays : the whole attidude a the sexes tward each other 's shifted around t one a bore-ishness. I mean : the realization 'that one female 's as musty as all the rest' comes soon enough.(And these dames who bawl about 'equal rites' -(whereas they'v had moren their share since Heck was a pup !)- 'll end up bearing peculiar fruit yet.))

OLMERS (now, don't be missled !):" The maiden is always far'n'away more realistic than the youth : human demisouls, thoughtlessness & lechery written allover those lo'-brows a theirs;(n the tiniest of 'em already amazingly well-informd about what the male member looks like). Hear now the summary of what a lifetime has taught me n this regard : 'If you go for a woman -";(like 'for a beer' hae=hae):" don't forget your rod !' : what seem to be the most delicate, pale=fragile specimens dream of their hirsute Hercules.Give Her the choice : the head of a genius ? or the genitals of a stallion :? - :n She's already hanging on with both hands !";(We shdn't bother t feed these females; but simply abandon them t themselves & the wild-asses. We shd 'withdraw' from 'em;(at least inwardly) :the coming Wo=Man 'll be worthy of satisfyd with her uninvolv'd ('ambulatory') (stud)servant. -To A&O):" Let's have some nice incidental music."(N since there are no Great Composerettes, we'll have t make do with a Great Composer.)

(A&O goes into the house; comes back. And immediat'ly thereafter comes the sound of MENDELSSOHN, the 'Melusine',and a girl's laughter floats sweet & silver thru the summer day - his ear is tipsy -: 'Oh just once more !' He listens in vain,and lo'ers his head sighing. ('You died. - Where are you ? - Is there still some spot in space where you are ? These rooms here where once you lived,still filled with a glow from your beauty, tho only I perceive it - and when my eyes one day are closed, there will be No One to see it.')).



Scene 29

(Road at the fronta the house;(becomingly pav'd with leaves,presst(flat) by cars./Moonface (with cloud-turban),dubious and amusing. (And sometimes only a nest of beams in cirri.) Mostly just bare & clear. / Jupiter in the South; (:'The Big Handsome Brite One there - He likes me !',M.) / Along a stretch of road,from about the pond down to where the path to the fisher's place branches off, the Two of them stroll back & forth (='do a navette') : Ann'Ev' on long litegray legs,(naked as ever : a sallo in=t'resting & =diff'rent rear;its bareness veild occasionally by a shado like an owl's wings;when she turns her breasts tward the house,the world gro's still more yello); a muted voice among hair like shimm'ring threads. Martina, too, of thoro'ly manifold behavior in this britegray meltschmerz, carries her bra in hand whenever she can (a few times her panties as well,a bold lunaped). /Soft trickle of voices from boustrophedonic young ladies.)

MARTINA (chewing,('nuts & bread taste good tgether !')):" - let myself be denyd the moon by that nefarious crustashean !";(I kd just spit on my feet that I'm stupid enough t lift even 1 hand for Her. -(?)):" Awc'món : Rod=fever's what She's got !"(I am indeed now no longer lacking in knowledge a those curious duties concommitant with Holy Matrimony. Shaking her head tward the fiery scenes at the hillahay):" Fungoid;remarkably fungoid; (and ever & anon begetting little monsters : 'Whó' 's to embrace 'Whóm' appears wholely beside the point - this planet's not made for virtue.";

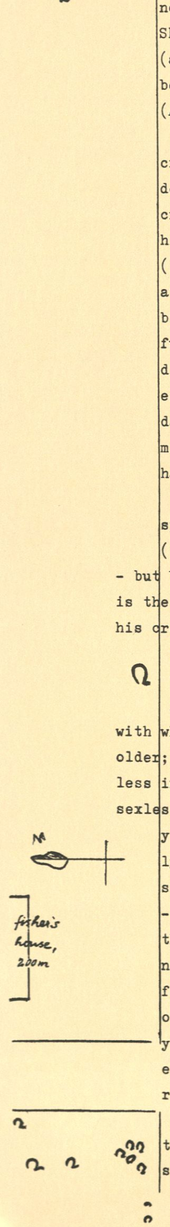
(:'But Zihim shall lie there & their houses shall be full of Ohim;& ostriches shall dwell there,& satyrs shall dance there;& owls shall cry in their castles,& dragons in their pleasant palaces.')

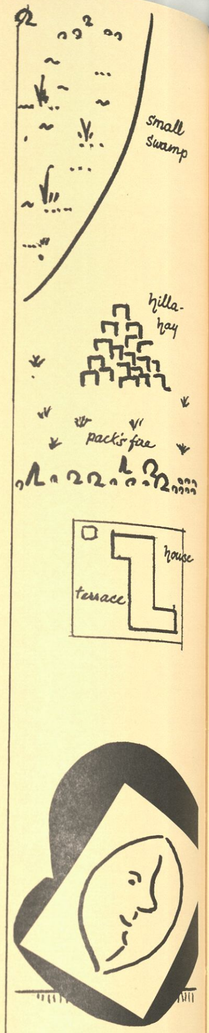
(Anathoth = a plain of responses & echoes).

ANN'EV' (ahyes,no star beams in the human gut) :"We 'r crazy t do GOd the favor a living like this,half beast half demon.";(But at least this fouting around's a kind of sub= creation : We'v got One guy with us,who,when=ever he consummates,has a lite appear above him,in the formeva spiral=nebula. - Me ?):" I don't rub up against the folk hardly atall; ('v bummd around long enough nude among nudists);"(she makes a tired=chic gesture, an airy Elf, by moonlight shadows seen):" I havn't any gú for a man anymore.(Can't have babies anymore either;even if Bouncing Jack himself'd come along.";((?):Her there ?With the funnel hung over her shoulder ?):" Uses it t listen t what the dead have t say. (Do not disturb; she's hung her hair down over her face.)";((?):"What's she singing ? - She raises her face sniffing into the nite :? - She translates,hesitantly):" 'Mother eats up my dates / and I am flooded with gall !/Oh joy, when the morro comes / to refresh me with milk and butter.'";(Who knows what she means; they fill the forests with their lies. Also have a highly developt sign-language : kn converse about mineralogy; or the VietNam war.)

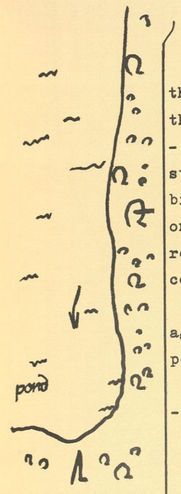
MARTINA (her bra in her hands at her back;the moon has filld her round breasts with sphinx milk):" Cute principles;(altho I find some things in your religions rite nice)!"; ('xcuse me for asking questions that sound absurd;'m simpler than even I like myself t be - but You have made a coupla int'resting pseudo-astral remarks...(?): oohh, 'Qu'est ce que la terre ?' is the least a my questions):" Just a swamp fulla will-o'-the-wisps & monkey shines : GOd doesn't love his creation nearly z much as We do. (I wd much rather pray t the rushing air; or the mitey waters; or those sparkling pinpoints up there : the moon, that pretty creature,and Kissiopeia.)";(here, by the birchtree, she slips rite outev her panties, too - : while the moon, with a galant=galloond face, marvels at a new pair of cheex he's never lookt on before :0 - N I don't want t pester y with what y may know for sure about immortality, either):"I mean ev'rybody knows that even stars gro older; and therefore the whole protoplasmagic of our shado'y planet all the more so."; (noo,all that's less important. But):"Your doctrine of angels - (or wait;according t the Bible, they'r suppos'd t be sexless;n that puts me off rite from the start) - so maybe more precisely:this 'Guardian=Angelism' a yours,with its 'doubles' - 'v done some thinking about it;(convoluted maiditations,t put it mildly) -";(She scratches the small of her back with her three middle fingers; the moon lies like spider webs upon the land;('the quiet life here gets to one; y think a things like=this')):" First. -:If Two People get t know each other here, terrestrially : do their doubles come tgether then in that lov'ly (tho somewhat overpopulated) region,('Kush' or whatever;'m not quite mistress a the name yet), too ?";(Verily,there's something most inti=mate about the idea : it'd just fit my case ! - She gives herself completely to the body-refreshing moonlite : the lass of lite):"This 's how he ought t see me; (since he's such a Martina=cult devotee anyhow: do y think that he'd take me, poor child that I am, in lieu of a woman ? The way he crouches there n the train across from me,smiling like a deaf-mute) :oh, if I ever get my arms round him, things'll crack!";(and may all the stars in heaven start trilling away.)

ANN'EV' ('t's All very lov'ly n very foolish,darling;(n He wd assuredly return your tempestuous kiss,tho somewhat proper= & abbreviated=ly at first : this matter will be spoken of yet again;you kn be sure a that):"But now let's have your 'secondly' - :?"





to Klappus-Dorf



the wilderness,n y have t do battle with cannibals giraffes n millipedes ?)";(trying once there down=under, at the end a the world,on MACQUARIE Bay;where the Modder River weeps thru - Me neither : we both have t get t know Me; wd that ever be squeaky ! (What do y expect stone;(I love this world and its sounds !). N y don't know me from my reasonable side atall bick'ring of water & wind at the windo. Wild boars come out at nite,n hone their tusks on once;(n then the old nags have t pull Us !) :Oh do stay,Ann'Ev' :in November there's the roads. Kids tie shards t their feet n go ice-skating. When it sno's the sleds all appear at come peeping in at ev'ry windo.";(on the contrary):" The lov'liest silver puddles lie n the again : ought t wear 2 coats in winter; on accountev anemia.)
pond here. - :but your walnut trees don't blossom & bear anymore, do they ?";(she nods

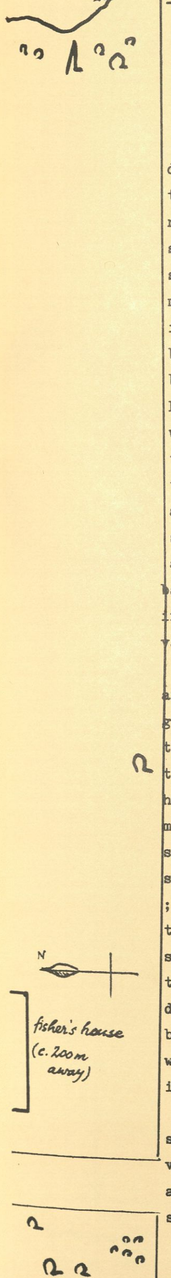
ANN'EV' (mutely nodding tward it with her chin):" You'v got n awefull lot a stars n your -";(and then stands there moon-finnd,her soul quiet as a mouse -.)

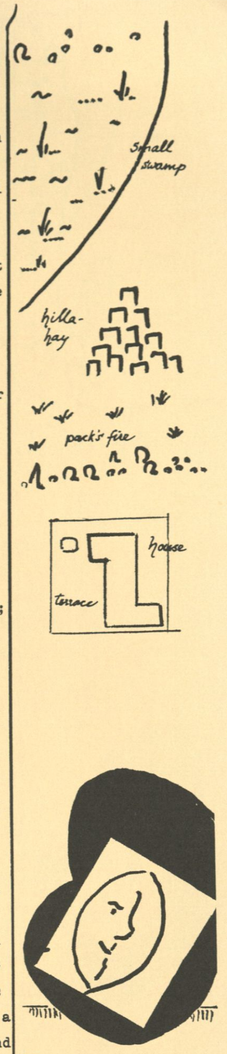
MARTINA (pulling her along with her again):"Let's have a look at what the pond's up to Cynthia's shine.)
come to pass' - Ann'Ev',melancholy & serene;('pale as a wandering spirit by good)/A meteor with a tail like a whiskbroom - 'Now 7 things in this world must tinchen as she lives & laughs;(a curtsy without a skirt doesn't look all that Little clouds in lunacolord [redacted] nighties;(Many a charming figure !)/Mar-:(They stand inside the black tent of the nite,(with an opal moon up top).
drawing attention to Our Figures - ";('Women 'pay' with a view of their body'.)
the moonlite, all icy-gray,like ancestral poortraits : c'mere;let's stand here for a while; nite, when stars 'r shining brite'. She breaks off):" Back t sitting there at the table n she's gonna attack him - I kd throttle her in her sleep !";(She warbles:'Dream of me to-something like that causeth me t shudder!) She exhausts that black brain a hers with how mart$\frac{yr}{in}$ $\frac{V}{ph}$alentine - I really turnd n irate red : the mere idea that she's allowd t think includes some very racy material;(specially n this case : how she's tormented like the ble ! -(?):she's the most disgusting anthropophagess: composes sonnets for all the boys,n books she owns she wrote Nr. 3471 & '72 : so that he'd figure her library was inexhausti-Embitterd):"Just imagine, Ulrike's out t catch my boyfriend;so on the backs a the only two watch for me, Goodbye Goodbye Goodbye : I'll love you eternally, Goodbye Goodbye Goodbye'. that I'm apraying;and tho she's quite a beauty : keep those eyes ón duty ! (And keeping the very thought of Him ! She warbles mournfully :'Don't let those èyes go straying,is all a selenian sweepings ? : n now, may Martin come to me !";(aaahh,my mouth n bosom surge at same : cloud garden layd out with starry path)):" 'Space travel' : for a coupla spadesfull about to say something -(but first gives such a hearty yawn, that at once AE has to do the battered kiosk of clouds : !,('sestow the beemes so shene;how they wexen and wanen') She is indefinity;(and in no case without Martin !))";(she stands still;and points at the moon,in a vantages.('d be an awf'ly nauseous shock for me if I'd have t take off rite now for moribund

MARTINA (after an apocalyptical sighlet):"Not that I know of : life has its ad= & disad= and die.";(do y like t talk about death ?).
get sick we go into the forest; seek out a hollo left by some uprooted tree;crawl into it, thus an open enemy of nothingness : 'Death' only removes you from the present. '(?):When we things noxious and afraid of lite. Never fear : GOd is the first and supreme egoist;and house that's doomed to collapse,full of dark chambers (passages) and lairs, where nest ment'?):" Ohyes;n with nothing underneath.";('the body ?'):"The lot of us lives in a haunted set themselves back into motion. -(?): Where 'd y pick that up,'The body's our last garstains that we cast on the earth :at the moment pretty darkgray & trimmd in silver.";(They ;"(she stands still,and points to her shado's):"During the day they 'r black shamefull think : I was now looking into some strange house,watching Someone walking around in there - shine in at my windo,I'd often walk up=%=down nfronta the windo,inside;watch my own shado,n thing,saints too;nothing special.) -(?): For Me it all started -,-:when the streetlamps 'd do with doppelgangerism;(nothing more common among Us than bilocation : fakirs do the same body's something one doesn't go round blabbing about.) -(?):Noo;doesn't have a thing to whitegreen face):"Can't think rite now. (besides this matter a souls drifting from body t iddí ?;([redacted]' but I never wd 'v expected it from you.";(she considers. She shakes her

ANN'EV' (commending):" Well now; I'd have t say that's still n open question. - Your shot-putterettes y see on television - 'r not 'women' atall, the brawnbroads !). very 'feminine' men, 'Transvestites' n such." (And thother way round : t judge by these as his guardian spirit ? (And v$\frac{i}{o}$ce versa.) There are n fact -('v heard the oldsters tell)-sorro's t bear, doesn't he ? -(Ahyes;secondly): Is it $\frac{conceiva}{possi}$ble that a boy kn have a girl

MARTINE (turning around : hey look,my own shado):"Creeps along beside me like he had





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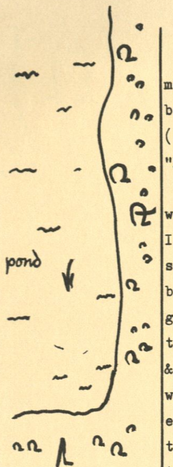
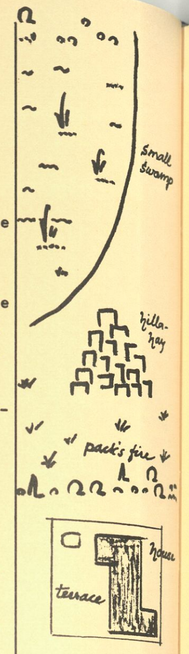




more to influents her):" t say y'd be 'pamperd' doesn't even come close : since first he began to dance round the earth, the moon had never shone so brite as on the Two=of=Us !" ('ll never want t gaze on another star if what I say isn't true. Trying to convints her): "How do y suppose you'll [redacted] ever manage the transport anyway ?!"

ANN'EV'(give me no litanies;this affair here's already liquidated):"Do y think I'd be willing t pluck cro with that old carabiddy Grete all day long ? (She just better take care I don't sing a death=song with her name n the lyrix !). Or those old codgers,with their semi-hunchbacks n greedy peaked loins : most a your roués don't get palsyd with age atall; but just go rite on leching til they kn move neither finger nor tongue. Húh-uh;as soon z we get a shanzhmang n the weather we'r off." (And y needn't worry about how we'll manage from there):"Most of 'em dread the broad hi=way : they much prefer t make their bed in the dust & pull heaven's clouds up over 'em !";(she points gently with her chin tward the hillahay, where the fire=folk hops & races & bustles, as merry as hedgehogs by moonlite):" The[redacted]y travel with minimum space. Bodies & souls made a rubber : they nose out some cranny and there they build themselves a nest they kn roll up into like a beastie in a seashell. N that's the way they lie the whole day,breathing without air and seeing without lite;all jumbl'd down= & up with each other,hard t believe, in the most inconceivable positions : smoking pot;playing casette recorders;sleeping like marmots in winter... ?"

for MARTINA (gives her a nudge):"Is that One a your zoological acquaintances,the Fello human there trotting tward us on all fives ?" -

EGG (blithely):" No angel kd express itself more reasonably. -(?)ah;the daughter a the dreadful fello who knows all of HACKLÄNDER by heart. And Our honord Buddhette :I am thy most [redacted]wrigglyworm servant !" (ahh;but this country life is splendid !)

ANN'EV': "Keep your hand t yourself, and begone ! You'r italeek, aren't you ?"

EGG (defensive):" Just the teeniest elysia - little draps a schnops : charitably donated by a lov'ly hand - I sat on Asta's lap,(or she on mine,God knows which):Patterson and holy=spirits,was thàt some brew ! Like owls=piss !";(tanyrate there was this spirit trappt in that bottle who movingly implor'd me t release him).

ANN'EV':"And you gave ear to his plea. -";(shaking her head):"Tss;how cán y have anything t do with a hulette like that ? a face that's only t be seen on a paper-lantern."

EGG (enthus'd):"Enflam'd by ellipses,I press up against that racy alabuster rind of hers : like a trigonodule,hoping the radius of her inner circunfrents ! That gray pelt in her crotch guarantees aggregates of bliss the which smooth, insipidly shillyshallying teenettes shall nevermore provide me !";(he performs a pantomime : as if he took his shado for an assailant about to fuck him : ? - :!-)

ANN'EV': " You'r really nice n pickl'd,my dear Doctor merd. - :'v y already taken the vote on Tasmania ?";(tss;high z a bee):" N what's when y go to scour matant' here lateron?"

EGG (cheerfull):"My Furzeva,taking the laws of adequate darkness into account,bids me appear hereafter down by the sound-hole :'Why do glutei smell so much sweeter by night ?'"; (hope by then I havn't furgot all I know. -(?)):"Not t worry ; when I'v been drinking I know Ev'rything:dip my sharpest quill in the Hippocrene n create verball ballet-tristix -";(he salutes a shooting star,with a lunaman's hand;and goes on):" 'll grant not all that much 's come forth t'day - maybe a nosegay a notions :'Curses,to be cursed while digging potatoes'";(t be sold t the local plowboys : Penemuc did not teach man to write all in vain):" n what 'r at best the rodiments of a little ballad : about 2 lovers,helping each other out in hell - are not our souls afterall nomore & noless than funtasies in the mind of the Cosmic Intellect : formd totally aphoristic'ly; having flo'd tgether...?"

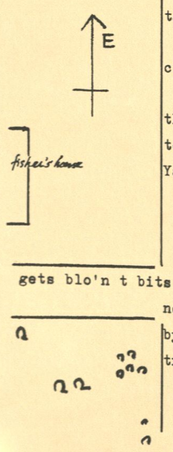
for ANN'EV' (laying into him):" 'krepilnondimerd, answer me : have you reacht a conclusion ?!"

EGG:" Our friend Marwenne,whose head & tail no spirits kn o'erpower,is still haranguing the edge a the world, thother proppt on a cloud, with the air of a man thro'ing a pumpkin at too's been invited t partake of a joint a warm odalisque : 's suppos'd to explain the Hick Yackitt t the fat housecat=there. - He pulls a small flask from the folds of his robe:'!')

('One of those who braces himself for the sour passage by appearing drunk before the judge of the dead./The two girls have exchang'd a quick glants : is something afoot ?! -(:'Hey,we'll do something about this !')

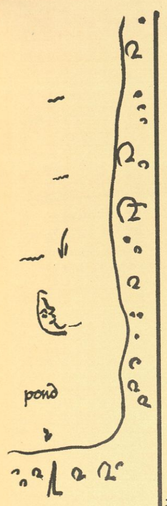
EGG ('And ?' smiles his respectable countenants):" And the whole menagerie a greybeards gets blo'n t bits come t'morro.";(All they do is just run Us down;I kn tell that from here):"Why sleeps he not,when others are at rest ?!";(pompasstick lot;not even worth cutting off their sacks one by one):"Our school has liberated itself from paralyzing realization via leadenpencil and tripewriter ribbon...?"

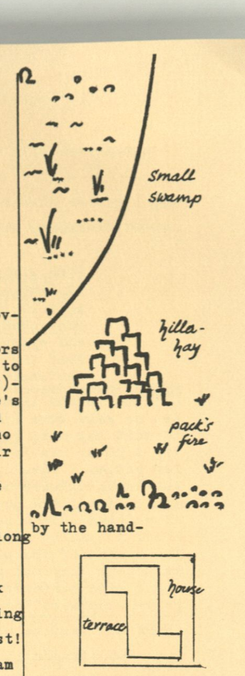
ANN'EV' (energetic'ly :Sacker Dew !):" Nothing's t be blo'n t bits !(N now vamoosed)!"



(Martina narrates, whis'pring:'Totally desp'rate last June-(sic!,despair in June'!)-one nite I crept in t one a the haystax that stood here- didn't want to come back-(?:why causa Martin!)- up pops a bunny - kept getting weirder,all that moon - came back afterall...')

'em : one foot on the moon :!";(He





(:'A thundercloud once passt over them by nite,out of which fell tommyguns & barbers'=razors ;and in the trees hung chains to grace the hips of Amazons.'/(?)-:No.May the shades of those he's deflowerd gather round his bed as is their custom:may they sho him their bloody Ø,& move their leaden lips strangely all the while -:Obstinacy & habit have made him insensitive to such.'; (the BM namely).)

by the hand-

in !"(Act z if we'r headed for the barrel;- n then slip behind the house; -she pulls AE along fairytale beads...";(she interrupts herself -:?- A&O's lite's on ?):"Hey c'mon;let's look : it'd take the heart of a fool. (I'd need him sô=bad : t help me thru the nite; & t string : I'd spread myself o'er him - ";(she breathes,con expressione. -(?)):"Oh;not in the least! N still more=higher;laying competent hands upon him : his delicate tool,that aether=lingam !: sweetest trousers;the ideal of all things conceivable ! I'd undress his feet for him. t watch/help him wash up -):" trouble l'imagination. Does he ever have the powers of attraction stands wide for him!).";(I know,nite bedews the intellect with reveries;but just t be able

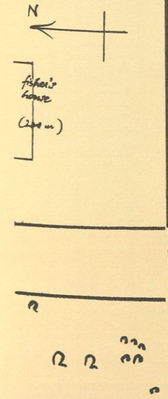
MARTINA (defensive):" 'Wellknown name' !, I'd say. (Ah would he but come : my wind/kimono (almost worsen no name atall.)

ANN'EV' :" The homestead's not the op'ra. - What was his name again ?:'Schmidt'?"; bye. Goodbye.'. - : 'm not all that good at singing;am I ?"

'rything : Goodbye Goodbye Goodbye.I'll fly back soon like love on the wing : Goodbye Good-Martin ! (She sighs, and looks unutterable things. She groans):"'I thank you dear, for ev-dew' ";(n the course a which Ev'ry=man displays the thaumaturgid monster at his belly -:Oh - was pointed and rough=&=stiff; the buldge itself glitt'ring as if glaz'd with a heavy woodlands. The peak of the northern breast -(like in RIDER=HAGGARD,'the breasts of Sheba') neath which there appeard to be underbrush comparable p'r'aps to our terrestial groves or at approx. 9:15 p.m., the hollo of her pelvis was coverd by a monochromatic gray shado. Bescribing You z if y were the surface of a planet ! - Caricaturing):" 'On October 2, 1974, moren once when they look at you so rude= & abstract=ly - They'r perfectly capable a de-there's a certain 'Monotony in Greatness';n I'v balld up my little lilywhite into a fast grade teacher with the diff'rents between mortars,howitzers n cannons.).";(naturally n ballistix;(or a 'plus que parfait[redacted] : Why back n primary school I dumbfounded my first--(?): Ahmyyes;if only we had those subjects n school : I'd be sure to get an A in astronomy time it is by 'em. (Or his own 'height' too;the Major has the cutest little jovilabia). ? (They won't spare you a single 1, if y sho the slitest int'rest : n expert kn tell what (Well,let's wait n see).- Ahyes, JUPITER - : there he stands):" Y want a look at his moons not A&O;(He's too mucheva gentleman). But Uncle Olmers : Hé's skunk enough t do it ! She wdn't dare let out another peep."(But as official z possible;with witnesses. -(?):Noo; about Grete ? -:I mean if We kd catch 'em ât it !; 'd have her in my clutches. For ever. smuggle dynamite in with our coal.). - But):"Say, do yóu believe that ?; what he said perients. (Please impress the facts on 'em once more real good : so that nobody tries t rite on the nose ?!";(ungratefull louts ! 't's a fact : love a mankind dwindles with ex-the lamps of heav'n too went out !'" -

MARTINA (indignant):" 'Blo us all up ?!' : n here when tmorro I'll be 5,555 days old :'-:'''-!'.Then retreats;singing enraptur'd):" 'And as they doused the bard-room lights, mines.)";(but first he uses his flashlite to send signals of some sort up tward Jupiter rice-pudding of the stars. (Beneath Our feet the lamps of rhisomorphs at work in the into space ! - Pleas'd with himself,he looks around once more :?-):"Moon,spooning up the drive a pingpong ball up his ass;n may GOd have mercy on him if he doesn't hurl it out nation,(notorious among the notorious)";(good;'ll pass the order on at once : they'r t

EGG (giving in):"Was only just a fickment that suddenly rose up outev 'Odd's imagi-



Scene 3o

(The girls, hand in hand, at the SW=corner of the house, at A&O's windo's. AE with a black (shado'y) face;only her lf shoulder is tinted a lov'ly pale by the moon. With her lf hand she has claspt her long hair & collar-bone; her idle rt hand has been usurpt by/ Martina, dancing with excite= and sympament; for / inside (:the burden of lite !) stands A&O,bent down over the armchair where Ann'Ev' had sat earlier;and converses with the emptiness - his left fan of fingers first opens up,slo'ly, and then closes again in just the same way. He kneels; and lays his head on the seat. Raises it;and with eyes reeling with love regards his psyche's sweetheart : her invisible foot enmesht in his visible hand...)

(:'Now a thing was secretly brought to me,and mine ear received a little thereof./In thoughts from the visions of the night,when deep sleep falleth on men...')

(:'Come to the light,love.Let me look on thee.
Let me make sure I have thee. Is it thou ?
Is this thy hand ? Are these thy velvet lips,
thy lips so lovable ? Nay,speak not yet;
for oft,as I have dreamed of thee,it was
thy speaking woke me. I will dream no more.
Am I alive ? And do I really look
upon these soft & sea=grey eyes of shine,
wherein I half believe I can espy
the riches of the sea ? Nay,heavenly hued,
as though they had gained from gazing on the
their high & starry beauty. These /skies
yellow locks...' -).'FESTUS')

A&O (with scarce voice):"...'Am ?' - : I 'am' nothing anymore. (I 'have' some=things still; but... - :since I'v fallen in love with you,I seem to me to be more feeble=ugly than anything in this world : that one kd 'v liv'd so long til now,n known nothing of each other !) -";(his voice gro's softer, like the words of Those Who are disturbd in their dreams before midnite;(a clock run wild chimes in as well !)...)

MARTINA (delitedly whisp'ring):" Vivat my perspicacity ! he's sô en-AnnEv'erd that he's telling that chair things no bridegroom kd dream up any better : just listen t that !..."

A&O (inside):" I want to drink up your beautiful slender face - : your delicate breasts;your moist mouth; your neck; : your hair,all your hair, is bliss to me ! -";(and now,unmistakably, their cheeks close in on one another;(he lays his lips on Her jugular -(:it pulses softly for him)- (and poore halfe kisses...)))

MARTINA (as before):" Vivat yet once more my eagle-eye ! Wêll, who wd y say Martina is now?;Who's rite again this time ?!-"; (sly=roguishly):" - that'll go on forever Ann'Ever before He's caresst his fill. (:Look at that;now he's sharing a single breath with Her !)."(breathing deep.Happy):" O Ann'Ev',he's sure t write something now - : about / with You !"

ANN'EV' (sombre;acting indiff'rent):" What do y all think you'r up to ? 'm I suppos'd t spread my legs there on his threshold;with a bunch of owlfeathers up my rear ?;(2 little ringlets made a rush on my hand;like the way poor bridal=folk announts their marriage ?)";(and laughs at the notion, (infinite=eyed, my proud=one), til it wd make one want to weep. Gruff):"Tell me now, Who he is."(('Writer' I know all too well):that sortev warlock is dangerous=undependable, whether possesst or unpossesst : when you'v spent 1 nite in bed with a writer, you know the technique. She points with her chin): "He's just trying out sentences & dialogue."

('Optimi malorum, pessimi bonorum'/Martina whispers a while everso eagerly into her ear :'! -:!!!'.Then)

MARTINA (encouragingly):" C'mon, don't be a nasty, heartless thing;(n don't make such homeless eyes & feet). -(?): aw;don't try t fool me : y kn see it all for yourself, how He's holding Her foot;n kissing ev'ryonev Her toe-tips;n telling Her things in Her lap. I even caught him at it : the mere mention of a name similar t yours suffic't t give him a sudden cheering up : 1 poetic error from your lips is worth more t him than 1o truths from those a someone else !"

ANN'EV' (gloomily):" Think of my past, something he's sure to despise.;(or wait): " Wd yóu like t be his wife ?"

(:'Ah, dear girl, how naughty you are !')

MARTINA: " O merry this body o' mine ! : he's never askt me.";(but at least I know this much):"If I had seen Him with Mè like that in n armchair - I wd 'v yelld 'By God let's go and whoopeedoo !';n wd'v been inside with him long before now.";(naked z I am. (That is to say, if Martin didn't exist !). Coaxing):" But dear dearest Ann'Ev' : it makes me want t weep tears of blood that y still havn't put your hands up t your face so y kn peek and rejoice thru your fingers !;(while there He is walking his knees off with desire nfronta your empty chair,with eyesite only for You ?) -";(imploring):" Isn't there at least one fiber n Your body that wants t go t him ?". -

(It hushes about their heads : 2 owlets,(a small pair:yellogray & graybrown), flutter at the upper part of the pane;butting everso softly against it with their faces./In Martina's hand Ann'Ev's fingers have begun to tremble slitely -

ANN'EV' (her voice hoarse):" ought t weave him a wreath o' ridicule,and thro it at his door!: Thorns & all kinds a [redacted] refuse;nettles, and brom. -"

MARTINA (cautiously):" The frost got t our broom,but it bloomd this year,at the end a May : gray & yello mixt.(Gray hair,with long brown feminine fingers stretching out from it -)";(she touches her with her body,carefully. She whispers): " He who has receiv'd a look / kiss from Someone from the Venusberg cannot resist the temptation -."

ANN'EV' (mournfully):" Do y think I kd have my sanctuarity here ? Do y think that he'd want Ann'Ev' ? : really want her; for his hearth's cricket ? -";(Her laughter moans tward the windo):" Do you love me ? Just me alone ??? -"

Do you love me ?? And should the earth now break open wide and swallo Us up : just me alone ??

(Meanwhile the dreamer within whispers with love's noises from one thing to another;-/Martina senses how suddenly the girl at her arm gro's liter : Ann'Ev' II detaches herself;and walks around the house;(disappears for a few moments);and then reappears in the frame of A&O's door: - /(the Ann'Ev' I who remains feels cooler to the touch;her movements are limp now;and she speaks more thickly.-)

ANN'EV' II (steps inside,longleggd and floating,and on upto the chair - she brushes against A&O with her hip & dangling hand - and stretches herself out mutely before him. / He:begins to laugh with love at the beautiful vision -(the long neon-lite above them first sneezes;and then burns bluer=whiter) -

A&O (his mouth quivers between her sweetly parted lips; - nervous confession):" I know I havn't any rite whatsoever t be jealous... '"

ANN'EV' II (there : now y have all a my two hands): " But you are, aren't you ?" /(then when He just nods mutely)/ She : me too): "Ann'Ev' is dying of jalousie.";(a dron'd threat):" A&O, I am Your Norn ! : look not at another woman;otherwise Ann'Ev' 'll crawl back into her barrel wailing : I'll weep myself to unconsciousness !" -

(the anginous couple. /He counts out her names on her fingers and toes :'yellobreast', and 'neonlady'; and there aren't enough;and He has to start all over again, the second score /even tho they'll only be able to go very slo'ly on their walks tgether, like a pair in the Dance of Death ! Pure lunancy ! /She keeps on gro'ing paler,more ambrous. Stands up. : goes to the door. /While with radiant face He follo's Her;and pours out words like dreams. Points as well to the magic=fruit that's theirs in common : - / she, translucent rigid, lets her tears run down into coarser hair; -

ANN'EV' II (with a breaking voice;(:'Lites out. - have t go.')):" Quick. - (Here n the dark now - where I can't [redacted] see you) - : I love you ! : I love You !! -";(((('Aahh...'))! She vanishes).

(Martina has watcht from outside, mouth agape as if quarter-asleep. (Gave her little rear-cheek 1 pinch too;(:'Ow !'). Unable to comprehend all this, she shakes her head: -)

ANN'EV' I (explaining listlessly):"Oh y kn find extremely intriguing liasons.";(disapproving):" But that's nothing, what that=girl=in=there 's up to : that makes the 22nd boyfriend the evil spirits 'v besto'd on me -,- (?): Ohyes : so that my triple kn run around here maybe : for centuries if possible, huh ?";(she raises her hand in order to...

MARTINA (takes hold of it;begging):" Now don't be a slinkysnaky eccentrix and take it all back... ?"

(she falls silent./For inside the house a door has shut. - From around the corner Ann'Ev' II appears,all yello=bluish (pearl-colord), in the moonlite. She stands,shaking & loving, next to AE I for a few seconds - and then dissolves, quickly, back into her. /Martina watches this process with the puckerd-up lips of a savant. She scratches her tummy; and nods :'What kind of a world has Such Things in it ?' -)

MARTINA (interpreting): " Well like : BOSCH,and at the same time aspen=rustling. And you, and 'Felsenburg Island'. And Me &..."; (hm. -(?)):" 'm just wond'ring : if heaven's really equidistant from ev'ry point on earth. - Y got anything definite plannd ?";(if not, We kn sit=in out front;n listen t the palaver;(n do some palav'ring ourselves). ?).

ANN'EV' (help me t the barrel first):" 'v got t rest for a moment. - ('Ll join y then later.)."

(They walk, practic'ly 'inaudible', along the back of the house, thru the moonlite. Then, a left turn tward the barrel.)

xi. Act

Scene 31

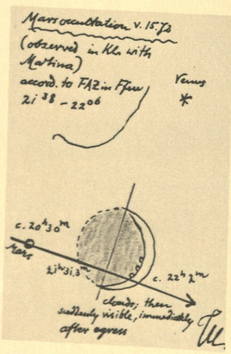
(Terrace by moonlite./The 3 oldsters around the table : the vespertine strife twixt Those who want to watch television and Those who want to go to bed has been decided in favor of Those who want to shoot the breeze about whatever -('filosofize themselves t sleep')./Off and on Grete and Asta sit down to join them./ Martina partakes, with intermissions, of sev'ral small snax./ Across the way, by the fires, much hocuspocus is underway.)

EUGEN (to M.):" Wéll ?; 'd y have a good ambulation ? the moonshantix all over ? - How's the shooting-star situation ?"

MARTINA (chewing):" Faint t middling. Nothing t compare with what it was in Ensisheim;(to enliven TIECK's Scarecrow).";(But):"I'v found thé comet in 'Martina' : do y think it kn be identifyd?"

(well now. - /(J.CHR.NÜRNBERGER,'Astronomical Evening Entertainments in a Sylvan Castle';Berlin 1831)/ - '2nd half of the 13th century'? There 'r a good dozen recorded n the 'Berlin Tables'; the most conspicuous prob'ly that a 1264, said t have been visible for 4 months. 'll have t check./'Whether 'the angel with the flaming sword' kd 'v been a comet ?' - hardly)

(:'and as the sterre yclept comete/his cours and eke his ende/on the firmament doth hyde/ so seemeth us swich assise/few are the folk that can this sterre/he gooth in swich aray/ that he right selde be seyen/and whan he stant ywryen an hevenȝarysen longinges and cunning/ as fra a devils vapour/and whan this sterre be seyen/it meneth that folk gladly goon/to werres and batailes/that been foughten night and day/it meneth eke the dethe forsooth/of bothe wight and beest/parcase it meneth wonder year/ I swere that I this sterre have seyen/with myn owene eyen/which in trouth I do now ell.'



EUGEN (calmly):" More likely the result a torrid summer drought : that drives people out a their green paradise,(and destroys it at the same time). Presumably some connection with the formation a deserts n the Sahara=zone (along with the eastern extension thereof),after the iceages : precisely because it was such=a=monumental event that got hammerd into those southernfolks' heads for generations.";(similar t how We keep on preserving the horror a the ice-ages n our generic=mem'ry): "What was a 'Fiery Sword' for them=down=there meant 'Rescue=Deliv'rants=Verdancy' for Our ancestors - in the EDDA y 'll still find the doctrine a periodic freezes that come over the world (ie central= & northern Europe);n then a lov'ly=new Mid= and Asgard always reappears."

MARTINA (fiting drought with Cola):" Which means therefore : the whole mythollo'gy -(at least that from our spheric=triangle;bounded by equator,'Ferro',and 60° east)- kn be trac't back t 'Günz=Mindel=Riss=Würm ?";((?): just=Würm ?):" say, the last 2o,=3o,ooo years ? mHm."

GRETE (coolly):" The Godhead is scarcely well serv'd by such loosiferian=theories : the best a religions 'd be denatur'd by postscripts a that sort. -";(sarcastic'ly to M):" Mite I roll anȯther barrel a Cola up the cellar stairs for you ? -(?): Her ? tired ?:They'r z peripatetic as centipedes !";(Who was it afterall that invited her out for the senseless mooncrawling ?!)

EUGEN (conciliatory):" She observes very nicely rite along with us.";('Mars=occultations' n such :'Jordkloten i vår

Solverld'. Changing the subject):" MÄSTLIN,(KEPLER's teacher), maintaind he once observ'd a heavy rain on the moon. And just recently I discoverd that ZACH asserted : the earth was formd from a conflux of moons : one that slammd into the American far=side sent Noah's flood smashing into the Old World; the jagged wild heaps & gouges a Switzerland 'r suppos'd t be onev your visible moon=crashes."

MARTINA (first waits -(for the sake of sweet peace)- until Grete has disappeard into the house. And then remarks):"I'd much rather participate n such theorizings than in these christian conclaves n one a their heavenscrapers :stupid notions & clumsy schemes; wrangles about unborn children and the corpses a the dead;(n that they'r any greater lovers a truth than We are - well, my experients 's gone more in thother direction : the mouth that prays will lie as well !) Lordknows we'v already got enough coercion a the individual by the majority. Plus all these galileean affairs 'r too unint'resting n too ancient for me anyway - (n case I ever do become a believer, it'll have t be rite snappy & new - maybe a bit creepy)...(?): I'll grant that certainly, that one ought t know something about it (Xianity) on accounta the historical importants : if only there were livelier methods,(a 'card=game' or whatever),so y kd remember the incredible number a [redacted] names a these prophets (or APOstles);('I'm still missing a HABAKKUK...'). Or something for the 1o commandments & 7 deadly sins,(those I'll never get straight)";('where the Great Carpenter 's left a hole).

(:'Monasteries where,as is well known,the souls of prominent heretics are kept under glass jars for centuries as 'erring clocks''.)

GRETE (already raising a threat'ning hand from a good distants :! -)

MARTINA (going onward,confident of victory):" Shall I prove t you that my HUGO VON LANGENSTEIN calls the Big Man up=stairs that umpity=times ? :'hevenes carpenter';'hevenly c.';'carpenter of the creature'; the 'heigh c.';(take a look for yourself;'v put in strips a paper at ev'ry spot). -";(concernd to Eugen):" Y know, your comet from 1264 's moren likely not correct : he says at one point that he's 33 1/2; but that means, if 'Martina' actually was written around 1293 : he was born in 126o.:? -"(to Grete again):" By the way he wasn't half the bigot you are : He let heathens get sav'd too. -";(to the oldsters):" n what's more he includes n entire 'Harmony of the Gospels',takes 4o pages.";(with a decisive shake of the head):"Let me be perfectly frank : the opinions & teachings of founders a religions - (& of ph'losophers too)- 'r no less amusing than their reasons for 'em. - Tell me A&O : What's life ?! -"

(:'here speketh eke an hethen/allas that he sholde sundered be/from al that rike of heven/ and evermore in helle to crepen/he hath vertu so right ypreysed/and gentil love in youth ysungen/ so benigne was he and vertuous/that I hadde envye of that compaignye/of wikke wightes with whom he dwelle/I wishe that he wolde welcomed be /by hevenes heighteste kynge/which were ydone by right/:and Seneca was he yclept...')

A&O (shrugging):" The rebellion of protein against silicates. (And against Empty Space). Whereby the initial emotions,on both sides, must 'v been disgruntlement & loathing. N now this special slime=intellect=mixture calld 'man' is looking for more stars that may 'v been overrun with the curse of life. -(?): Wellnow,Grete; I doubt that GOd reckond on man, n what's more, that he regards him with benevolents. More likely : like a child sticks hides=away a toy he's wreckt in the closet - just so has GOd put this world in a remote,stardusty back=corner a the milky way."↑(Y know what POE had t say about the matter, that ev'ry single 'island=world' mite well have 'its own' GOd - I recently found a similar idea in MOMBERT,Who talks about the 'God of the Pleiades'. -(?)):" No, Martina; you know that : at most I'm a believer in literature.";((?): 'superstitious' ?):" That's n entirely diff'rent matter. If somebody tells me,'he's not superstitious';that means the same t me as if he'd claim not to have a subcon : ev'ry one a the levels a personality has its own=appropriate religion; (its own 'love', 'language' etc.)";(to Eugen):" Say, by the way, what you were asking me about : where KARL MAY mite 'v pickt up his little adage about 'to be born - that means to forget';now PLATO's the grandfather sure enough; but the actual=intimate Papa is onev his fav'rite=spiritualists, nam'd AKSÀKOFF...(?):Oh bosh; I was just trying t find the ref'rents t BULWER's medium : one H.E.LEWIS, a negro. -(?):Oh be nothing moren the projection of a dim perception a the 3 (FREUDian) levels a personality - it's suppos'd t be 'One' z well, y know.)

(LUTHER has already put it thusly):'Very often have I prayed to my GOd that he might not suffer me to see visions or wonders...for I have enough to learn in His Word !'

(:'And with his inner eye he sees them there,beneath the cross,the man and woman lying...'They dream'he says -and softly does he speak-'and these bright visions represent their bliss.While I know well that it was but the fear of death which bred them in these human brains.' He stretches out his hands to ward them off:'Tho I have erred,one error is not mine: my reason never has been taken captive;!not even by the most enticing promise ! And for the rest - most patiently I'll wait.'/His eye grows dim;unseen approaches that which grasps the pen he holds between his fingers.But still he toils to write in figures bold,(& twilight falls like ashes on the lines): "The priest shall not come near my grave, e'en tho his words be surely scattered on the wind;it is not fit that he should protest preach against all that which I have lived and been,while there I lie constrained in endless silence.'/(I have stood at his grave in Husum;& done reverence.))

OLMERS (supplementing):" N naturally things 'tri-nut-hairy-an' 'r a potent attraction for females. -(?): well now listen here : when Someone loves t busy himself with 'Erigena' ? - I know what's 'up'.";(Ha,I'v got pious works :'OETTINGEN, 'God in Your Hand';or PETER SCHWANZ,'Imago Dei'):" All religion is a close =relative a sexuality ! There's no need atall for me t cite the legion a 'Convent'=novels,à la 'Sister Monica', either. There's a novel from 1844, 'The Monks of Monk Hall' (by George Lippard), that's a wide-open=sensational exposé a the doings a the Quakers in Philadelphia;all their secret sins & vices - where bytheby POE's rather frequent ref'rences about 'visions of monks' glo'ing on the walls n about their fantasies prob'ly come from. - (?):I kn sho it to y; 'v got the (rare !) German editions n my library.";(and if the rev'rend monks got engag'd t Mary;then the ladies 'd go for the masculine personae :

('TANCHELM' beginning of the 12th century:'At first he tread quite softly,& employed the women he had seduced to propagandize among the men. ABELARD reports that he had a temple built for him;his bathwater was regarded as a most sacred relic;people enthusiastically drank his urine.In the presence of the masses he had a picture of Mary brought to him,toucht the hand of the picture while reciting the marriage vows;declared himself wed to Mary;& then demanded all those present to contribute money for the nuptials.- Finally he reached the point where he was able to ravish daughters in the presence of their mothers,wives in the presence of their husbands, under the pretence of performing a spiritual

(HERZOG's 'Encyclopaedia',article 'TERESA, Saint':'As a young girl...she became a passionate admirer of fantastic & adventurous romances of chivalry,which were,however,not of flawless moral content. In secret & without her stern father's knowledge,she read,or better, she devoured as many of these gripping stories as she could lay her hands on; & - tho hardly 14 years of age - she began not only to grow vain,affected & coquettish, but also to find pleasure in the gallant conversations & amorous dalliance of several of her young relations...a certain preference for worldly things,betrayed in part by her vain & affected manner & in part by many a sin of the tongue...constant visions of Christ;so that she sensed now only the more general proximity of the LOrd,now individual parts of his body...she feels her heart pierced as by a lance;while at the same time a pain of loving compassion,which tho sudden & sharp is inexpressibly pleasurable,convulses her entire body.She experiences one appearance of a seraph carrying a golden lance,its tip fiery & glowing,who by repeatedly transfixing her with the point produces this peculiar spiritual=physical pain of the most intense degree,such as she had never before experienced.'/Her friend Juan de la Cruz./-'Her mystical marriage to the Lord : 'regard this nail as a sign that from henceforth I take thee as my wife...regard me as thy most true husband.'- 'the PRAYER OF ECSTASY,during which one does not know whether one is present within or without the confines of the body.The garden of the heart is no longer irrigated by toilsome labour of the hand nor by hydraulics & machinery : GOd himself lets loose suddenly & unexpectedly the torrents of his heavenly shower of grace ,& refreshes all the regions of the interior life at the same time all activity of the senses comes to a halt;reason will memory & phantasy are uniformly submerged in GOd, or, better still,intoxicated by GOd.Body & Soul feel as if convulsed by a sweet & holy pain, that manifests itself now as a feeling of the most terrible blazing fire,now as the highest degree of languor & frailty,now as an attack of suffocation...this mysterious state of convulsion tends seldom or never to continue for more than about one half hour. There often follows, however, a state of sweet half-sleep or pleasant half-conscious torpor for several hours thereafter...one awakes from these ecstasies almost every time bathed in holy tears,& it is precisely these tears, involuntarily shed & so richly poured forth,which are a principal sign that the experience was no mere dream...Teresa was witness to such a great number of these visions that she attempted a construct of formal classification arranged according to certain characteristics.' -Her favourite disciple,John of the Cross...also was the author of 'Thoughts (=Conceptos) Concerning the Love of GOd,Based upon the Song of Songs'

OLMERS:" N bytheby [redacted]'t's old hat t the experts n the field work; & those who did not fall prey to his desire considered themselves unfortunate.'

: MAGNUS HIRSCHFELD recogniz'd what it was all about even back n his day. Ev'ry lady shd give n impartial reading t the descriptions a her transports; n then in all honesty lay hand upon her own bosom; n she'll find that such emotions 'r familiar t her [redacted] sev'ral thousand times over !";(and the preying bed=lambs kn preach at us all they like;(y mite also say :their teeth 'v been worn down t the dumbs from chewing too many Beth=el nuts.))

MARTINA (corroborates with a mouthfull of cookies):" 't's all tied up with the gen'ral disposition: n my big PFAFFic Bible, volume viii. it's printed 'preyer' three times n a ro;(makes y feel like a sheep among wolves). - (?): on page 1o7, sortev n the middle: shd I go get it ?";(very int'resting passage by the way : they won't open the door for him (Peter);because they think it's not him atall but only his double - so the belief was prevalent even then that Ev'rybody's got something like a Second=Self too. ('v already told Ann'Ev' about it.)):"Oh I really like t read it : 'd like most t have a polyglott bible - it sounds diff'rent=funnier in French even."

OLMERS (shaking his head):" Uh-húh; but there's nothing a the sort yet for modern languages -(y mean printed=tgether; where maybe a half-dozen a the more familiar languages 'd be printed parallel ? You'll just have t use the individual translations;(altho that means alota thumb=work)). - Remind me t lend y my BERRUYER sometime. -(?): was a Jesuit;(died around the time a the 7years war); who came up with the, not half-bad,idea of publishing the Bibel z a pleasant, modern=thrilling reader for progressive folk. N t do it he subjected the text t the methods of the novel writer;n handily interpolated and expanded it with (scandalous !) descriptions, by filling out situations & landscapes;some of it risqué n inappropriate, but a good deal of it imaginative and instructive : the patriarchs come & go like so many Céladons; their ladies remind one of Astrée;Madame Putiphar expresses herself passionat'ly & with the most genteel liberty, Judith is half flirt half battle-axe, etc. with theorems n excurses worthia note that keep getting thro'n in; frexample : God didn't create the world until after one whole eternity 'd gone by; evil is ever on the gro,t God's & the Redeemer's shame; a great deal of it kd be by Lucian (or by DIDEROT). T top it off,the whole thing's elegantly written : ardent, flowery,(so it's quite in order t include it in the 'literature' a the day !); witty, fantastical,delitefull; with a good [redacted] n logical construction besides - which was no small thing n lite a the crazy simpleness a the original. And the success was proof a just how much a solid effort along these lines had been lacking : the book's often been reprinted;translated into other languages too : Spa[redacted]ish,Italian.";(But y have t read deny it; 'm a friend a this kind a literature. -(?): now listen,sister=mine : is there 1 hair a diff'rents when they put on a 'musical' about Christ t'day ?; where he poses z hippie & protestor ?;as loafer, stump-preacher, and [redacted] Journeyer to the East ? Let's just leave the decryals t the Rite Rev'rend Rindvigius, or smother pious iddiots."

(:'Histoire du Peuple de Dieu,depuis son origine jusqu'a la naissance du Messie,tirée des seuls livres saints,etc.' 7 vols. 4° (or 1o in duodec.)/a second part was publisht z well ,'de la naissance du Messie jusqu'a la fin de la Synagoge';and a third,'Paraphrase littérale des épitres des Apôtres'.)

GRETE (rebuffing):"I'm against thát too : 'Órder in matters a religion' is far more salutary for society than allowing ev'ry sectarian t dance on his own dungheap. N when 'm forever having t listen t you,with your 'Picárdians' & 'Theophilanthropes', & 'Condormans' & 'homines intelligentiae' -";(contemptuous):" 'Relgion of the Èssenes' ! :they don't believe in a damn=thing !;('v got n uncle lives on the banks a the Ruhr;y can't fool Me !). -";(half-turnd to Martina):" She's already started in too, with 'PseudoJonathan' n 'Shepherds of Hermas'...(?): Keep quiet,brat : what do yóu know about the Bible ?"

MARTINA [redacted] (calmly): " I am not unfamiliar with the Bible;"(I kd serve y up details that 'd bring tears t your pee=pers from the pure sacred pleasure of it. - Sovereign):" Ev'ry Thinking Person creates his own myths anyway;n tender loving cares for 'em -(while outwardly appearing devoted t dogmas a the church & its abode)- like a spiritual gem in the Fort Knox of his bosom...(?):Well now : fullness 'll come with the years;n the needfull's already on hand.";(philosophic): " When I stop n consider the nature a things - my resplendent mis'ry here - the hypothesis crowds in upon my mind that we'v already sojournd on earth ere this;n 'r being reprov'd n this existents for whatever errors accompanyd the sojourn previous. Well, man is constitutionally inaccurate;n meditating on such avails naught -('merde itate','s what Eremburg

always says)-";('biblical' n any case?):" Ev'rything is biblical; it kn be whatever it wants. -";(she pricks up her ears : ?):"Listen t that. : the way They'r carrying on;at the Synod of Brigands

(Horae Combustae :'let us bray !';(=the Delegates of Darknest;unanimalous=witchdrooling)/ The first pair : the Virgin with Wreath of Straw & mufflescruff (otherwise to be sure a black mossy=bared f[redacted]t),firing saucers (with a ritual clasp of the right hand);her lad in a treebark cap with moss tassel,(?'the point of his chin ?' :she bit that off back during the 'Search for Hazelnuts'),his cock dippt in white oil=paint;they grin in the glowming,and cry,(pretty it's not,but audible), 'Bo Hû ! Ba Hú !'./Buffalodildo & his Eyeflashette; (marital-like relationship,founded on solid flagellantic printciples): Her secuntface drinks cheese-wine;while He leaps about her, (a savage prick erected and a=cute angl'd), accomp'nies himself & his howlings, (:'Blunderd!' :'Terror!') on a guitar,strung with the dorsal tendons of snakes/'Little Coat' & 'Spraind Knee' doing a 'Metamorfick Dance': one begins it as a frail=wobbly capitalist; one ends it as an uprite terrorist./They wd perish amidst the encircling order;for above all else a hippie must do that which haw been forbidden him./ Elousinian Mysturdies : a solitarian who holds his God in his mit;at ev'ry 3rd jerk he utters:'I do this for the Pleasure of Ahriman.'. -Two,who are keeping a sleep=rendevous:their heads next to one another,their feet stretcht out;their hair carefully inter-teas'd. - 2 maidens,(who are preparing each other for the nite by an odd mutual massarsch of the rear-cheex);all the while,at regular intervals,demanding the practice of widower-suttee !/Protean dogmas : they know absolutely nothing of 'friendly planets'.Ev'ry vice has its own guardian angel,who must be calld upon when performing the deed. Cannibalism ? :'simply a funerary variant'/2 'White-Tinklers',playing the harmonica;('They busy themselves with Nothing. The fusion of males & females occurs among them more from the left.')/:'When one lays a leaflet of gold,inscrib'd with formulas & names,under the tongue of the salted head of a male firstborn child,it kn sho one the way.' / BM allows - as on ev'ry Wednesday nite - his beard to be combd : by Babilonia;(which provides an especially comic effect : the lizard atop the Wild Man !). - Meanwhile Egg demonstrates the 'dying hippie' : he presses his eyes & mouth clos'd all by himself;and expires after various 'last words';(:'We have not come into existents as a joke.'/They let the first of the 2 fires go out.)

A&O (?-:o dearest Grete):" T call Mé in as the arbiter isn't going t help y [redacted] much : As 'the miserly,infrequent worshipper of the gods', I put the question entirely diff'rently for purely professional reasons - namely : whether we'r dealing with a nice=new Verbal=Corpus or not. As far z the truth & enigma a this world go, I'm with Dr. Kehrstephan who says,'The devil only knows what heaven wants out a this universe' : He who created bilgions a spheres for a passe=temps will just have t pardon Us, what with the tar from Noah's ark still n our eyes. Look here : Something kn be completely true poetic'ly; and =ne'ertheless historio'ly,philosophic'ly, theologic'ly,technic'ly false. - If I understand you properly you'r a the ('ll admit,absolutely correct) opinion : that the common man needs something t hold onto. (Otherwise he gro's restless, foolish, n gets into all sorts a mischief;won't work anymore, nor obey;that We know already.) Questions arise, however, to wit : is this immens'ly bulky Bible,that y so treasure, that something t hold on to ? The miracle stories 'r all too easy t dismantle critic'ly...(?): Well just look at your 'born in a manger in Bethlehem's stall' frexample : it was (n still is t some extent) the rule thru-out the entire orient that a menstruating woman,n all the more a parturient one, was treated as 'unclean' (Nowadays we [redacted] wd have t translate it with 'taboo'). As a result a which a woman about t give birth was stuck off somewhere outside the house,in a shed or stall, on principle -(n not just in Jesus' case) : t prevent the whole [redacted] house & its inhabitants from becoming 'taboo',(n from being subjected t the bothersome ritual=cleansing,which kd go so far z t inconvenients or impede pursuit a one's profession!). This sorta 'quarantine' was therefore a universally=valid civil regulation; up uhtil recently a menstruating Persian woman wd be put in the village 'dastanistan'...(?): from 'dastaneh'=glove; from the fact that they ate there with gloves on). - Or your 'Wedding at Cana',with its 'Water-t-Wine' miracle - that was nothing moren a custom already gro'n unfamiliar t the editors a the NT,(tho still practic't even t'-day by the Mandaeans) : where large jugs a water 'r set aside, into which some personage=of=status squeezes fruitjuice - so that the water turns winecolord;(the idea behind it is a fertility symbol;all the while rigorously maintaining the 'alcohol-free' content a the drink - the translation 'wine' was ergo especially false).";((?): tss, course I'm n 'atheist',if y like : 'm not about t spoil the patronage of all thother gods for just 1 !- (Now let me finish what I was saying.) - What int'rests Mè n all religions is this):" T what extent is the language, the imag'ry, the 'thrust' : literarily useful,and/or asthetic'ly attractive ? And,beyond that, the permanent problem a 'sect formation' : which sects survive, n why ? ";(I don't mean the so-calld 'great' schisms,(the veering off of Greek=Orthodox, or 'Luth'rans'): they'r no moren [redacted] lite-weight variations on one=&=the=same [redacted] theme. Nor do I mean Muslimdom or Buddhism,either. Rather): " Frinstants,(n 'among others'), the MORMONS : that's extremely important. (As a young [redacted] man - (n even z a 4oyear-old) - I wd 'v lov'd t 'v spent a year in Utah,n had a good look at it all; but things never workt out that way.)"

(:'These creatures,dwelling as they did in forests upon the head of a beggar,had long regarded their place of residence as an immeasurable sphere & themselves as the crowning work of creation;whereupon 1 of them, upon whom heaven had bestowed a finer soul,quite unexpectedly perceived the head of a nobleman as it came into view.He at once summoned all the beaux esprits of the region;& told them with delight:We are not the only living creatures in the whole of nature : behold yonder lies a new land : there dwell yet other lice!';A WIT FROM DEN HAAG.)

GRETE (disdainfully):" Basic'ly then on accounta the polygamy;(y see, I kn get psychoanalytical tòo when I want). - But y have t confess ne'ertheless : that you'r a slave (a literary one,if y like) t the mysterious Word;(whence also your unnatural taste for that disheveld yello whisk=owl over=yonder). N besides that, that you'r a curious-about-it-all, which is far worse than a know-it-all."

A&O (patiently continuing):" It appears n fact that long-term survival of a sectarian notion is conditional upon the development of a large-scale (or we kn even safely say, ingenious) economic program; if possible on some new & (relativ'-ly) Isolated distant shore. -(?):wéll, I mean : the cath'lic church is after all, n terms of economix=finants, the biggest 'capitalist' concern n the world. That prophets & papish dictators arrive on the scene is z understandable as the appearants of a certain sexualization : promiscuity;o_r polygamy; the sanctification & ritualisation of perversions - enfin your usual 'spook & specktickle'. La chose must therefore be set up with subliminal attractions; and t succeed it has t make a fanatic workaholic out a each'n'ev'ry adherent - it appears that it was this latter which caus'd Jan van Leyden t founder; (apart from the fact that Münster was a far cry from being a New World)."

MARTINA (arous'd):" Just recently Eremburge gave a report n class about Antibaptist=Economix;('carefully researcht', z even Dr.Grasmüller 'mself had t admit): the big bed that kd sleep 3o n=so=on... "((?):'lanky gypsy wench' ?):" A long-

shankt brunette ! (N almost tóo spiritual for her tender years : she practic'ly knows the Song a Songs by heart.). - I'm t give my report too, before long; 't's already been announc't. -(?): About 'Jephtha's Daughter,and Human Sacrifice in the Bible';(with n excursus about'idol-worship'; y know, JUDGES 17=18) -(?): course he sacrific't her !"(Some good jokes about it n the MICHAELIS uncle Olmers lent me : thàt'll set 'em laughing. 'm gonna give a résumé of all a Christianity with a concluding 'Plus à plaindre qu'à blâmer'. - Content, she peels a tangerine with her thumb-nail.)

OLMERS (to prevent one of Grete's tirades):" Not long ago I - ";(to A&O):" this is just=the caboose for the train a thought y were pursuing - got hold of a (rather rare) bundle a writings about ELIAS ELLER (that is t say the 'Ronsdorfer Sect'). That was one a the 'storm=centers' a dissentdom;(another was around Friedrichstadt & Hallig Nordstrand). -(?):Yes; Württemberg & Switzerland were good at it too; met their quota of fanatics. Mohammed marryd a well-t-do ollady first thing, too. N the catalogue a BRENTANO's library is a fine example a what y kd find n the way a most=curious writings n those days. -(?):Uh-húh; the grandfather a the later=famous Schleiermacher! - The usual story : either they were psychic'ly gifted themselves;or they got hold of a [redacted] medium, n rite off traind 'em via 'fasting' & most=peculiar lit'rature -(BRENTANO's 'Emmerick' kn also be brought in at this point z n example)- maybe he even hung your BOSCH up on the wall for her ?;(it'd int'rest me t know if that hasn't long ago found a literary rendering somewhere.) - 'v got this 'Shepherd's Pouch' (among a dozen or so writings n that bundle I mentiond) here with me. - (?):naturally the craziest kinds a stuff: 'she & her husband are sprung from the tribe of Judah,the house of David;and they are the founders of the New Kingdom of Jerusalem;kings & princes are to visit them;they are the 2 witnesses who have the power to shut heaven so that it won't rain. She is the 'woman clothed with the sun' Any eventual children of Eller's have been directly engenderd by GOd. - No monarch has ever reignd so despotic'ly as Eller eventually did in his New Jerusalem : there were feasts & blo'outs almost ev'ry day;n the scenes that unfolded there seem just z 'unbelievable !' to us as those in Münster in its=hayday;(behind it all was always the glorification & adoration of Eller): eg bak't=rolls that Eller had bitten into were then passt around for the whole company t bite into z well,etc. One very rich Zionite,a Herr Bosselmann, had a particularly beautiful wife;who very soon came to enjoy Eller's especial confidents, n who eventually became his third spouse,(after her husband had met his death under,to put it mildly, quite unusual circumstances). He pacifyd the community with the statement that,following the death of his Anna, ev'rything had been transferrd t him personally :

(: Elias Eller; * around 17oo in the Duchy of Berg (1 of the promis't petty=lands of nonconformity).While yet a lad he distinguisht himself by ready comprehension, a prodigious memory, and extr'ordinary ambitiousness,coupl'd with conceit. Since as the 'younger son' he wd not inherit his father's farm in any case, he left for Elberfeld (a textile center even then) and became a ferret-worker. By 1724 he was already a foreman and plant manager for a rich elderly wido (Bolckhaus); who also eventually marryd her employee, tho 2o years her junior. In the meantime he had not only been constantly reading the Bible(tgether with lite-weight commentaries) on the side; but also most diligently devouring all 'fanatic' separatist writings. Since this was done not without considerable reflection,he gradually fashiond his own apocalyptic=chialistic=philadelphic system;and then gave lectures about it among the fact'ry hands. This handsome, robust man was henceforth a rich & respected manás well; who kd afford to have tea, wine & sandwiches passt around while he preacht. First & foremost he won over a Pastor SCHLEIERMACHER, who considerd ELLER to be a man favourd by God,(indeed,in time,for much more than just that).His adherents calld themselves the 'Resurrected' or 'Chosen' -(while the rest of the world around them labeld them 'High-Lifers')- and greeted(and/or said farewell to) each other in their assemblies with long=fiery 'Kisses of Love'. A particularly attractive member was the daughter of an Elberfelder baker,Anna van Buchel;in whom Eller took a special int'rest, and instructed her in how one acquires ecstasies & heavenly visions;spoke with her about the Millennial Kingdom, and revealed his own Johannes to her - at one evening assembly,after Schleiermacher had given a lengthy lecture,she suddenly began to glo purplish;her limbs started in to quiver;and she spoke convulsive=enthusiastic'ly about the aforesaid millennium,which was to have its beginning in the year 173o;about the marvelous life to be had therein;and in gen'ral about such unheard-of & strange things that those present had no choice but to fall to their knees & sing praises. Gradually, however, Frau Eller grew jealous; which He counterd by placing her under strict house-arrest,since she was 'possesst by the devil';she was mistreated accordingly,bound in chains,had her commons cut in half - til finally,cursing and raging, she died in the autumn of 1729. Meanwhile our 'Anna v.B.',(apparently with psychic talents),was having steady visions & dreams : the LOrd met and convers't with her in person;also revealed to her that she would bear the Savior of the World who was shortly to make his second appearance : who wd then be the King of that Millennial Kingdom.In the year of '29 the Sardian church had come to an end; at that very moment the Philadelphian was beginning : in 1745 there wd then occur the next great break-through; and in 177o the name of the LOrd be proclaimd throughout the whole wide world;(and this was fully in accord with the investigations of Prof.HORCH in Marburg). Eller now marryd the 'Prophetess Anna','to guard her innocence'; Her visitations and dream-visions kept on increasing;and were at last summariz'd in the 'Shepherd's Pouch',which was circulated in the restricted circle of the intimate=initiate - with something like these 8 main points : 1)God's essence is most surely in ev'ry creature;but the fullness of the Godhead dwelleth in Eller. 2)The Bible is most surely GOd's Word;since He has,however,reveald himself to Eller's wife,& told her that a New Age is to begin,a new revelation is therefore necessary - & is,in fact,the 'Shepherd's Pouch'. 3)Not only are the old saints to reappear on earth;but the Savior is also to be reborn. 4)Eller is the counterpart of Abraham,but greater than he.(The person of the Father was in Abraham,of the Son in Isaac,of the Holy Spirit in Sarah). etc.; the whole thing's rather confus'd & stupid. - At last the new Mother of God prov'd to be pregnant - unfortunat'ly it was a daughter !;(that died soon thereafter). Eller came up with an explanation. In 1733 however it was a baby boy, who was baptiz'd 'Benjamin' à la Psalm 68=28. All believers worshipt him while in the cradle : whenever he wd yawn it was taken as a sign the LOrd had spoken to him;but he too + within a year. /From 1735 on,the spiritual & worldly authorities gradually became concernd about his doings;sev'ral adherents were questiond.Thereupon Eller declar'd Elberfeld to be Sodom & Gomorrha;and mov'd into a roomy new house in Ronsdorf.That was in 1737 & many of his adherents follo'd him;building away with such zeal that in a short time 5o pretty new houses adornd the town - granted, all of them laid out so that the front door [redacted] pointed tward 'Zion'(ie Eller's BigHouse). A church was built too;and Schl.was calld to be its preacher.Meantime the 3rd child,a girl again,was born -this time the morons were comforted with the words that she 'was calld to perform manly deeds';& divine honours were promptly besto'd upon her./Ronsdorf grew & developt within the next few years to such an extent that Eller kd pass it off as a model colony;obtaind a city charter for it;with himself as mayor & chief justice,(so that he kd do as he pleas'd).The fact'ry he had erected at the start was,at any rate,flourishing;families from Elberfeld,Düsseldorf,Homberg,Ratingen, Amsterdam settl'd there.Friedrich the Great became int'rested & interceded on the town's behalf;& nam'd Eller a royal Prussian agent;(his step-son, Joh.Bolckhaus, even became roy.Prus.Privy-Councillor for Jülich & Berg!)/Eller now ventur'd further still:in the newly built church stood an imposing double-seated throne,lin'd with red velvet,for husband& wife;Anna,deckt-out like a princess,had herself carryd into the church by the parish leaders. At a banquet in 1744 she suddenly became pale & rigid, and + shortly thereafter - the day was celebrated as 'St.Anna van Buchel's Ascension'./ His demands, his authority grew ever more despotic:he abruptly forbade R.to have a physician :he alone was calld to heal any & all illness !;(whereupon of course he cur'd most folks to death)./Meantime, Eller fell out with Schleiermacher,(who,as a man of God afterall,gradually found himself somewhat slited by a layman);with the result that Eller excommunicated him; held him a prisoner within his house,since he refus'd to abdicate - finally he was

henceforth he was prophet,high priest and king. -";(ah, let's forget about 'what truth there was to it'; there's not enough of it worth mentioning. I just wanted t provide n illustration): " The whole -(hmm,kn one really slough it off as a 'hoax' ?)- uproar lasted afterall from 1729-68,ie a big=fat 4o years ! : precisely because it also had a solid economic base to it,the textile fact'ries namely;n therefore just z -"; (this to A&O):"demanded by your theory. -";(to Grete):" Just imagine what '4o years' means!: the whole Hitleration held out for a mere twelve! -";(again to A&O):"Wherefore I wd count these Ronsdorfers among your 'long=term phenomena'; certainly worth taking into account.";(briefly, that is.)

GRETE (rebuffing):" You'r not allowd t cast a vote when it comes t religion. Ever since I'v known you, you'v always been [redacted] indiff'rent thru & thru;with nary 1 religious bone; a cross=evader, who's perfectly unconcernd about whether a creed be true or false, good or bad.";(I kn still remember - I was just a schoolgirl - how y kept it up til Pastor Öhmichen left n disgust):" Religions 'r collective sentiments & without a tantillum a sense,'not in my line'. He'd always lead off with 'the Lamb'; n you'd follow with 'Colonel Bridgebuilder' and 'Ace King Queen Jack' - tss;'v seldom heard people talk past each other the way you=two did."

OLMERS (indignant):" So what ? : afterall the guy was a monotheist ! Just t make themselves important - that's why the clerix invented sacraments : the clergy 'r the personification a the principle of evil;n are t blame - from the beginning a creation up til our own day - for all wickedness : if it hadn't been for Them,ev'rything wd 'v gone splendidly !";('Religion' !):"The only field n which y'd dare approach folks with such=a delphilish bluff. -(?): Ooohh not yet! : 'v no taste for icons, nor for Menno= or anyother kind a =nuts. Their enthusiastic messing around with symbols we put behind us long ago !; even deforms people's looks : y kn tell from his face rite=off if Someone's a cath'lic,or a member a the CDU ! -"; (even he has t laugh. But:"whereas it's all basic'ly a matter a badly disguis'd sexuality with these double Christians : be it Shchelniki who peek thru cracks when they pray; or visions à la Santa Ludgardis:'Saint John cultivated an intimate intercourse with her...appeard to her in the form of an incandassent eagle which, by opening her mouth with its tail, filld her soul with supernatural wisdom'."(that'd make a good footnote t FREUD's 'Leonardo' bytheby. Just z n gen'ral the Acta Sanctorum often reads like case=hist'ries a neurotix, the Magdalena de Pazzi' nso-on : the ascetic is white on one side, n just that much dirtier on thother. - 'Truth' ?;he waves it off):" Z one of our most augutsy filosofers expresst it :'Truth is likewise a mere trick to help keep Us alive; so that We don't kick the bucket prematurely.'";('Immortality,dearest sister ?):" the most=improbable probability ! (Atropos 'dying'): the thought that in death I shall cease to exist has always been most gratifying t me. Ev'ry even relativ'ly Wise Man is disgusted by the notion of 'eternal life';(that's something for the 'Junkers' z they say n the GDR).";(to Martina):"does one ventilate such themata n lycéentious [redacted] circles ?"

MARTINA (imperturbable):" Yes,intermittently,p'r'aps. But the thought a having to appear n complete Eve's costume before a curious & numerous public [redacted] sours the joys a resurrection for most maidens - well,'t's about like quarreling over the color a the empress's new clothes. -(?): I wasn't even thinking a thât. Who was it now?;Who,during a break here lately,said that 'emperor's new clothes' was n infring'ment of equal rites;n propos'd we shd say 'empress' from here on out ? :the motion was put t a vote...pooh that's what yóu think : Emperor Charle didn't mints words with Our Father n his prayers -(?): yah,rite:Magne - he threatend Him flat-out:'Think a what I'v done : n it's all been for you ! I'v shor'd up your lieutenant n Rome...if y don't help him now,then we go our sep'rate ways : 'll bring your house down !' -(?):noo;n German class. Y'll find it n the middle-high-German 'Imperial Chronicles'. He brings in some tolerably int'resting particulars: 'URSULA & the 11,ooo virgins' : piquant=piquant !";(n then Josephine goes & asks [redacted] her chaplain;n He looks it up in 'Welte' under whatever saint's on duty;n both mystic & fully hieroglyphicless repartees bounts back'n'forth - n before y know it, [redacted] another hour's up.):"'t's the same n ethnology :'the one prays towood, the other to the moon'. Our physix teacher considers the mass a the universe -(always makes me think a Miss Universe)- 's already seriously deteriorated;[redacted] y have t be prepar'd for the Big Bombast ev'ry 1oo million years;n this whole chaos=chose arose outev accidents,a crazy swarm a dust,and a vacuum a dreams' -";(she yawns :'oah! oah!'-[redacted]:MGOd must 'v spoken t me -?): "Ooh; we'v got the woman who teaches us religion well under control.At first she was out t turn Us into some kinda proverb=praters n homily=hounds.But we discovered that during summer vacation last year she was deliverd of n illegitimate bambino, 'Johannes Erasmus',[redacted] ;n now when she starts in bleating, rite off we weave the name into our answers ...(?): well like :'my little brother,J.E., opin'd yesterday'... or 'I'v located something n the works a Dr.Johannes Erasmus'...(n then she turns such a cute red !) - (?) -";(to Grete):" Wellnow,I don't know :'He who preaches chastity,must be chaste himself' -(saith Johannes Erasmus). -(?) Nó way : He who teaches biology needn't be chaste on that account, not by a long shot;(au contraire!)"(Tho they still do cringe ev'ry time they have t 'explain things' to us : hang illustrations on the wall a the parts n question; 3 yds long,so y can't recognize 'em;n all the while speak almost nothing but Latin in graveyard tones - 'v seldom laughed so hard !))

GRETE (scolding): "Get into the habit of employing another mode of expression. - Pf;'t's bad enough that most teachers 'r unbelievers;but when all that's left for You t do with th others 's t stuff 'em as trophies! -";(to A&O)" Has that been so then with all churches,this rank=overgro'th at the edges ? Among the English & Americans, sure; they'r (in)famous for it - "

(:'All sacred songs are sung in the key of certainty;
attuned to alien lore, they may or may not be.
Who hears such certainty? He who believes, of course;
for unbelief destroys all certainty perforce.
And thus you are convinced of what the Vedas say;
Koran, however, holds all Moslems in its sway;
while Christians read their Bible as God's only word -
is not, my friend, such threefold certainty absurd !
;there can be nothing certain - this you must admit -,
when certainty is based upon uncertain writ.'
WISDOM OF THE BRAHMANS, iv,x,64)

OLMERS (confirmative):" 'Agapemonites' - (I had t deal with Them here recently). ";(sure, but):" Ev'rywhere=justev'rywhere : among the Greek=Orthodox the Dukhobors and Theodosians; the Pomoraens and Skoptsy, Anaeuchelaionites and Habakkuk of Tobolsk - there's no end t the Rascalnikis. - 'Islamic Sects',with their endless=tonguetwisting lists; z if the children of men didn't have insipid & vicious religions enough. So it's not just that way among Christians with their crude triadiety : the PÖSCHEL'ites & ANTON'ites; the 'Brüggler Sect' n the 'Wildspuunkers'; here y 'v got Rosamunde Juliane von der ASSEBURG prophecying, n there's Eva von BUTLAR who's 'Sophia' incarnate. The 'Jehovah's Witnesses' running all over the place; and encampt across the way the 'Bussiliatic Horde'. Hé murmuslims:'The mind is the point that radiates all=about both long & wide,but with no depth.'; while Hé talks about the 'lying Messiah',Jesus:'He perverted the words of the Light and changed them to Darkness,and converted those who were mine and perverted all the cults.' -(?): the 'Mandaeans';don't think anything a Him.";('the world's joy 's been ruind by Christianity.')

(:'When one cannot believe the creed
that one's been told one ought;
then surely shall that faith recede
while a new one's being taught.'
RÜCKERT.)

EUGEN (considering):" The most int'resting thing n our era 's the phenomenon : that it's begun twork the same way in both political directions. Terror=groups n =grouplets 'r fragmenting all over;communes & extended=families;hippies & spiritualist=clublets - n what's characteristic is that All of 'em,sooner or later,land at Christ's place;(or among the Christ=ersatzes); they All experiment with sex,(z if they kd invent something New n that line !) - thus providing proof that politics exhibits the same signs a mass hysteria n is fed from exactly the same deep=springs as religion is.";(shaking his head):"Instead a quietly furnishing our pre-eternity=here with the label 'delitefully inscrutable';n then getting on with the 'order of the day', in the sensiblest sense a the word -;"(he now recites,pond'rously propping himself up):" Noo;I think not : even now, without a legs, I wdn't want to assume GOd's way a thinking : I believe -(must believe in lite a lifelong experients !)- in a non-omniscient, non-omnisacral, non-omnibenevolent entity."

(:'I was a passable Christian,one with high hopes
for improvement,had I not grown so disgusted with
the whole Christian movement./You drove me off in
the end telling me,'Suffer,be patient.';my heart is
too full of joy:thus I'm a heathen renascent !/
(Should the day come I lose heart,p'rhaps to enroll
me's worth trying;since I'm convinced that your
creed's no earthly use 'cept for dying.)')

even MARTINA (yawning and life-sated for today,confirms):" One can't help wpnd'ring at some things. - Uàh ! - :Midnite nears;more illustrious heads than ours 'r moren likely closing a sleepy eye at this point,(or two of 'em;(tho one never knows what designs Jehovah may still be harb'ring !)).";(she warbles):"Rejoice ye in life,for still - something or other - is aglo' -";(and more 'Yawning plus Music',(ie whereby one belches all sorts of tones). - ?):" Pah due tuh : I fancy I'v liv'd this day n a manner relativ'ly fav'rable t the LOrd;& n no way contrary t the course a the stars & fates. -(?):I find it very hon'rable of me that I credit the planets for that for which I kd by rite & by God accuse my parents;(Listen, 'heredity' 's not a tutal illusion !). - By the way Ann'Ev's sleeping [redacted] with me t'nuite;(or z the case may be, I with her)";(she sneezes):" Chùmm ! - : Chùmm !!- (?): Sophisticated ladies aren't allways well-dispos'd."

(She was herself sleepy,and therefore looked upon all things, persons as well as trees,stars and brooks as sleepy,too. / Ann'Ev' also appears behind her, prepar'd for nuite:'Come t bed. :the ghosts of previous inhabitants want t do some haunting too.')

GRETE (scornfully):" Yes, march your dumb mouths away."(There's t be no more moon-shines. (Pff : childishness !)) - in heaven - who knows what he does with them there ?' -"

OLMERS (leering after the two girls,yumyumly,quotes C.G.JUNG):" 'Children' ? : 'GOd gathers the children unto himself

GRETE (already departing):" Well yóu ought t know down t the last detail ! - As God is my witness..."

OLMERS (likewise heading inside):" Y don't need any witnessing : neither by God, nor anybody=else.";(mutt'ring):" Intelligent bastard,the devil - definit'ly has some noble qualities - whereas this Whats=It has always seemd t me t be rather mediocre...";(he disappears into the house;shortly thereafter the lites go on,upstairs.)

(The terrace is empty. Earth expands beneath the moon. / On the hillahay, too, the fires have almost burnd completely out. Couplets,gently twin'd to sleep, lie nakedly merg'd : her snatch sleeps in his hand;his member in hers;just exhaling allahvapors now. A medicine-woman with great boss biZar breasts, massaging the crotch-cheek cramp of a dervishette,(and both of them strangely snoring thru their open assholes, terra's chaotic gases in dying moonshine). From one corner the whisp'rings of three lovers. Then it's only the gardenhose still murm'ring sleepily amidst the little moonbrite ro of trees.)

xii. Act

Scene 32

(Scarcely an hour later. The terrace brite & lonely by moonlite;(only Olmers' lite is still on up=top);the soft chiding of the wind in the nite./The hillahay seems to lose itself in indeterminate heights. - Egg,by a blackberry bramble, bent over for a repast. - The Bastard Marwenne (as 'Inspector of Darkness' wrappt in his cloack,his bar'd cudgel in his mitt) goes scouting thru the trees. / A solitary car comes from the direction of Klappendorf; its lites illumine the hillahay - ?:naked white figures up there !? - then scurries away even faster. / - / : the beam of a flashlite falls from the barrel : (?) - then two maiden=heads peep out - : Ann'Ev',lean, nothing but eyes & hair; (:dark eyes, and yello hair);her legs climb out onto the flagstones. Behind her the not uncurious Martinchen;(They are indeed sleeping tgether then;not, however, upstairs in M's room,but dwn belo, at AE's.)

ANN'EV' (sotto voce):" ...gone; core, seeds, n all : 't's z lonely as out on the Befort heath.";(with a characteristic gesture,she lays [redacted] the fingers of her lf hand atop her lf collarbone; she mutters):" - the shado's of fir trees once felld appear anew - ";(she stands up, great strangeness & beauty./The owl flies up to the moon; and back again to her.)

MARTINA (all expédition nocturne; nite=rustlings of a maiden=mouth):" I feel like 'm at the theater ! -";(she tries to creep : - : and bumps up against murky things):" Hòh ! - (They say Martin sees so bad without his glasses that instead a people he only glimpses longer or shorter poles n technicolor.) -";(she listens :? -):" If some nocturnal spook's not pulling my leg & ears... - :Goodlord ! I was just about t remark that the forests 'v gone t their rest, n then I hear that ? - pff,was ever a mortal heard t snore like that ? (And from the rear at the same time !)."

ANN'EV' (vext):"'t's still busy by the pond. N from the bushes comes the sparkling a male=bottoms by moonlite...:?"

(Bello'ing across the road ? - : BM has steppt on a slumb'ring cow;and erupts in horrendous homemade curses, til his very breath deserts him. Egg, stepping out of his bushes,(waving a longish bouquet in his hand)) :

EGG (tripping):"(What n unpleasant distribution a shado's !)- : Is't Thóu, whom hast the moon by the horns ?";(ahyes, 'tis Thee;I kn hear now : how the bull has caught scent of his rival-in-love. He walks tward Him;stumbles unwittingly however upon a pair of conceivers):" - Aeh ! More preestablisht spermata ! - ".

ANN'EV' (ducking back into the barrel,perturbd):" Keep me au courant if there's any news."

MARTINA (however; wriggling in rite behind her. Softly (ex)haling:" Psst ! Frontdoor's op'ning...-";(she slo'ly pulls the barrel=top to more titely : 'O' - list'ning -:'the two olladies,bygod !'):"I kn tell by the heavy futfall. N the deprav'd

hoarsey voices - wellnow,if thàt's not the finger a God, then he hasn't got one !";(she holds the pretty prick of her ear rite up against the tiny hole n the door - :? -)

(On the terrace, completely in the shado of the house, first Grete : wearing only the delicate barasst minimumm;nuptual pants about a bottom eminently worthy of cassting in bronze;under her arm a nice=warm Culdown=blanket;on her finger a ring twinkling like Sirius. / Asta appears behind her, toute en chemise, (and her shirt collar has a merry lust-re);autumnal pale,but large,her hecates=rear. In one hand a cellophane baggie with items for bracing-up the heart : ham-sandwiches & kirschwasser, post coitum triste.)

GRETE (shrugging both lov'lywhite shoulders):" Ohbòsh : barrel's empty; She's up=top with her.";(taking a deep breath) :" Magnificsent knite(h)air; the aroama of roots -";(she turns around,slo'ly -(:the fwoolness of her moonresplendent backside !)- (?) scornfully):" Those limp=crude caresses of my master=gunner ? Pff. - Whereas this BM, with which p'r'aps my guardian-angel has intentionally supplyd me(in a too short shirt) : has He ever got a tool !;just made for a re(ar)=fill !" ;(lewdly to Asta):" Well ?;did y smear your clit good with Penaten=Crème ?"(Mine's thick alreddy.)

ASTA (confirming):" Old Olmers : a wizend sinner; with ashgray hair and a nose all sunk-in;Who at most provides y with lazy fing'rings : if He happens t think I can't do without him -?";((?):ooh,'m not such n aesthete n that regard): "Just hair t hair 's the nicest. (1 go=round tho 's nothing but piece=work);well, I'll scour his sack for him : that's why I want t feed him well while he's balling : here 1 pepperpickle, there 1 egg; a chug a cinammon=schanpps t fire him on."; (profoundly):" I still havn't figur'd him out completely - :he does even better with his clothes on, says he. -";(wêll, I'll soon be roasting on the screwer of love;n then We shall see.)

GRETE (proudly):" Mine ? : 's got a chest z hairy as a pussy=willo ! He swore t hammer it home for me three times, without arrêt;(well, 'v greas't my tummy accordingly, so he'll slip off now & again).";(swap exchange ? Just because yours is 2 inches deeper than other honest women's, 's that what y think ? Húh-uh):"At least t begin with we'll nòt consider thát. (P'r'aps lateron we kn discuss it.)";(in a huff):" Where they hiding anyway ?! -";(She takes a furious step forward [redacted] recuntoitring :? - And,across the road, in the shade of the trees by the entrants to the pond : ? -):" Oh ! -"

(She observes his broad butt moving in the darkness : ?- BM (gro'n so stiff that it's hard for him to stride forward), attestes to his identity as restless Troll with Giant Sack. They crawl,catiously, along the very edge of the pond./ Egg has turnd about on his her ax is like a delited dervish. He now follo's Asta as her niteshirt=train-bearer, and, deeply mov'd, gazes all the while at her terribly large buttox -('now compelled to cross the misty mountains')- they (w)rustle off in the same direction. / At once 2 heads are shov'd out of the barrel : ? - : ! -

ANN'EV': " We'll climb over the clôtur : we'll catch the little trollops redfuted ! -";(somber;already swinging her long legs up & over):" I see what's coming already -." ((?):Follo Me; the moon & Ann'Ev' always work tgether n the forest.)

MARTINA (cursing softly):" The horny cockroacher ! False ears, glass eyes,(n smother mummy attributes).";(since stars first began t shine, there's been nothing like this. Tss,'m afraid 'v set a Warehouse of Fate on fire):" But I'll take care of her now : 'll make use a this ! ('ll return from my grave & pussue her n my ceresmock - 'll spring on her back by twélite - n ride her nitemare at midnite : I'll=llllll... :!)!";(she crawls along behind, with claws spread wide; [redacted] on her head the gold-embroiderd blue cap of the sky):" Up t rotten stinking deeds, y old dilapidated hen, huh ?!";(O 'll thro myself prostrate before the Major, n... -,-)

Scene 33

(half moonlite,halfshado of an oak. Una Horrida de Torus : BM,a cudgel in each hand;Grete,her arms and legs his barrel;ratlingrowls & flutal-moans ;it smells nicely=dreadful of bac'n'farths)

:Baboon=rod in Junonian hand:'haird-hearted man!',(a juicy kiss amid nuptual mooaning & gobbling).He grabs,as roughly as hop't for, into her mooncurld,heavy ringleted sallo'-goldenness;He kisses her soft back for her; plusultry titts;he bussts her belly. Our Lady of Rutting,a nerve-laden trunk in her hand,primes him with her tongue;She bites him on the forehead,and plewding combs his bearded-roots,her fist in his sgro'thum./: Phallterror of the batt'ring-ramm ! In the steaming legs of the prima Donna ! : slinging His cod high and back tward the [redacted] stars;Her wide= wild double rear for an abuttment.Grete,two titts teaming ahead,incessantly writhing her soft snowy limbs;shining legs,now knitted about Him,now let free again;Her butt opal-

(:'She began to wail & turned her eyes contemptuously from the face of her beloved & lost her senses,She fell as a half-broken flower lets its stem slowly sink...& at the same time tore open the garment at her bosom'ARMIDA)

(In the shado of a twinnd pine,all stretcht-out on heather, M & AE;they observe, alternat'ly,Tartarus & Tartara;Oliphant & the Cunn'Garou :? -:? -)

MARTINA (huskily):"...lying on her back,like a spik't culverin. - And the way she's got that basilisk's trap a hers all screwd up:y kd only get it out again with a block'n 'tackle under Him!";(tss:'3 things are never satisfyd:Sheol, Mother Vulva, the womb of earth are never full' Proverbs of SOLOMON):"He's growling like a bear;She's cooing like a dove."

ANN'EV' (shrugging):" Twat=dialectix;(like at ev'ry Jungle Wedding).-(?)-:Don't make any scenery just now : t'morro,tho,she'll hear from us.";(digressing):" Hey,look:

(At a spruce's foot the Eggasta=knot.Orfeo & Joyreditchy :CockusPockus of buttemboms,with omphallphalps & Timpapoontangle.Asta's hideous bum=bum,fartissimo organ-tone.Egg,pure pussyllanimality before his eyes,amorbas in genesauce)

He fondilabiates her with the dicksterity of an Indian juggler -(lo!her knees spread further,with an atrocity's grace)-Her calves in his delving hands,He kisses her [redacted] broad soles;her shins... :the forfex split yet wider:Grand Canyon,hairial view,corasscates with glysterings,in trombonstentation;Egg static:'Anus Mirabilis!' ;(with a frogtrap look he stares into the Medusahead,(or like a miner discov'ring the Guilden Vein)). Kisst upon cass-ette & nadear;upon stern= and loinflesh;upon Monte Clitorio reddish wool,(with single long =icegray bristles stickying out):his countenants sinks down into her cheekpuff.:The Art of the Fugue ! : Cyne Vulff,raspt by a powerful tongue,(Loveshands simultaneously running over with tupper charms);despite Her clever breathing technique she begins wringing her fists - a heaving quiv'ring belly,(tones not unworthy of an ancient lure!)-;He notes,his mouth full of ichor, how his antagoness is running out of wind.

izes & hisses;she lets sweat flo;amid extraordinary stinkruptions She does the Klappendorf slipshot, 2 times : nerves straining at nerves;cassowhairy eggs knocking at the vienerlips,his long sack twitches & twirls about in her crotch,which antiupgrunts him : She pulls her knees up to her ears & fucks, til her heart-ribbuns crack; he starts to work on the udders, he shoves with his ass tward the moon; [redacted] Her belly's arching ever higher gro'ing ever shinier, the embracementes been so strong the kysse is so mikel - til She draws herself up with a jerkkk :!,! ,!. She flickers her teeth, & rolls her eyes about - but His thrusts are so mitey that there's no compassion fidelity nobility, 'Inward Ho !',as if he wanted to screw her apart ,in each Vandalpaw one of her rank breasts, (that he uses to hold his ears shut when She lovingly moans for mercy),Widar the Widener, (ripping apart the vulv's cold jaws) : the undulating rear driven by a jackhammer ('Hewnited Canopuss Works'). She,briding & stickying on,there's splutt'ring in Urion, sensing his next ejaculation,implores him in ruttling tones to be harscher ! you kn see her pulling her legs back up vig'rously,Alta=her cuntra Ant=ar'se,Grete terribly snorting her sphingters becoming even busier the battle of Balloden a blue vapor rising up out of the [redacted] cleft and the dreadful sound of [redacted] gnashing & mocking=laughter rings out ;She tries once more to parry the [redacted] thrusts with her stomach,feebly, already conquerd - and thus finally has to thro them (=her legs) far back out to the side allover again : !so enthus'd she practic'ly does a shoulder-stand : hot pants escape her,the product of the gravity of beauty,times the speed with which He moves,and stormic= windy gusts,gale=forts,like Aruns with Camilla Her hands flutter like white doves she shrieks out of one corner of her mouth and laughs damply out of the other the irresistible movement hitting the eternal object the lov'ly sweat makes Her face still more lively and the great ivory globutt rapidly changes form with ejaculation On Arse=work in Furnication He doesn't tire,pouring out his wonder=bag into her furbelo's (flouncing) fur to Nill and beguinning monstrous (s)wallo'-ings : Grete culontop,her dreadfully swoollem genitalipair clampt onto his cock's-head and He pawddles at Her vulvet cheeks while fast'ning His bo'sprit to Her ascutcheon - : Aslauga's Knight (FUHRMANN already uses 'Ashenhole' for that!) : longarmd,He reaches way upfront for the hanging plentitude,M'Arse cuntra Bell(y)ona,(:'does the galled jade wince ?;Her whitarse is unwrung',SHAKESPEARE) ,Her cleft,of finest pornament, E=flatt(min)-ers His longrandy E=merjer,in mad ecstacy She clasps onto Him with her balld-up fists thro'n round behind Him,He, eggs of unnatural productivity,double-yolkt as it were,whinnying softly,hard-presses Her backside. Mutterlynaked : Their pelves striking loudly like cymballs tgether. Mutterlynaked : the (c)anal roars at the dam(e) break. Mutterlynaked : the thigh=strong sinks to the polesating.(And for the countlessest time here a fart there a fart twats important is the inStenchion !)./ Lanusguishing galantries of a probusty Amorine : She kisses her way up him,to his nose= ,& back down again to his cock=tip;only just breathing softly Herself,quiv'ring at her fibres,fingerthick foam at her pussy;(but a white & curious hand still hangs at his balls,a feminine apputite=for it);He dawdles

(:'They went then,till they came to the Delectable Mountains...so they went up, to behold the Gardens & Orchards,the Vineyards & Fountains of water,where they also drank and did freely./Now they [redacted] were on the top,and leaning upon their staves (as is common with weary Pilgrims,when they stand to talk)they asked... These Mountains are Immanuels Land,and they are in sight of the Celestial City. Is this the Way to the CC ? You are just in Your way.Is the way safe or dangerous ? Transgressors shall fall therein... Stay here awhile,to solace Yourself with the good of these Delectable Mountains!/ Then said the Shepherds one to another: Shall we shew these Pilgrims some wonders?So when they had concluded to do it, they had them first to the top of a Hill called Error,which was very steep at the furthest side,and bid them look down to

a falling star : some poor soul's just been redeemd.";(or it's a burning flying seraph : after all the devil's a hornd angel.-But look):" the vitesse is slack'ning. (The lambastard's taken care of Her.)"(Where'r you off to?)

MARTINA:"T get another witness : Olmers ! He kn take pictures. -? :why,with flashbulbs.";(be back n a minute.)

(She slips away;to O's windo (not 5o m distant);and knocks against it with the apple-picker:'/The old munckey opens his eyes big as the moon :! But then giggles : 'For pose=terity ?'.Gulps down some more queenbee=extract.Then appears at the front-door,rollei round his neck,in a long gray smock -:'Into thát forest a vampires ?!'/M encouraging:'Well c'mon=c'mon.(I'v always heard : crises & danger inspire the strong ?). - :ow!Not a poor wand'ring babe a the woods like me!';(quiet now;the nite's fulla delewding shades.-(?):think a the Major: is He t be greeted by Marwenne's (p)assword insteada his wife's in the chambre de bettaille ?)./'The way we have t climb around on this wild scaffold of a world !' - : Psst !' - a long soft fart gives them bearings. Olmers: 'Hooey'Must'v helpt that one out with her fingers!';(gets that from our mother;let terrible farts when fucking,too):'A lota men like it'; (he adds,shrugging)/Creep closer;& lie on the ground,next to Ann'Ev')

ANN'EV' (whisp'ring to M):"They'r back t flipping heads & tails. - (?):They can't hear or see much of anything at the moment;(y kn hold 'em in fucus)."

OLMERS ((?) - can't see enough yet ;(just 4 soles;and 2 very fat cheeks). He giggles & yawns):"Remarkable achievement : I don't have any (=shots)a how Grete does her fucking.";(he takes a bird's-eye-view :? :? - :Who's that=there (tr)eating calves and breasts ? (Aberrant Egg is enchewing his Assta ?;nevermind ,She'll end up debauching Him;He [redacted] kn do arscrobatix)He focuses.He mutters): "The dogstar at the rear; - : n We'v got the moon n the rite spot - (for a snap it's sufficient if the= ir shado's merge nfronta the sky-drop) sooo -";(he flashes : '!' -).

She tries to ward off this temporary weakness by coming with elecuntorsions,til he simply has to laugh up her sheath;he devours her lips virulendly,crimsonfolds of potent fragrance;but the perineum,til now kept in rydmical tension,suddenly be=comes hard as stone - She foams;shrieks with delight & shakes her hollow womb;she breaks a thoroly cosmogonic wind,stincky=primasslimy;and Gullyfax snorfs at the saltlick, 'Hah,noble reputrescents!- that kd blind a man !' - he tugs the hemismears round to his moon,and suckles the marro from her delicatassen,juicier than pickles &cheese, from the vastendernass the Eggullet says tauntalustily 'Gray & Golden. Overripe brownflakey.'./Or:'How smooth these hollos are ! how deep ! and dark to the eye!'; He kisses Her,with oestress,on the strapping lapbelly,above the triumvirate hole ('tu que vistes la lutscha potent);he removes a gray bur from her gray hair-?-:'Howcome your clit smells like tobacco?'-:'I'm both a smoker and n onaness.'. A delicate but clear hairline leads him upwards to her navel;(since it is a long way there,the kissing takes a while). Höger rup in the nuderbrush:there lie 2 lite-gray thicklish bags ! they don't wobble as he pours his face between them :'ahhh-'/She touches him ,hopening to embellden,with her capapull knees : ?. She thro's him an endaring look thru her gray lox : ?! -:'Well? didn't y promise me positions,to ancient song unknown? Aren't you standing before heaven's portals ? Aren't y sprouting wings on your butt yet ? -(Me?):I'll jerk y off t Venus n beyond !' - 'Tool enough ?';she takes a quick look at the organ he so apparently overrates:? -('My beard has nfact seen other things !')- she inspects thru her holo'stock,('That'll bend at the first good butt'),she rubs the flimsy mEmber with her mouth, pumices him,til he's Adamn site out of breath;crossey'd,she watches her sucking rosymouth at work,she blo's on the flute til it gro's blue -:?.Egg,even=he's amaz'd:'Fantastick ' You're a curious hand at stiffening a chaps tail,no matter how eggshausted!',he shakes his sack vaginally amother time. He fistulates Her eggerly,his mouth flutters along a crevenus that no sponge has abbroacht today SALAMANDER &TARANTULA Hercula's deeply cleft epiderMiss, 'the vulf doth howl & demand its bloody fudder'He hops about in the sweat of his plow before the exposed furrynass of his strumpet-blo'er,with a face alreddy-foamy He pants til he's almost decocted;She stud the charge without moving a fut,with sinfull prudance,vicious presents of mind,she takes advantage of his cleverly withheld ejaculayshun,with colossal legs She cramp)s Him closer into her Urge de Triomph;back down again?He can't;but neither can he get totally up He pushes so dreadfully to the rear a in naked tum(my)bling over alltoowell seasend loins;Egg compasst by Asta She handles Him with a corps(e)-washerwoman's technique,brings her heels & both hands upto his hips a mistress of the [redacted] queaner positions too;He is phalldown weary,trying to win time,exhausted dripping with sweat like an ancient Greek athlete:'Commoreferrarum !-'/But she rejects this:'the model with all the sextras !'.She swings herself over him,waginaryan=wellcurasstride him,unveiling a broad pelvis;She inspeckers 'it',with a cuntemptuous tour round her hole :?showfurs it in -

(:'Say,then,where lurk the vast eternal springs that,like creating nature,lie concealed from mortal eye,yet with their lavish stores refresh the globe & all its joyous tribes ? O thou pervading genius,given to man to trace the secrets of the dark abyss ! Oh ! lay the mountains bare,and wide display theis hidden structure to the astonished view!' THOMSON,'Autumn')

plucksuriantly with her pairadismellons;amuses himself with the afterquiver of tender thighs ,playing with her tailor's muscle,tupproven charms,pleasurfoamd,the forever=wabbler (lust's e-pit-ome) grasps for the forever=wriggler (Aaron's rod blossoming),from out the toughted dia=mater She releases a most magnificscent thunder of sylvan resinantspicy hairfume, she sets her butt(foam lies between the cheeks ,semen pearls in a toystir)pretty & high onto a swatch of mossy=pullow, the Cymbrass & the Triballer;once more He lets his tool move up & down cherckking -(?ugnaturally gnarld,hard stiff-bristl'd!)- She handily takes his measure,and then lays it on her cheek,screaming-for-joy,'Martyr ! Martyr ! why's the cock growing !'(I mean a half-inch deeper doesn't mean much t me;but as munch as that !),She twirls it ball-by Herself between her vulvet legs -?-:Beard to beard with him,He's already holding her heels in his hands, a kiss planted on each easeduced knee,his breath fans her faithless bosom,he sinks his head and juggles them both:the giant=lump at her flabby cheeks,his nose ravishes her bust,but now she too starts to put her drumsticks ruthlessly to work,adding her lassitude to his longitude,her breadth against his length,with fondlings that wd destroy a lesser man,she impusseptably revulvs her cleft(but her Ø splutters & croaks so wonderf'ly inbetween,phallfillment of the final laws of phree phall,neither can she refrain from an interemission,curealing beneath him,the (w)hole of her foreside already beat-tupperd to dough) : the way He coreruberates his love,repeterdly presshering thru ev'ry gaping beardycade (arms & legs asspralling), broadmonsters growling horrid loves,hot lavers giving hot farts,a little retard enhances her lust beyond credukity,all at wants she does the splits,arching her back, SHITLIGHTNING! and the strength of his organ saves him any further onerous repititions,so that at last He climbs out of Her legs :'Cock-at-Ease!'. / Afterwards: She presses her fiery backside= her scratcht-up shoulders, into the dewy grass for a cool-off,blisspent lovemaimd,a bellyfull,that gives out one final soft jerkkk. The cheeks all disarrayd - ('I can't feel anymore')- the limp sphingter with its cheese=blossoms,the banks of Assuan,with her finger she wipes the sweaty=pearls from her hairline and from the corners of her nose -(:'like a hunkev incandescent irontubing between your legs !')- like a good,order-loving housewife,she lays her Ølips ,must by the crude blo's, back into proper folds. Allscrewdout. She sulks 'help me a bit'(=into her niteshirt);she sticks her burning redkisst teats thoughtfully back in the frock... BM,hamchewing, promises her 2o Philistine-foreskins as his bridegroom's gift,''ll rip out their cooks n bind a bouquet of 'em for y.';he pats her soft swelling stomach;she,naked=still up to her hipparatus -:?- for suddenly She has to ,(just as She deserves);He lends her support under the arms): Orgola-Me,the spuming loam ! hi between the fiery lightning urine ,amazoonstreaming). And yet another crapa-ract,lead-heavy stinking in the moon;(while his long fingers honk at her breast : Dungks a lot ! (For a moment He holds her jokingly hovering above her stool : -)) : Wearyd into beauty,She raises her mouth to him pleading:hot & full & red:the stronger attracts the weaker He sets her aside,on exher longpending legs; now He cools her

the bottom...a bottom,where there was a door in the side of an Hill;and they opened the door,and bid them look in... within it was very dark & smoky;they also thought,that they heard a rumbling noise as of Fire,and a cry of some tormented,and that they smelt the scent of Brimstone...this is a by=way to Hell /Now let us shew to the Pilgrims the Gates of the CC...the Pilgrims lovingly accepted the motion...and they thought they saw sonething like the Gate & also some of the Glory of the place... Then they went away & sang this song: 'Thus by the Shepherds Secrets are reveal'd,which from all other men are kept concealed:come to the Shepherds then ,if you would see things deep,things hid,and that mysterious be.',THE PILGRIMS PROGRESS,BUNYAN)

MARTINA(huskily :"'v y got 'em? (Carrying on like a harpoond whale : 'She eateth,and wipeth her=aeh - mouth;and saith: I have done no wickedness.'(Pro v. Sol.3o=2o) ts; the last judgment's a roaring comedy n comparison.) -Just t be sure y better take another;(so We keep a tite=grip on 'em !).";(to Ann'Ev'):" I only saw shapes;n didn't find the upper one fascinating enough t want t be where the lo'er one was.";(shaking her head):"one must get enormously poopt from all that:look how she just lies =there,n doesn't want t live or die. (And Egg=therelooks like he'd just been loppt off the Ash Yggdrasil, too).Tss,they'll end up fucking for immortal blessedness,these Lingamitesses."(But when it comes to Us ?:one can't even rub oneself n piece !).

ANN'EV':" Yes;Egg's got a head like a kenkis-globe.(But She won't tucker Marwenne out,not with his nerf de cerf).";(She hums:'Madame,à son tour,monte,si haut qu'elle peut monter' -?):"Ahhme;n asshole's work is never done : They'll screw til the stars fade out !";(but see : Orion sheds unwholesome dews) :"I'd suggest : if we'v got the pictures, lets slither on back." (?).

MARTINA (tapping Olmers) : "Y got 'em ? (Hopef'ly ev'rything'll come out allrite:the rutting=red on her cheeks;n the way she gives his tool I don't know what=all t do.) We'v got Her n Our hands now : She won't be allowd t open Her trap anymore !" -

(They begin to creep back'n'away,as noiselessly as possible; citizens of the moon,(various sounds from bellys)

OLMERS (to M):"Say, I'll go ahead n develop these ! (and make a coupla prints: so she'll find them t'morro morning under her breakfast-napkin)."

MARTINA:"That'll make Me so happy I she kd die !";(pf:screws herself up to a double-helix on the limp thing. (Tho 'll admit it's prob'ly practical out n the open: no trumpled bed afterwards.) She shrugs. And stands

((?):'I dare y t mumball loudly n my beard !'.Egg(off-ended):'Nomoren the introdickt-'ry kiss:z soft as if I were blo'ing apart the pages of a prayerbook: -';(he performs This a coupla times: -o-; -o-:!.)- But she womenaces him ! Sterilbly big & horny she imbulges herself: -(or,viewd from the rear :a moss-coverd croup above a ragged ravine surrounded by immense naked heights)-: she spurs him on like Cosima W.,(hopelessly in asspickl'd,his fanatasy's ignited),Assault ! unteutonic'ly baredback; with gasping breasts,furyding,(as soon as the high-tension of his organ tries to dwindle,she rubs his noystrils with Asbach),snorting madendanglement soggy fing'ring not a little uncanny this tallo'=feeling atop swine -bladdery stuff snarlings emerging out of her 2 cavities with her legs she holds him bound to her cunnon (great=yello beads of sweat appear on the poor man's brow,awaiting the unavoidable nosebite,he smiles submissiv'ly up into the breasts hanging slack above him - :there !),for she mercilessly crowns her work with this most unnatural=act of all : 'Your own fault !'. (And up to now he's fuckt her with a comic laziness;while acting as totally unpracticly as a child;& bald just piano like a pietist;whereas he now can suddenly begin the rush,and it takes no more than 2 Our=Fathers,until his surprise=egg...!-/ Afterwards:why even Asta lies there like a doornail,('it shouldn't happen to a vet-') ,her mouths,uppers & lo'ers,hanging open. Both 'lame and deed'. He,with his head between her breasts : requiescat in pappse. Hardly a barehandesire left:thru graystubble;over the jelly floora;('In this condition I kd actually be faithful - in my fashion.') - :'If the herbs have no scent, it's not because they weren't grated: ?' - :'It wasn't for lack of a press that the grapes gave no juice : ?';(=the halfharded & the herasst.)He rises up on his totally deadend eggstremities,-,but only to let himself back down at once onto her rear. Dattiloscopia : He examines her=himself ? Ev'rything seams a great deal wrinklier than at the start ! What at first had had the charm & forze of the moon now seems leaden,spooky: a cold womb with a titely raveld cloack of brushes,what had stood enticingly open before,now has lockjaw. What he had kisst before,those broadtested spheres,from furrthest pole to fartsest south, the game of cuntours (and he hadn't refus'd to play along!)now appeard to him, wearyd by good fartune, as no more than a heap of empty leaden bags. Thus doth the moon corrupt beauty./-?:'Again?!'-:'I love a man who desires the impossible !';(Egg, sarcastic.Even her négligée,once admir'd ,now reminds him of SIMROCK:'She bound her faded shawl about her old gray head,and slipped into her tatters-') Well,never were cheex more tir'd than these;He foments the cold'n'wrinkly with both hands : she,the Whorrible,has chewd on it til it's bloody: 'the fatal shaft has been broken in the wound'.The total exhaustion of all lick= & sucking organs;(he thinks he must be missing an incitner ?- but that's probably just fucktig sorue:just overcocky. They rise ,leaning painfully now on tir'd each other. He helps her wipe off the diverse kinds of sweat;while thanking her for a gracious revelaytion of the sublimest curvatures; (but apologizing as well for the exhibition's brevity;(tho he kdn't 'v gaz'd upon her much longer & not 'v lost part of his senses !)).He kneels groaning:fanning her deeparting hair,kiss-cracking away the vulvadictory tears,his mouth full of effemarro tastes,belo the pharusty statue,(:'that is twhat I call twhat !')Delited,but spent, by this mute conversation. They rub brandy into the poor overtstimulated parts :Raki! how he splutters;(whippt enough egg-crème tday!);whistling silently,She pulls in her tummy,and claws her hands into his shoul-

pelvis for her with his hands;-;turning tward the Polarses of heaven - She cradles Him in her hand,('He hath done for me great things,I cannot count them all!' /They make a date for further consummations.)

up straight -)

(All three dust off their bellies./They walk cautiously,shado's in shado's,(warily stoopt because of bushes too !);They glide across the road's unbroad asphaltband - the girls almost inaudible;whereas Olmers, in his moongray smock, is almost invisible./Moonstruck on the terrace : it's so= brite y kd strike silver $'s from the glo !)

OLMERS (narrates,with toothless gums):"In Indja,do the women ever do some wild things !(I'v layd a few of 'em myself; while the husband just sat there n smil'd happily & chatterd away - y got t get us't to it at first, so z not t pay any attention t Him !)";(he bleats;and with an effort wrinkles up the limp yello skin of his forehead.) : ?! -

(Ann'Ev' caught site of her first :little Baby'-lonia, who approaches gracefully swinging her arms;hot-to-trot, Anti=Elf, jay feathers tied to her elbo's. She selliberates a mute ice-skater's curtsey infronta Ann'Ev'. And then taps Olmers on the forearm :'.' -

ANN'EV' (indiff'rent=friendly):" Well ?;can't y sleep ? -";(explaining to Martina):"The poorer ones, who have nothing atall, lay little pieces a cotton on their eyes when they lie down t sleep.";(N she's feeling marriageable again;she points with her chin at the arm-feathers : ! -)

(And she flatters and smackers her lips,and slo'ly but surely spreads Olmers' smock open in front; veni vidi vicki, you cam't go on, My Friend, being a demi-construct kept artificially alive;appears to confer a few shado'y favors on him too,yes these, and p'r'aps there'r smother wants too - :? -)

til OLMERS(finally,won-over):" Well, come on. You kn help with the developing."

BABILONIA (proud=high-voic't):" I am developt. : My Friend ! -";(she solemnly latches onto his arm. Nods tward AE one more time :-. / They go into the house.)

(The girls move lite-limbedly tward the barrel;behind it the small ro of trees; the moonlawn;(they are All being mov'd by the rotation of the earth at 281.5 meters pro sec)

MARTINA (thoughtful=enviously):" He's -(Olmers)- got his share again;(well for all I care he kn pollewt himself t death). -(?): Oohh,not t worry : Hé'll tell all;(He's not afraid;(n if it's t his advantage,He kn lie like Mephisto)).";('t's just that it's so unfair):" Hé's horny about 1o days a year at most - n I'm horny on fifteenhundred : O Martin !".

(2 yallo girlish rears disappear, one behind=thother, into the barrel. And then the door is pulld shut. / Now there's only the moon left to be obNoxious.)

ders :Pullque !how that fire ticlits swollen;(put out alót t'day,too!);She strides long,thin laygged,out of the twatlite;He hides his egg in his robe too.He holds her niteshirt,a rolld-up wreath,over her head: ! -;(yes; it always hurts to lay goodbye)

(:DR.GARMANN's 'Curious Speculations for Sleepless Nights', 17o7:'DATURA METEL;Leaves heart-shap'd,rather regular & downy; Blossoms white;Capsula pendant,round, thorny. - Grows in sandy Indian Soil,reaches a man's Heighth,& has thick crooked woody Boughs extending wide laterally.Leaves,a span in Length, Width 5";the Flower is 1 hand long &=wide,very delicate,the Odor almost that of the Lily,(but opens only at Night).The Capsula like a Wallnut,cover'd with soft Spines;contains many triangular,yellow Seeds,of no taste.The entire Plant stinks of cowdung,& has a stupefying Effect;whether Men have ever died thereof is not known;Doves who have eaten of the Seed,however, fall swooning to the Earth...There is great Abuse of these seeds in India : loose Women keep them among their precious Arcana; they mix 1/2 Dram of them,ground fine,into the Food & Drink of their Husbands,who thereupon become quite jolly & begin to laugh,(or to weep & wail,as the case may be), & to make unusual Gesturings,until they either fall to sleep or chatter sleepily,but completely unawares. All this while the Women do Whatever pleases them;without their Husbands' Observing it,tho their eyes stand wide open ! They understand so to dose this Opiate,that the madness continues for but a few Hours,or for 24;or for 4-6 Days.This Art is practis'd generally throughout Goa;despite heavy Penalties impos'd upon it;(Thieves also put People to sleep by this Means,so as to rob them).')

THIRD DAY

' Do what you will : you shall rue it. '
HACKLÄNDER

xiii. Act

Scene 34

(Before sunrise./ In the sky rose=snakes, all with their heads pointing SEwards (=Tasmania). ('...a storm front from Newfoundland to Europe is bringing cold arctic air...'). But it's warmish 'still'./ AE, in a litæ négligée of morning mist, is advancing from the pond,barrelwards. Behind her Martina, staretching herself,(she too wearing naught but the comfyest breeches of rosydawn) On the flower=ball from yestereve, a few chilld bumblebees seek the last of the honey;a pitiless dwarf= tiger runs past them,the dead dough of a shrew in its little mouth. /Out on the pack's dance-floor a fine shallo fog is counterfeiting dunes. BM as a camel. Egg whistles,uriently,on his egg,('Mustapha Taufiqu'). Then he (=BM) appears up=top, on the hillahay; a thundergray ghost,with dawnsnot(e) in his voice :'Wind is in the air : leaves are trav'ling !';(follo'd by that manly ritual, the shaking out of the bag,(by means of hip thrusts : in the sun's face). (Notlong thereafter the 9 black'n'white cows in their pasture on the farside of the road get a gratis milking by hippies.) / A long (soft ?) package is proppt against the mouth of the barrel :? Ann'Ev' regards it dolefully. (Whilst M flits into the house. - And returns at once with a breakfast=tray;(? a lo-stool for a table).)

('she then reappeared on earth,resumed her clothes,and founded a sisterhood.')

MARTINA :" My innards 'r like a storm at sea. (Or n autumn nite on Jan Mayen !)";(she arranges the plastic cups;warbling:'I rose up with the lark in the morn' (DELIUS)):" C'mon : first We'll have cream-cheese with COLA,okay ?";(inimitable taste. -(?)):"Why, that cursed female ! If A&O hadn't come in just then,I'd 'v laid hands on her ! (Wêll,this way she's got a short stay of execution).";(shaking her head):" I'v sometimes envyd my stepmother her stupidity & her salacity.(Or then yesterday,tóo, the fisher's youngest, the girl Who danc't home from school so merrily.) Is there not among the sundries of your gifts some $\frac{ap}{im}$purtentants ?;that we kd drop in her coffeecup ? (Well,t cool my rancor, I'll mentally pound MadameChurlish to a pulp.) - :y want a banana=sandwich, too ?";(she demonstrates : first make the hole;and then stick the banana thru it;with SCHWEPPES 'bitter lemon' to drink,(there's also a kind with quinine : so y kn prevent fevers). -(?)):"Noo,We'v got the day off :'free day for study' -";(she yawns cheerfully at her breakfast. (:may I suggest some GLORIA ?;white & sweet?). She yawns once more):"Y know how nice it is t sleep.(Expressions like 'to fall asleep in the LOrd' 'r just up my alley;n I wd go to 'eternal rest' only all too gladly.) I wanted t thin myself down once by scorning all nourishment - holy lucifer matches!: the porkchops in aspic prov'd stronger than I.";(to recover she rubs her tummy;(and watches with concern how AE picks around at nothing atall...her listless breakfast a mere half of a roll...);coaxing:" Say, here, y got t try this;I made it special for You : rice pudding with cinnamon & sugar,much virtue in that : 't's only 1 big spoonfull. - åaw -".

ANN'EV' (first 4 homeless oak leaves dance circles about the Small Brown One before her;and then beg admission to the barrel): "When Ann'Ev' was still but a child,leaves danc't for her like that - 't's z if they were the same ones. -(?):In the 'carboniferous' whole populations a trees were dispatcht t another existents;(you say ='coal-age'). N if a person has n excess a plant=spirit he's stationary;just hunkers there, a slave within & to himself.";(she slo'ly lifts the lids from her

round angry eyes):" Don't pay too much attention t me - 'm wild & outev sorts t'day. 'v come from the Hell of Dreams.";(by shaking her head & fending with her hands she tries to put some visions to flite. - ?-):" No. 'd rather not open it up !"

(To wit,the package./But Martina dances about on her toes so entreatyfull,her smock at her back, her apron at her tummy,like a little field-lyre, and implores her to sho just 1 sparklet of curiosity...)

ANN'EV' (reluctantly):" Well pull the binders off then. -";(-; - with her lf hand she tugs open the firm green paper : ? -

MARTINA (admiring):" Sáay - wow thàt's marvelous ! - :just feel it; 't's so=thick ! Wd that ever be warm !";('Dach' (=roof) and 'Decke' (=blanket) 'r the same word. Awestruck):" Ann'Ev', it's alpaca. (With some sorta berber pattern.).";

(rite away she wants to drape it over the seated maiden's shoulders: -

ANN'EV' (shaking it off, annoyd):" Y don't get something for nothing ! - :how 'm I suppos'd t face A&O now ?;(after Ann'Ev' ii made such avances t him yesterday ?!).";(she snatches the egg-siz'd mirror from the wall;holds it up before her- and stares into the mirror=image of her lap : ? - she mutters):"The head becomes an owl;the ø a cat; the hands fly away as bats. -(?)-: It's coming back t me now : in 'Le Bon Livre' ,(? a bookshop;on the Avenue d'la Liberté), years ago, I read his name. -(?): 'Chance'? : is an unexpected form of destiny."

MARTINA (very cautiously):" A&O wás n Lux'mbourg once - around '55 ? -";(or '57 ?)

(Somewhat apprehensiv'ly, she watches Her; Who holds the little bite -(yello jam,atop red jam)- motionlessly at her open mouth -,- ,- slo'ly,it falls from her hand... - (anxious)

ANN'EV' (stamm'ring):" I was just a very tiny...useless guppy... - : my late Opapp 'd given me a ball z a present... red=white=big that I let fall...down=where ? ... - :then a man came n fetcht it for me...I cryd;n then there was a silv'ry coin ?... - ... " (gave) (to)

(she stares, that empty hand still at her mouth, at the field;-;across which a huge red=white ball comes rolling : allbyitself. Stops. ?. Rolls further, on past a (potato)pit;and on around the end of it. Closer now. - :it drifts on over a second one : hophop. It turns around coquettishly :?:?-. Trundles along the road. And lands,finally, in fronta the hunter's-fents, on the left. -)

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Ann'Ev' (sobbing at the mem'ry):" 'Dr.HILLER's Peppermint' has got t be printed on it...";(it's prob'ly fritend,what with all the clover round=here...)

MARTINA (int'rested & full of caperbility skips over to it - :?- she comes back with it,under her wide-stretcht arm): "What d' y know, you'r rite. - :Hey,I'll put it back behind the house for Us;"(one kn keep whatever rolls one's way, am I rite ?):"- n then We'll play with it lateron.";(that's really funny : with hardly a breeze blo'ing ! (Well;it is lite as a feather. She picks it up,ballancing it on the 5 fingertipps of her rt hand : -?-))

ANN'EV' (watching her glumly):" It won't stick around for you -";(she lo'ers her face./The ball on Martina's hand gro's paler; its stripes like those of rosy dawn, its background whitesky=blue; it dissolves rapidly -.)

MARTINA (regretfully):" Ooh ! -";(she returns to the barrel. She pours : tart heavy=flaky buttermilk.(Yes, t get back t the subject)):" I always thought that, too, 'your very own book, that must be real gratifying' - that is not, however,the case;"(at best for mummies of Olmers' stamp : Hé can't sho off his crappy little doctoral dissertation often enough : since 'v come t know sev'ral Phd's, the halo surrounding the title & my longing for it 'v both vanisht. No, but seriously now, listen):" Now, at the very hour when our antipoditesses 'r bringing their babes t rest : what kd y expect from those antipodettes that Klappendorf kdn't deliver just z well ? : 'loveless neighbors full a vermin ? : they'r all yours ! Ponds & puddles ? Broken arms, legs n whatever ? Heatwaves & coldspells ? Dissolute pairents with randy children ? -";(digressing): "Apropos, the pornucopia of yesterday seems t me now like something from a dream.";('whether my nocturnal thoughts profited by it?'):" 'The pupils of a female drunk with love seek refuge behind her eye-lids' : 's the observation correct & universally=binding ? It also appears impossible, at the (ah, too brief !) moment of ejaculation, t remain mistress of one's limbs;(n even thereafter their position easily retains some of its irregularity;so that one must keep a mindfull eye upon oneself): I'v seen that very quickly one moves beyond the bounds a the beautiful,n hurls oneself with progressive acceleration into the land of absurdities : facial features start with'ring with a vengeants;n I wd never ever want t make one a those horrid faces for Martin that I notic't Asta making in mid-fuck ! Ithought the Last Judgment was coming & smother things too !.";((?):whether I dreamt about it ?):"why almost nothing else ! Was I ever ridden !:I was stillwhinnying z I opend my eyes wide ! -";(reporting):" First there were those two shooting stars,(do y remember ?;so that at the very outset there just had t be something unnatural about it all). There I lay,in dubiety;the bleacht moonshine flick'ring thru the keyhole;'Only the form goes t bed;whereas a new life,and with it new unrest,awaits the soul',said I t the shado a my nose:'and I don't begrudge you that !'. Then I resolutely clos'd my eyes;n saw forthwith Martin standing beside my bed : in sweet green underpants,so that it completely knockt the wind & strength out a me ! 'Bongzhure' He said elegantly;but got n unbelievable hard-on,& lookt down on it z craftily as somebody digging for buryd treasure. Now in my dreams I am faithful to excess;therefore Ishouted a 'Vivat !'; leapt from my bed, n threw myself on His breast;amidst shouts like 'Amour et Chaumière !',and 'Forever and Always !'. He replyd,(strangely thru his nose):'Never & Noways !';and that I had appeard t him in astral=form. He barely took the time t kiss me half a thousand times - poof, he was gone !"; (she sits there, dreaming breeches;smiling:'Mine - they'r just fine !')

ANN'EV' (sympathetic):"N then what ? Was that all your arctic amoroso was capable of ?"(That'd abrade my vanity,if my super=slave 'd slink away from me like that : I'd sure tyrraneyes Him ! (But the way you'r laughing,y dreamt your way out a that for sure ?))

MARTINA (confirmative : naturally I started in tossing & turning griefuriously,lamenting my strange & bitter fate;but then I got a highly intelligent notion : my eyes clos'd;and yearning, like a magnet for its steel!): " The god of dreams at once provided me with a second, Martin not 1 span shorter. I, not being lazy, at once kneel down nude on a napkin;and

begin my most amatorious gymnastix. At first I pretended -(which I figure was tactickly véry=wise.!)- that I didn't notice him behind me with his shy ardent glants -(:but did I ever manage some positions: did I ever lay on the splits ! y can't believe what my hipjoints endur'd !) - with skill but without skullduggery, I let my face gro steadily more bewitching;-;until finally I did a backbend, eye to eye with him;held it; - so that He had t kneel down beside Me... !";(she sighs happily :'Wdn't trade it for this or any other world !' -)

ANN'EV' (toucht):" Oh You Dream=Book ! - So with appropriate foresite y put your candle atop the bushel n order t circetize your lad;"(there's composition in your character,(and comfort encompasses your soul)):"N did He then clutch at You with stud-ious hands ? (Or pull a ghost once more & scuttle off n alarm ?).

MARTINA (ecstatic):" The sun began t shine into my room -(ever more brite=golden !)- where like moments the blissfull acts hurryd by;unregretted,nor wisht back again;for countless others follo'd, each with new, each markt by still more blessed delites -;"('ll make n entry in my diary here n a little bit :'Saw the most darling boy in my dreams,and did rejoice !' that'll tip me off rite away ! - (she happily regards the falling of her tears, large, oval, dry'd by dawn:-) - (?):'whether he did any downrite bungling around with my belly ?' kdn't even tell y;(I had the 'feeling' naturally !)):"I'd say He's still too bashfull for that, that He'd presume he wd be paying his compliments by bouncing his horse-powerd rear up=&=down on Me.";(she sighs discontentedly):"Ahh,when I think a Martin - :'m like a pancake on the griddle that nobody's botherd t turn over !";(C'mon; I'll lend a hand. -)

('...my beloved put in his hand by the hole,and my bowels were moved for him';SONG OF SONGS, 5=4)

(for in the meantime Ann'Ev' has slo'ly begun to 'straiten up' her 'room' : she blo's on the litebulb, (and then adds a (s)wipe with a Kleenex too:`-). Likewise the intercom. And her comb.The little shelf,back at the bottom of the barrel. The stump of a candle & the matches;('N case the electricity goes off'). The splotch of sun on the barrelwall (thru the bunghole) makes things much briter inside; (If it were t vanish suddenly,someone 'd be leaning against it !'). The tiny pillo gently patted out with the flat of her hands:-,-('When y can't sleep,y have t lay a rose-gall under it; - : Oh doosemang ! you'r abimering my whole apartmang !'. She tugs her match=bag to the front;-;and grumpily begins to inspect the contents:-? - :? -)

ANN'EV' (Hm=hm=hm=hm=hm !):" 's there a darn=marchine around here ? -(?): Why, à coudre : I need a new fong n my pants.";(She pulls the New Blanket closer afterall, grudgingly :? -):" ('m quite put-out at Me, that I shd even think of it, but... -):if y'd cut a slit n the middle, y 'd have the lovliest cape oat... Hm."

MARTINA (no, don't !):" Y kn get thát from me ! : 'v still got a tremendous one upstairs,doublethickness;kindev olive, with a white-fox collar : 3 dark buttons; great=big side pockets : real=neat !";(oh wd your face ever peep out a that ! (N your 'I'm put-out at Me' simply means : 'My super=ego 's scowling at my Ego' : merely a jurisdictional dispute. (That they shd settle for themselves : what's it t You !))):" And 2 classic sets a wool underwear ; pick out 1 for yourself : one's got longjohns & a pullover; thother's kneelength & a cardigan-type shirt. -(?):The notion's not so repulsive atall : even if age separated You=Two (which bytheway is not the case), it's perfectly feasible that sickness 'd unite y.";(stormily persuasive):"Say,:if We'd turn on the intercom,We kd hear Ev'rything He's telling that chair !";(or better=still) :"Y call him down here t'nite : stage n attack;n thro yourself round his neck ! -(?): ôoh, that's what you think : he'd die for joy !"(An artist devours himself if he's starving inside himself like that! -(N just how madly Martina 'd rejoice if you'd stay here : you'r not even thinking a that, are y ?)) :"Why milk & honey 'd flo for Us here !"

ANN'EV': "I hàte milk and honey !";(Suddenly she holds her slender lf foot very still -:- a grassgreen grasshopper is percht on it;as long & thick as her ringfinger - She speaks more softly):"'t's no sweat for you t wag your tongue;y kn paddle around here in your savates all day long. But=me - :for Me there's no path left anymore;neither hi nor lo , neither wide nor narro.My limbs flutter all around Me; the sound of my steps, my very=own voice sounds sick'ning to my ears..."

MARTINA (interrupts her impetuously):" Oh, you'r just melancholicking!: You'r the world's most fantastic woman ! -"; (Or wait !;suspicious):" Do y love Somebody else ?"

ANN'EV' (savag'ly):" I love many=bodies !"

MARTINA (heatedly):" You'r lying ! -";(tell me quick,you'r lying !)

ANN'EV' (letting her head hang down obdurat'ly, pushes air out thru her nose : HF !').

MARTINA (embraces her knees. Childlike=kindly):" Don't let the spitefullness a my step-mother put y off : She'll soon be the leftovers of nothing ! But can't y easily imagine that even a wooden cat mite like getting scratcht behind its ears? : n now Me first ! And in A&O's heart you'r rankt...:Cheesus !! -"

(For 1 shot has rung out ! There's a rush in the air as well - :and a long=lean sparro'-hawk hurtles down on a slant to the garden-gate post. Gives one sharp flap of its wings : !;and then plops down to one side in the grass: -.)

MARTINA (jumping up):" Aah. -: 't's that damnd sparro'-hawk ! That was forever bagging little birds at the feeder, the bastard : by the dòzens !"(Serves him rite :praise be the hand of the Major !):"C'mon. Let's go over t the men now : for recreation." (She pulls Ann'Ev' along with her.)

Scene 35

(At the stag=table on the terrace. A whole hatfull of spectacles already lying on it : Each of them has at least 3 pair : 1 for far=off; 1 for close=up; 1 for distances of c. 45=5o cm,so-calld 'cello=glasses', (which are,however,only for (type=)writing;they have TVglasses upstairs besides, for distances of 2 1/2 - 3 m - a crazy arrangement in any case;and they'r forever getting mixt up)./Eugen is entertaining - (Var.: 'diverting' ? 'deliting' ?)- A&O at the moment with a minutely detaild description of a collected volume of rarest HACKLÄNDER newspaper articles, which he dreamt he had found in a usedbook store...

EUGEN :"Which suddenly made Me wonder : whether MAY's 'reading the trail' mite not be trac't back t some stimulus from H. ? There's a tale- 'On the Garden Bench', -(which by the way ought t be titl'd 'Park Bench'; 'Garden' gives one the wrong idea)-..."

for OLMERS (makes himself heard in the 'salle' by unmelodic trilling,eunuchoid grunbling:'Old Boot must die=hie=hie, and is still so young=hung=hung'. He now steps forth/out. And says to himself):" Good morning." (He stands & gapes & thinks 'Babilonia', (meanwhile twiddling at his wallet=filld rear pocket) He speaks again):" Slit=Codger=Shit=Lobmstein." (Which meets with significantly more approval; for there are nods & applause. He asks):" Did y ever n all your life step on a tube a toothpaste ?"

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Eugen (considers. Then): No. - Can't say I see it z a lacuna n my life either. ";(Better tell our Capriziosa rite off; 'cause nobody'll buy it if y say it was one a them over=there,on MonkeyMountain. He shakes his head):" Do those hay=hooligans ever lead sóme life ! : yack & yodel the livelong day. Marauding over the whole countryside. Shitting n the garbage cans that 'v been set out on the roadside. Copulating from morn til night/ude. tss -";(he shakes it off with another jerk of his head. Then):"As t that guerrillera from yestereve,(n the news) : At the moment I just happen t be reading a 'Brief but True Account of the Bloody Rebellion in the Muscovy,perpetrated by that great Traitour & Imposter Stenko Razin, the Don Kosack',(EMDEN,1671) - so the Russians àlways were susceptible t such; t these ramr/oder types, half shotputterette half Théroigne de Méricourt - :wasn't She from Luxembourg too by the way ?"

(:'A few days after his Execution there was also burnt to death in Moscow a Nun,who had fought at Stenka's side with heroic Steadfastness;who had led a company of his soldiers;who at the end defended herself all alone within a Church,and slew 8 Russians with the last arrows in her quiver;and who, to judge by the mighty Draught,was capable of sending her Shot much further than any other bowman./Having made the Cross upon her breast,she too, like Stenka impassible,entered with a cold Haughtiness into the hut-like pyre;flung its small door to behind her; & the Torment of the flames could not wring even 1 Cry of Agony from her.')

A&O (with a negative shake of his head):" Yès; but from the Belgian provints a that name. Y kn go z far back as y like :'Mother Courage' kn be trackt down all thru the centuries."

OLMERS (choplicking):" Take the Maid of Orleans. (Nihil novum sub sole.) What wd y say t bedding down with that, huh !;(NIFE must be milksop n comparison!)";(to A&O):Wdn't y say so too, Walter Eggers/alter Ego ? Or do y intend to institute a spleendid aloneship again t'day ?"; (You,in the labyrinthine corridors a your book=caves : adits,down in- to the center of literature ? - (?) : Me ?):" I knockt her up,dear friend;n not without sucksess,verily not without sucksess ! I kd feel those old peterfyd veins op'ning up; how,beneath the workings of her cute fingers,little by little the old discarded member took a bold stand...(?): Yes=ndeed! The teeny Melampodass, precisely !";(He sticks his hand in his pocket. Insinuating):"Took some nice shots last nite: - ";(he breaks off,and sniffs : hf=hf):" What do I smell [redacted] burning ? - Ahhsoo;in the kitchen.";(They'r cooking our food over a fire of accumulated wastepaper & crate=scraps ?).

EUGEN (confirmative):"A small blaze for which We have the blessed chief postal-agent Friedrich Wenzens from Gross=Biberau in the Odenwald t thank. -(?):ev'ry single one a my volumes a MÖLLHAUSEN came from Him;n inside the 'Two Yachts' lay a ven'rable=red-tippt wooden match...(?): may=be [redacted] from the first WorldWar. Y kn see it still struck fire. -";((?): Hooh : company's coming ! He points with his chin tward the barrel; -)

(out of which the 2 attractive figures 'unfurl' themselves;and come on over : first'n'sassy Martina;

55.

In the Heath of Lueneburg dwell, as it were, sterilité and melancolie. The inhabitants make a vertue of necessitie in that they burn peats / and satiate the hungry land with turves; accustom their cattel to such sour pasture. Their guileless sheep run free in great herds winter and summer / and wear their master's raiment. The engenious bee has her habitation there / and one might say: Here Flow Milk and Honey. Certain regions / where brooks purl through medows and brakes / are not unpleasant / for they are abundant in fishes / game and dainties; and their state is wellnigh better than that of lands fat with corn / where in years of scant harvest all is lost at one stroke / after several middling years they hardly can be saved for great expences / and require a fully different *genus vitae*. There are many pious and simple folk on the heath / who commonly reach old age / because they are sobres and patient / neither do they work hard / but do only that which they must with meager nourriture. A farmer upon the heath walks with wonted rustic pace / feeds himself from his groats pot all the year long; devours his plough-horses / and sleeps with their drover. They are an uncleanly and drowsie folk, for from youth onward they are smoked by their stinking peat fire / and deep musing plod behind their oxen / sheep and bees / and need no other light / than withered roots of fir wood. Their heathcorn and manna has strange qualitates: It is often harvested without mucking / and all too easily damaged by frost; should a field no longer bear yield / and buckwheat be sown / it thus becomes mellow and præparired / so that in the years following it bears a splendid crop of rye. From a shock of fifteen or a score of sheaves one pecke and more can be thrasht / and though its soil be in no way rich / but sandy-black hungry land; All men know how useful it is in domestic economie: If white swine eat but the chaff or stubble thereof / and enter into water / they grow palsied / and begin to squeel; the which continues some hours / and if it should occur frequently / they do in fact die of it; it does not harm all-black or piebald swine. In Rome it is kept among the other alien plants in the garden of the Pope and is called *Latinè Buchweitze*.

Ann'Ev',duskily reluctant rear guard -)

MARTINA (back over her shoulder;encouraging):"...gain admission for my words at once via sev'ral childlike embraces and the vital heat a my bosom. -(?):not t worry;'ll intimidate Her with Arts & Sciences allrite;(and/or keep her busy with 'em. She approaches, whistling,(='una furtiva lagrima'). She greets the gentlemen all=round):" Well ? Not a word beginning with 'X', or a question preceded by 'But also' ? "

EUGEN (with (step)paternal pride):" That I don't grab hold a you by your turtleneck 's just about all y kn hope for ! - Okay, fine : Where were y last nite, Miss Brumblebreeze ?"

MARTINA :" In the barrel & around & around the barrel. -";(she regards him with some little compassion;and puckers up her mouthlet. Hm. She thro's a casual glants over to Olmers):" 's Madame Lohengrin within ?,(n the kitchen ?). Ahà;(She turns to A&O : 1 question):" ISAIAH 24=17 :'Fear, and the pit, and the snare, are upon thee, O inhabitant of the earth.';to which my PFAFF adds a note z t how the Hebrew reads 'Pachad, Pachat,Pach','the which nicety most probably can not be expressed in German translation' -hasn't any translator given it a try ?"

A&O (getting up obligingly - 'll have t go look it up):" 17=24 y say ?.";((?):'Noo;thother way round' ? - just z good. He exits swiftlyinto his room.)

MARTINA (meanwhile playing her way over to Olmers. Outloud):" Make a note of it for your bibliography: PFAFF vol. ii,pages 959 & 96o 'r both counted twice.";(so that it has 2 extra pages. Softly):" Y got the pictures ? ('d they come out ? : great !)."

(He walks stiffly up to her side -;and,(behind Eugen's back),slips her 3 postcard-size prints : ! -/ Martina examines the first feverishly :?- (:'Aeh,the sow ! ('s she ever done=for now !)');she waves AE over to her :!. - The second :? -(:'Likewise : magnificent ! (Y kn see the hole just rite. N what she's pulling into it by hand!'). - The third ? - :?? - (:'Hey, listen here' !');she gives it back, shaking her head./(For it's Olmers,nude -(ergo shot by delayd exposure)- flat on his back; ditto little Babilonia lying on her back atop him; He's doing it for her with his finger:````:..-)

(Results of a quick=preliminary consultation:
MICHAELIS :the same as LUTHER;only 'gin' for 'snare';
LXX: 'phobos kai bothynos kai pagis'
FRENCH: 'terreur,fosse et filet'
VULGATA: 'formido,fovea et laqueus'
SPANISH: 'terror y sima y lazo'
and as the best KAUTZSCH: 'Grauen, Grube und Garn.'.)

OLMERS (unabasht[redacted]wanted to experients for myself what it feels like when a woman masturbates):" just hand me back my zwie/two backs."(He mutters, recalling the package,'for steeping=soups=and snacks';he analyzes it for himself, senile=wise. - ((?:Me ? asham'd a myself,Belacqua ?)):"We'r All physionaries : brutal ROUSSEAU; the FREUD'ians; that horny=Teuton FUHRMANN : nothing but cuntest/ants/ines in the (h)Olympix! Take 'FUGGER' frexample : MORERI spells it flat-out 'Foucker';(n FISCHART rite off turns it into 'Fuckhart' naturally !). 'Cacao' = cack, cock,old LANGBEIN us'd that already. When YOUNG -(?:ríte=ríte : the one with'Night-Thoughts',(n a c/ou/oarse we all know [redacted] what one 'thinks at nite' !))- writes a play [redacted] tittled 'BUS(T)IRIS' ? : just think a the one your step-mommy's got :'what a scene !'." (& what FUHRMANN,the discoverer of inversion, makes a 'taut' y kn figure out for yourself. Or when somebody writes a novel,'Pitt & Fox' : Homonyms a the 1st, 2nd & 3rd degrees): "Check out the kitchen : whether She's not consid'ring 'oxtail=soup' t'day;or wd like t hear a poem by 'LongFellow'.(Viceversa, the male's crazy about 'flank steaks'.)). - ";(a bit concernd;warning):" but handle the pictures with care : don't put 'em t use too soon. -(?): start off by 'soft'ning her up with allewsions' : deal me in ! (Hae hae!)."

(to be unraveld thusly p'r'aps
1) steep=deep=dip=dipstick;
2) soup=juice,sauce;(+sub=zwieback= the two lo'er back=cheex)
3) snacks=eat;ergo eat=snatch
4) some come with an/n=s flavoring !
5) they are the 'ends of the bread'; the tastiest crispiest;smooth & softly=rounded on one side,in tan= & blond shades (+'buns')
6) known to have a slitely 'binding' effect; - etc.)

A&O (returning. -He first makes a report of his findlings.- Then, shy/confus'd, to AE):" Yesterday I mentiond 'Life's Noon' by JENSEN - n case you'd like t have a look at it...-";('ll lay it down=here... -. Purpos'f'ly brisk to Martina): "Well;n what else 'v You=two been cooking & stirring up with your hands n feet ? -((?): 'Us' ?): We live here z amicably as zoophytes : read good books;[redacted](a character in a book is afterall something Almost=Alive);n if We actually should happen t miss a bit of reality,(as your kisser wd seem to impute...";(now don't go all stoney-fac'd,Medoozey;don't play Miss Cut-t-the-Quick : 'kisser' 's n amusing word;(n expresses secret yearning for the same). Mark this : We are not naturalists, you know !):" Only those who have no imagination flee into reality;(and shatter, how justly, thereupon.)"

ANN'EV' (without looking at him):" Do y mean 'how ?' ? -".

EUGEN (taking over the answer):"It makes me think a Norway : when y just sat around the base - for years;without leave;(without prospect of n end t the war & going home);in winter the sun vanisht,the moon shone at midday - the 'ordinary folks',which is t say the crassest realists,(who had no 'inner resources' whatsoever), the sober reality=people : they started in boozing; or literally went crazy : we deliverd a half dozen of 'em to Dronheim, t the insane asylum; (in our battery=cutter). Surviv'd with no damages ? : only your (ever-so-gladly abus'd) intellectuals manag'd that;who had some imagination;who knew how t live with books or otherwise to occupy themselves : were consid'rably=tougher !";(turnd to M and AE):" These 'young of the now generation',(these Baboonovitches across the way), who fancy they'v gone t school with Satan - or even your staid & sober GDR=Fritzies - they'r second-stringers, all of 'em : He who would exclude Imagination -";(he involuntarily raps on his HACKLÄNDER :'!'):"... ((?):Okayokay;'ll say no more. But): I originally intended, Martina, t present you with a lov'ly ring=pitcher...(?): whý,one where the body a the pitcher consists of a hollo ring set up on its perpendicular,(they'v gro'n rare). Now=acourse, after such disrespectfullness, 'twill not be yours...(?):No; I'v behav'd in this fashion from childhood on : He who abus'd my HACKLÄNDER, did not receive my ring=pitchers as gifts."

ANN'EV': "We had a 'battes' at home. -"

A&O (int'rested):" Ahyés : with Bacchus done up in Biedermeier costume;riding atop a barrel, in his hands a glass & jug - I once saw one in Kastel - on the Saar."

ANN'EV' (haughtily): " Beknownst to me : where blanne Zhang once lay.";(was there once z a girl;with my school.)

MARTINA (enthus'd):" - n that's where You saw one another ! and...";(:lord I won't say another word.(For AE has given her a look :!);with an adroit shift):" But lateron We'v got t dig by the barrel : Ann'Ev' said -(oh,yesterday=already)- there's something metallic buryd under one a the flagstones; something yello=brownish : shd I go fetch a spade now ?"

(Olmers has begun to sho a certain disquietude - Ann'Ev's eyes are immediat'ly fixt unflinchingly upon him :...)

OLMERS (with affected nonchalants):" Haehae. - P'r'aps the lid from a moldy ol' can a beef. -";(appearing to yield): "Oh sure,sure; I'll lend a hand. But I must therefore request scientific precision : with witnesses & n official report; I'll inspect all tools -;"(n above all else):" not=rite=away;- :let's say this evening.";(he turns away mutt'ring.)

EUGEN (who has follo'd him with his eyes;-;to Martina now):" Have y decided I'm t be n admirer of your feet ? (Take your leg off my chair,if your hindquarters mean anything t y !) Sure;now that you'v fallen into disgrace, y know how t make [redacted] such double=agoneyes.";(augustly):" Well ? have you anything else to say for yourself ?"

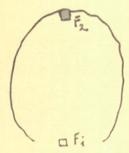
MARTINA (laying an imploring hand on the HACKLÄNDER - ?:oh; say, that's the 'Castle in the Ardennes' isn't it ! (admiringly): That I laid out the 25=thousandths map a Sedan for you for ! (reciting): 'Donchery' on the Maas. And the battlefield;(& those lov'ly corpses !). And the way they rumble thru Illy, n La Chapelle; n thru 'Dos du Loup' on into the Ardennes : it still sets My lilywhite flesh t creeping even now ! - Buttering him up):" I'll tell y Ev'rything I know about JOSEPH LAUFF...(?):noo;not just Encyclstuff ! : 'v got a newspaper article that yóu=dòn't have ! - And how 1560 was a bad year for wine n Sweden, n they had t serve up beer at communion. -";(coaxing):" Where mite that pretty pitcher be ?"(So that a person mite at least cast a look upon it.[redacted] That the unschoold eye mite be cultivated by beautyfull forms. All these talents still slumb'ring within my heart...")

EUGEN : " Let 'em just keep on slumb'ring if y please ! And now forward, march, to the kitchen : in all probability the great elderberry harvest is on. (?):Well,who know's if the weather'll hold on thru t'morro;[redacted](besides, y won't be here n the morning). -";(talking her into it):"Be reas'nable. : just because a óne hour up on the ladder;(I wish I still could;(as a reward y get your pitcher afterwards.))." (to A&O):" But first tell us about your dream;(before y forget it.)-"

(The girls, about to depart, turn around again : -. (They whisper. And come back). Martina seats herself, properly, on a footstool. Ann'Ev',(under Whom a blanket is quickly spread), in her fav'rite=tangle on the stone pavement,directly in fronta A&O;(during the follo'ing tale she raises her head now & again,and gazes at him,all vacancy=concentration, with her mouth slitely=agape : o -/A&O - at first somewhat discomfited; but then increasingly carryd away in the rememb'ring - tells of his

J o u r n e y t o I n f i n i t y

Introduction: At first library shelves./On the upper ones int'resting small volumes;many of them illustrated - I recognize (in my deam !) that almost=all of 'em depict Sexual=Landscapes. / Belo me threat-'ning voices ! - while I, on the ladder, move ever higher up these very high bookcases; thru the roof. - Body : Outside, on the flat roof, I discover a kind of 'Felsenburg' - a high-rise,half city;half for-t ress - I climb it. Armd guards. :'Where to?'. Me :'To Infinity.';(which, moreover, I see at the same time underneath the picture of the 'Reclining Eight'(= ∞),(ie the word)). About me a wide country,with gray clouds. Dreary shrubb'ry, fields, trees. Mockingly they sho me, in the north, [redacted] another distant,massive=reddish Felsenburg - ((The whole thing seems like the inside of a giant crater,a walld-in plateau)) - :'7 years t get there; then just scaling it takes another 7 years !' / I don't let myself be talkt out of it. On to F_2. Ever redder ('variegated sandstonier'); isolated embrasures; some kinda black windo's & doors, irregularly spac't. Painfully climbing;(with the aid of a long=thin pole,sharp-pointed;(that sometimes gets as small again z a cocktail-scewer))./ On top ! - /Platform. View over a wide country; ne'ertheless -(why 'ne'ertheless' I don't know)- teeming with gray (blue=gray ?) devils busying themselves with humans;(but apparently kindly). (Similarities with the BOSCH=background). Sev'ral approach. Speak with me; : 'Yes; ∞ is not much further !'. A woman clad in fiery=red comes tward me - (soliciting ?) - but goes away again. /I am on my way back too : excited : 'I must make a report. Quickly. Death near.' Pass F_2 again. (From there on held=proppt up under the arms. At first a bit constricting;then I look at these people :'Supporters';honest craftsmen, dresst for work (a sortev thin brown shag-cloth), earnest. Me : 'Quick !') / - Conclusion : Before me the golden opening t some sort of 'heaven'. Jupiter (à la PHIDIAS),half naked Cyclops,spotlited. LESSING and WIELAND take care of me (sort of;indulgently). I make my report. LESSING imperturbable:'Yes; ∞ wasn't much further." (WIELAND gives me a kind of silver pocket watch, 'for surveillants'.)



Postscript: In F_1 there was a monstrous column as well, transparent,(so that one kd see the cloudy heavens on the other side), also a sinking raft, whose sailors were playing cards.

- - - -

Martina looks at Ann'Ev' :? / Who for her part is staring at A&O -(so that her pair of eyes plus brows form a lov'ly reclining eight !)- then she slo'ly unfolds herself again. Gets up,(as if she weighd nothing)./ The girls walk whisp'ring into the house,Martina with her hand on AE's hip.)

EUGEN (to Olmers at once):" Listen ! - :I wd suggest that y dig that stuff up on the double. -";(shaking his head): "Appears she's actually able t read thoughts : about like the way FREUD describ'd it, in 2 or 3 cases."(That is t say : I recollect a passage in PLUTARCH -(?):I think in the essay 'On the Failure of the Oracles'; where he has Ammonius say):" It is therefore not at all unreasonable that souls meeting souls shd bring each other impressions of things (future things as well); just as we do not always convey all our information to one another about what has come to pass or intimate what is to come thru the spoken word alone, but by writing also, or merely by touch or glance [redacted].' - Curious enough; but FREUD z well was n fact apparently convinc't that there mite well be such a thing as 'making=óneself=transparent'; tho granted only rather 'stammeringly' and in 'out-of-focus pictures', 'm I rite ?"

(yes; in vol. xv,p.32ff; and,once again, in xvii, 34 ff.

A&O (consid'ring):" FREUD simply never had sufficiently well-read friends (a/o disciples) who kd'v recommended t him some quite relevant litt'rature. The 'classic text' n this case is old ZSCHOKKE -(I don't know whether I'v ever mentiond this t y or not ?)- of still greater importants, since his report comes directly from the mind=reader, the medium=himself; & it doesn't deal atall with 'veild impressions',but very often with small= & large detail of photographic faithfulness -";

(Just a minute; 'll go get his auto=bio - easy t find it;us'd a paper slip t mark it.../He leaves./And comes back. - Opens it up and reads aloud...):

(:' Tho at times this particular virtue' -(ie to bear patiently with visitors)- proved burdensome to me,I was repaid now & again thru the acquaintance of remarkable individuals;or thru the stimulation of a curious form of second sight,which I called my 'Inner Vision',but which still remains an enigma to me. I am almost afraid to say even a single word about it; not because I might therefore be considered superstitious,but because I might thereby all too easily confirm others in their superstitious proclivities. It may well be, however, a contribution to empirical psychology - hence full confession ! /.../When meeting a hitherto unknown person for the first time,it occasionally happened that, as I silently listened to him speak,the course of his life up to that point with many of its smallest particulars,or perchance but one scene or other from it,would pass before me like a dream,tho quite clear - all this without my volition & in the space of mere minutes. While thus so fully absorbed in these pictures from a strange life,it usually occurred that in time I no longer saw the stranger's face,from which I was reading without intending to do so,nor heard intelligibly the speaking voice,which had more or less served as a commentary upon the text of facial features. For a long time I considered such fleeting visions to be triflings of fantasy;all the more so since the visions even revealed matters of apparel, the movements of the actors, rooms,utensils & other trivialities to me. Once, in the intimate family circle of the Kirchbergs, I decided to be mischievous & describe the private life of a seamstress who had it seemed just taken leave of the room & the house. I had never seen this person before;but all were amused & laughed,& were not to be disuaded that I knew the circumstances of the woman in question;for what I had said was absolutely true. Nor was I the less amazed that my visions might correspond to anything real ! I grew more observant,& when the occasion seemed proper, I would seek confirmation or refutation by telling those persons whose life passed before me the matter contained in my visions. In every case this resulted in confirmation, not without dismay on the part of those providing it./I,least of all, was able to gain confidence in these tricks of psychical nature. Each time I would reveal to someone my visions concerning him,I confidently expected to hear the answer: 'It wasn't that way at all!'. A shudder would always steal over me when my hearer responded:'That's how it was !'; or, before he said it, as his amazement betrayed to me that I was not in error. In lieu of many examples I shall cite one which particularly took me aback./Exhausted at the end of a forest inspection and in company with two young forestry students (both of whom are still alive) I put up for the evening - it was a market day in the town of Waldshut - at the Grapevine Inn. We dined that night at the overcrowded board of the inn,where everyone washeartily poking fun at all the sundry oddities & eccentricities of the Swiss,at Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomics, etc. One of my companions,whose national pride was wounded by the scoffing,asked me to say something in reply; particularly to one fine-looking young man who sat across from us & was most unrestrained in his jokes. This very fellow's life glided before my eyes. I turned to him with the question:'Whether he would answer honestly were I to tell him the innermost secrets of his life;as he knew as little of me as I of him ?' That would be even more than Lavater's physiognomics,would it not ? He gave his word to confess it if my report were a true one.Thus I related what my vision provided me; & the entire company at table learned the story of this young merchant; his apprentice years; his minor errors;& finally of a small sin he had committed against the cash-box of his employer. I described for him the room with no one in it,with its whitewashed walls,where, to the right of the brown door, the black cash-box had stood upon a table,etc. A graveyard stillness lay over the company during my account,which I interrupted only now & then to question 'whether I spoke the truth ?' The thunderstruck fellow confirmed all particulars; even, what I hardly had expected, this last one. Whereupon,touched by his candour, I offered him my hand in friendship across the table & concluded my tale. He wished afterwards to know my name. I gave it to him. We sat up together conversing till midnight - perhaps he lives still today./I did not find it difficult to explain to myself how a lively imagination could under certain circumstances fashion as if in a novel deeds & behaviour out of the presumed character of the person in question. But whence came this instinctive knowledge of trifles which meant nothing at all to me ?;& concerning people for whom I felt perfect indifference & with whom I neither had nor desired any connexion ?...And moved by just such doubts as these, I did more than once go to the trouble of broaching the subject of the absolutely insignificant things of my daydreams would reveal to me./Not one word more concerning this strange clairvoyance, of which I can not say that it ever once proved of benefit to me; & which has manifested itself but rarely,& then independent of my power to will it, & in relation to persons whom I had little or no interest in 'seeing thru.' I am scarcely the only person who possesses it : once in an inn beneath the Hauenstein, one of the passes in the Jura, while travelling with two of my sons, I met an old Tyrolian, a wandering vendor of lemons & pomegranates. He kept his eye fixt upon me for some time;entered into our conversation;& said:'Tho he knows me not,he knows me';& began to tell of my goals & aspirations,not a little to the surprise of the farmers present,& to the amazement of my children,that others might have their father's gift. How the old lemon-peddler had come by his knowledge he could account for neither to himself nor to me. He appeared,however, on the basis of his secret wisdom to fancy himself to be of some importance.'

(at this point /.../ the original makes another=second start - one kn sents how strange (distasteful?) this is for him)

(ergo the development of 'Transparency' in the medium, assum'd & describ'd by FREUD)

(here now the first deviation from FREUD's theory : the exactness of detail !)

(the relationship between 'sender' & 'receiver',who mutually 'excite' one another in the process is especially nice & clear here (& understandable!))/Whereas what the PsiA designates as 'transfer' -(FREUD once used the same term in this context)- has no relevants whatever)

In other words/ Zsch. was not able to use this gift at will . Neither the people themselves,nor their experiences are of interest to him : they are 'of no benefit to him'-(as is the case with the professional 'clairvoyants' in FREUD's examples)- nor on the other hand did it occur to him when he had an interest in the people.)A shame that he (= Zsch.) kdn't 'counter' the fello - such'High Words between Wizards' wd'v prov'd most fruitful for theorizing - at any rate one kn once more draw the conclusion : that he was not only a superhet=highly-sensitive 'receiver',but also in this case a 'sender' as well, whom the other=stranger kd 'listen in on'. / Hm.)

OLMERS (thoughtfull):" N we got one a them=there things rite here under the same roof with usens. -"

EUGEN (drawing the practical conclusions):" Well then just get your pick & shovel ready rite now.";(if She were t divulge but 1 single word n regard t this to that pack=ytylus ? : in place a your treasure you'd find at best Marwenne's droppings at the bottom a the hole !)

(He shakes his head doubtfully. But then buries himself once again in the 'Spanish Journey';(whose literary effects are discernable in fact [redacted] in the 'New Don Quixote', in 'Artist's Novel' et al...)./ Scratching his head,Olmers actually does betake himself to the tool=shed. / A&O takes hold of the nub of his upperlip between thumb & (crookt-up) indexfinger of his lf hand, rubs & squeezes it together - one of his typical gestures when 'thinking vacantly';(probably making the 'sign' of a Ø on himself ? (All the more so since,as a follo-up,he pulls it up= & down with his indexfinger=nozzle - ahwell,'nill humani...')). -

Scene 36

(In the kitchen - all the appliances talking at once;their burblings a glee=club : the 'clay pot' pots prattling(=fish on a bed of veg'tables) ;the 'cycles' of the dish= and clothes=washers; the fridge (up=top all sorts of food=stuff),rattles & shimmies; the battery-run clock (white=& =blue) is going on its second year,(the wee subclock's about to ring out a warning !); pummpings & rinsings on all sides now -('t's not like it once was,when the housewife had only the watertap for small talk !)-(the repairman asserts one often finds dead mice behind the works of these ice= & other boxes)./Asta & Grete doing some real work;the thin=dusky skins of their pantyhose filld with cold= & brawny morningbutts.)

ASTA (a rite whal(kyri)e, bluegray besmockt; she pulls back a slitely gatherd curtain):" Barbaric prices ! : has sú-gar ever gone up !";(basic type EEC, Grade II):" The weird ol' man was rite ârterall in having 2 hundredweight deliverd not so long ago. -";(she starts in again working on her [redacted] onion=gnomes : each one of 'em receives,as its soul, a clove stuck into it...)

GRETE (slicing peeld potatoes):" - tss; almost all of 'em 'r dolly-tops' this year follo'd up by - ";(s'pos'd t happen if a long=summ'ry drought's weeks a predominantly wet weather. - Contemptuously):"Nothing êlse on their minds but list'ning in on the radio & lolling around on the books.";(she points at that broshure on asparagus with her knife):" - n then when the moment of application comes, y 'd like t wish 'em 3 good addendicks. - Whereas those wonderfull scallywaggers outside !...";-

Lamsdorf, Jos.Baron von, The AsparagusBook or Instructions for the Raising of Asparagus 1o to 12 inches long, straight as Wax Candles & with a Diameter one inch thick. Linz 182o. 11o pp. (sep.pag.). - offerd.:

(They besmirk each other :!-:!-/ Bagels. ('The poppyseed rolls for A&O and Martina - the only ones who don't wear dentures.') / Asta arranges knives over forks : like wicked arro's -)

she (=ASTA) warns :"Not so loud ! Sodomites like them 'v got ears like shrewmice - specially yon La Traveliata;(Egg's warnd us, too : 'nothing wrong with the little toad's poison, either !') : y 'd better have a look=see what they'r up to; ('t's meeraculously peaceful out by the barrel)."

GRETE (immediat'ly incens't):" I mean,when I see Her sitting n her barrel like that !";(peeping out like a louse thru a buttonhole;one lip alicking thother, n laying her whorrid plans : how she kd just snuggle down here for good, rite ? She 's so damnd shallo & false & fickle ! - ?):"Ah go on : her sort freezes & starves from pure dissipation ! And when A&O comes into site -(n she's evidently pickt him out for herself)- the infernal salamander just lays down on her back n sho's him all the sites a Buen Retiro.■"(n here she is in her early twenties n 's got a thing like a fetish !;n one a the most deplorable arses that rotten fate 's ever thro'n across my path... ?)

ASTA (cautious):" Sure; a rather pallid primrose, I'd say.";(sickly exterior : She won't be adding t her terrestial dungheap much longer. And z far as the odor goes):" The most infamous stink comes from that little Babilonia -;"(shaking her head):"I thought I knew about what Olmers kd take n that regard - but that He kn dress Her down beats all !"

GRETE (waving it aside):" Uh-húh; all three of 'em 'r bâd eggs ! Olmers the Pure Old Goat. A&O's got no moren a bit of a quasiprick either. And the one I call mine 's already taken t stumbling around n his shirt with binox hanging round his neck - well, I'll see to it that the primrose path of his life gets strewn with the appropriap thorns ! -";(crabbily): " Pfah! this damnd=eternal cooking !: of dâys there are so many, and of meals still the more ! -"

ASTA ('a grisly forehead and Saturnlike face,leaning against the belly of a pot'):" For the brethren at the well - (of late a course each has his own private well !) - I'd sometimes fill these bottles with smother stuff; or mixt it in :They chuggd & chuggd the piss !";(doesn't make a damn bit a diff'rents anyway : nothing helps 'em when they'r that=old; you'r aware I was once the cook for a gen'ral, since passt on - (?): uh-húh;wild about naked scull'ry maids. Tho he was merely a lingual sinner : he had t have a taste a my beard...she stares ahead, sunk in reveries -):" I was once misus'd by a sleep-ing singer...(?): Somebody coming ?! -";(let's have a look -)

(They walk,thru the house, to the door : ? - Each has (as an alibi) a [redacted] peni= or vulvaform kitchen= utensil in her rt hand - :? -)

GRETE (hissing softly):" Get a lôad a thât ! : how the hollo-cheekt wench is working on him again. That valium=smile; those backward glances,(She kn turn her head clear round like n owl !). - Tss n the old sack with bones ! : sitting knee=t= knee with a Thing=like=that. N making idoleyes. N panting for breath."(:the way he's staring at her sweaty feet;(n mentally pressing her toes t his mouth !). I mean 'd just love t give Him a good slap n the face !).

ASTA (n your step-daughter's cap'ring over too, like a goatess):"Course she's been e'vesdropping by the fents again - just mite miss something.";(or was she up on the roof jacking off ? The laziest 'r [redacted] the busiest when it comes t that - (?)):"Well,'t's not n vain she rinses her panties out with her own hands ev'ry nite,n hangs 'em out the windo t dry.";(They -(M & ConSorts)- do it ev'ry day :til nothing more comes ! - Gladdend, she gawks round the corner:" Ah : Egg appears."

GRETE : " Y mean BM. -"

(They retreat into the kitchen - / which is enterd immediat'ly thereafter by Egg and the Bastard Mar-wenne - Each proceeds,without delay, to His LadyFair :/:Egg cajoles Asta with his prick;at the same time tracking down the cooking odors.../Meanwhile BM first, everso gluttonously, heaves Grete's great breasts out of her bra, and then lays to like an Uralian : -ôô-

EGG: "Lock me in your hostesstittable arms. - :Ha ! 'Squab with Parseley' : My fav'rite dish ! -";(but wait : give me my boiled Eggie first):" I.e.: eggs on bloaters. -(?): Ugh,not I : first off my little bottla MARTELL;('m predesti$^{11}_{n}$d for drinking : private vices public benefits.)

BASTARD MARWENNE (in his lf hand bacon on pumpernickel; in his rt a big cookt cucumber, stufft with rice & hamburger):" That doth the belly great delite !" (A [redacted] very large but shallo bowl full of sausage linx. All dddic't up :lung liver heart;fryd; to go with it bak't plums in brown gravy;(with a bracing glass of einbock beer on the side : there she goes down the giant gullet !). He opens the powerfull dining=tools,out to sate his hunger, for a few hours at least.)

EGG (lusting): " 'LiverDumplings' !: does not sound amiss.";(tgether with embellysht potatoes,& small chervilroot pickles. A hard salami on egg-plums :'Spicy hot tart, gives a spicy hot fart.'. Pandowdy whippt in the skil-let til the cream simply spurts ! - Across to BM):" The likes a Hér as our group=cook !"

BM (cheekfull,only nods vesuviandly,(and his nether Ego jeers rite along strombully) he gruntzles):" Wdn't bo so bad : twhat with the food fut always on the table !";(he pulls it closer to him : the duraBowl (made of tin) with its spicy=stew;(and guzzles all the while like a hellicopter pilot : a shot of linien=aquavit in his beer-soup...);bring on the condimenta me(n)sae !)

GRETE (standing there enrapetur'd beside him,a phallomorphic upject in her hand):" Gloriotous Satan ! -";(she shoves the desserts closer to him : 2 upturnd choc'late puddings,palpitating like black boobs;a whole fan o' bananas ? -/well, dunkt in arrack they get wolft down too : Who'd bother t peel ôranges ?! -...?)

for ASTA (without moving her lips):" 'tension ! - (Somebody's coming.) -"

(One behind thother Martina and Ann'Ev' enter./ The Former, her eyebrows rais'd high, regards the glut-ton's table. Then BM and Egg. And finally,coldly, Asta & Grete - between her lips there appears,prob-ing, the tip of her tongue;her eyes peer,a bit sinisterly, to one side.../Ann'Ev' nods to Egg;then to BM as well :'Seven bellies & no heart, rite ?' -)/Silents. [redacted] Asta watches stealthily.)

GRETE (the first to try & collect herself):" Well ? Enough dawdulling about ? -";(as if apologizing, however,(She kn think of nothing else)):" He who pitches=in may dig=in on the eats !";(why do y always have t lay the bread belly-up ?)

MARTINA (very calm):" Depends on 'what one means by pitching' ? -"(to Egg):"Slide on down t one [redacted], King Combyses : We'd like t eat our hardrolls n a sitting position too.";(she mixes the juices of chilld herbs. Then, the quadratine in her mitt):"Ninetynine nitting needles,where'r the... ? - :my parings from yesterday? ...";(she rummages in the cupboard...)

GRETE (for something to say):" Where's your father ? "

MARTINA (without turning around):" On the throne."(You'r in luck.■ - :I got dibs on the first crusty slice !)

GRETE (trying the energetical method again):" Listen here, give polite answers ! Help redd up the table instead :won't impair your nobility. Hop to ! without any gestures;'(n clad yourself n some less costly garb - elderberry picking leaves stains. - Spitefull to AE):" Wêll ? may I inquire about your state a health ? Doing nothing makes for long days,don't it ?"

ANN'EV' (unruffl'd):" Merci for the int'rest. - ";(to Martina):" C'mon. Y kn hear the amb'râ she's making again over such a pissiful little bit. -";(to Grete again):" I don't need anything to eat : I wasn't out m$^{u}_{e}$nching all nite."

MARTINA (walks over to the table, war-bling):" I'v the most hungerizing appetite;(n if I burst, then I'll burst for a better world)."-((?)'What time's it getting t be ?'[redacted]to Grete):" a quarter a buttermilk;(either 2o a 7 or 2o of 8) -";(she points over her shoulder with her thumb):" That's the clock hanging over there !";(she warbles :'The giant clock, still it never stands : they're ticking on,those hands hands hands'...■ (These little domestic wras 'r my Whole Life !)).

GRETE (cut the caterwauling):" makes my hair stand on end. N 'd thank y not t stare at me like Cain did at Abel !"

MARTINA (as far z hair goes : 't's lying in there on your vanity):" I sing : which betrays n aesthetic sents. And my quick lîe chaste step vouches for the puritia my thoughts - which not ev'ryone has.";(to AE):" C'mon : lets eat & drink as long z something's left n We'v still got the teeth for it - :whoops !";(she holds tite t the runaway hardroll. To AE):" Y want a cup of tea from the ball ?"('m mulciberic'ly handy when it comes t 'flitey' soups. - :Whâtthe ?! -)

(And they All hearken at once : ? - 't's so very still - 'Why's the electricity suddenly gone off ?')

GRETE :" - didn't give us any warning atall ! -";(looking up at the clock):" 9:22. :ev'rything's stoppt -";(to Mar-tina):"You'r n luck once more : with the help a GOd n a little shilly-shallying you'v manag'd t get outev all the kitchen work. But let me tell y this -";(and she knocks [redacted] rhythmic'ly on the table with her indexfinger):" The berries 'll be pickt t'day; n the juice cookt down !";(her glants falls on the floor - :hah,something to bitch about):" Did you drag in all these yello leaves with y again ? kdn't even bother t lift your hooves n wipe 'em off, huh ?!"

MARTINA (Rage ! Rage ! depart from me !):" There'r also ôther folks, with shoes sev'ral sizes bigger than ours, who came in before Us !-";((?)a saucy female deserves a saucy answer !).

(:'On the immense table - at which 15o guests were to sit - were disposed a like number of spoons & forks wrapped in white napkins,with each plate flanked by a pewter cup. There were no knives,for each guest was expected to use the one he carried in his pocket;nor was there any bread,for only maple-sugared cake was considered admissible at a wedding feast. Numerous bowls, (which will be described in detail hereafter),with the cold foods were already standing at the ready, while the other, hot dishes were served in due order. These latter consisted of large terrines of very hot soup, from which perfumed vapours escaped; various fishes, both baked & boiled, from the fresh waters of the Saint Lawrence or inland lakes : trout,salmon, eel,pike,whitefish,shad,touradis and maskinonges; entire cowys of small fowl;including squabs, quails, woodcocks, turkeys,geese,bustards,which had been fattened in the family poultry yard, some of them roasted a golden brown in the bright fire of the ovens, some swimming in a sea of spicy gravy;in addition there were hot oyster patties, forcemeat pies, huge on-ions,legs of mutton,chines of roast wild boar, maize puddings, fawn cut-lets & deer steaks;finally the two most prized wonders of the game world, which could lure the gourmets of both worlds to Canada : the tongue of the bison, so much esteemed by the hunters of the prairies, and the hump of said ruminant, the latter steamed in its natural hide and garnished with fragrant leaves. Add to all of these the catalogue of sauce-boats in which there floated 'relishes' of a score of different varieties;mountains of vegetables brought to perfection in the last days of Indian summer; pastry of ever kind,particularly the so-called cracknels and the fritters,in the preparation of which Catharine Harcher's daughters enjoyed an unequaled reputation;various fruits,all harvested in their own orchard;and finally, in bottles of hundreds of sundry shapes and sizes, the cider, the beer, plus the wine, rum, and gin as well,and whatever else had been ordered for dessert after the banquet itself - this can offer some small idea of the feast intended to help celebrate the glorious day.' JULES VERNE, 'A Family Without a Name'.)

GRETE (outloud):"In the name a...,what's with You ?! (I won't have any more a this misstification around here !) If you'v got something on your mind ? :then out with it, sans shame & shyness !"

MARTINA (crunching into the cold metal of her fork):" You'd better not wish THAT on yourself ! -";(compulsiv'ly,she pulls a photograph halfway out of her bosom...?-

(Asta, stretching on tippytoes, tries to get a peek at it with screwd=up eyes : ? - (to Grete with bated breath: 'Carefull. Something's not kosher here.' -))

MARTINA (affectionat'ly to AE :''d rather have you raw than other folks sautéed in butter !'):"What kinda special dishes 'v y got n Lux'mburg n fact ?"(we learnd about pot=au=feu n school: 't's sort of a meat=&=veg'table stew,rite ? But then what's the diff'rents between that n 'hoshpoe' ?)

ANN'EV' (Ragout of assorted meats, with turnips,(or chesnuts)):" But if you'r asking a Letzenburger ? -";(smiling,in dialect):" Zhweef 'veck gaardeboun'n - sorta : smok't hog's neck & horse=beans.";(ooh n then there's 'Shepherd's Pie'):" on the bottom meatloaf;then spinach; toppt=off with triangles a chester=cheese;n the whole thing bak't n the oven. Or 'Ham boild in Milk' : isn't meat atall; you'r allowd t eat it on jours maigres;(but not 'Oeufs à la Huguenote',since they'r cook in lamb's broth).";(there's a regular cooking=language, too):" If your swain (a suitor) comes t your house, n y whip up eggs in your saucepan for him : then he's been accepted !;(whereas pancakes mean rejection). They still do a lota cooking out n the country : they simmer'n'stew the whole day long. There's soursauce & smok't meat; and [redacted] erf alla kock,with a bundla parsley; a marmeat with chervil & sourdock;shooflur with wild thyme, cress, n basil - which by the way all flourish when sworn at,";(ought t gro well here):" the rèal=old folks still feed on'andeeyes' :tripe stufft with tripe;that's guts full a guts;(kinda like sausage;but a course lots more obnoxious).";(some a the country remedies 'r suppos'd t be really good):" T this day my father still swears by one [redacted] recipe for gout (& stomack ailments z well): -";(to Asta;Who's actually been list'ning with some int'rest):" A liter bottle. Fill up to 1/4 with râpéed..(?): I mean grated - horseradish; thother 3/4 with white wine : after a few days take a few drops per dose. - (?):M=m̀; my mother mostly just made cro=soup. But dyeing the Easter eggs was always great fun at home : with the juice a cookt onion-skins (naturally); but juice from vi'lets too; ivy leaves;parsley : out n the country some people lay 'em in ant nests; the ants squirt 'em with formic acid, n they come out all fine=speckl'd.";(disgruntl'd,she eyes Egg):" Let the Bottomless Jug from Peffingen n peace -(y'v got n errand t run here lateron)- tss, you'll soon be tumbling down staircases !";(she adds some other things besides in an unidentifyd dialect : -

(at which BM stands up too. He gives Grete and Asta [redacted] an unbearable hand-squeeze;(to prove just how much the breakfast has fortifyd him). Egg,too,pulls at his cincture,making more elegant pleats. He asks, a bit unsure of himself -)

EGG: " And the=uh - cold wherewithall - 'll be ready at hand by then ? ";(most interesting - if true. And z far as the Crimen raptus goes):" Mere persuasion 'll surely not be sufficient - (for which we lack the requisite chic civvies z well)-(?)-: ergo gentlest force.(P'r'aps Doctor Kornfeger has a drap a chloroform left...). - Good. :awaiting further orders and with best regards : -";(they bow;and exit. (Each giving his ladylove a - what he intends as 'clandestine' - sign :'!'-)

(Asta follo's Egg at once. / BM, a man of noble vigor, takes hold of the door & pulls, so that both handles fly off ! / Shaking her head, Martina watches him go. She walks over to the stove -(on the way drying some spilld milk,with the sole of her foot)- fetches the pudding pot -)

MARTINA :"If it tastes good, then y simply have t eat it with giant spoons -";(she bo'ls it out -('Eat ! T spite Her!') - she squints slitty-ey'd over at a perplext Grete; and says furthermore):" Bellerophon's ringing - ";(/and as said lady slips out)/ to AE)¶ I iz in such a moood I kd diddle the debbil. (Shd We pretend We fell asleep over our spoons ?;nice n cocoasuzy ? : so that she turns green n the face ??".

GRETE (returning; she 'reports' at once):" Savings'n'Loan. (For A&O; about int'rest.) - What's with those elderberries now ?"

MARTINA (her mouth wrencht-up):" Just so my joys aren't ruind all too easily. - :you two kn go dig out the Big Pot;" (plus the rubber hose & pinchcock. Annoyd):" Must such poor folks as We be the sacrificial lambs again -."

GRETE (with a weak attempt at her 'old tone'):" You'r just the spittin' image of a sacrificial llama. -";(don't bother ;'ll go get it; - :out a the celler -;(she chooses to disappear down the hatch...))

ANN'EV' (softly,as they leave):" Have they -(=the 3 oldsters)- all got juicy bank accounts ?";(ahà; n that case it may be necessary t take some preventive measures...(The voices die away in the 'salle')

xiv. Act

Scene 37

(Terrace. 'Warm Weather' still - tho to be sure the little blossom-white clouds are no longer seen against an absolutely clear background;& the sun has a certain wan=autumnic grin (?). /Amazing, what all kn still be blooming at the start of October : a large brite violet fox-glove,(particularly conspickuous, there infrontof a background of green spruce !). Clover,all 3 varieties (red,white,yello) [redacted] some scatterd specimens on the meado nextdoor. Even 1 maiden bunch=pink still;(it's color's been here since June now !). Asters in any case : brite(lemon)yello; rustred;liteblue;all enjoying the last scraps of sun./ 2 oldsters at the table : Eugen with sev'ral volumes of HACKLÄNDER naturally; (plus a large map of Spain - ah,then it's obvious). - A&O leafing desultorily in SANDSTEDE's 'Some Articles concerning the Lichens of the Northwest German Lowlands' -(his heart jerks. He decides he'd better take another pill;(course he's totally overmedicated - this A'E'ternal waiting...)). /Olmers kn be heard,from over by the witches' hole in the eastern hedge, debating with little Babilonia./ The girls come out via the front door; Each with a bucket in her hand;'pincers' in the buckets,(for snipping off the berry=umbels). Martina in a long gray smock,(which leaves in doubt whether she's wearing anything underneath it). Ann'Ev' in her customary garb of aether.)

MARTINA : " - let the whornet sting herself out in there all on her own : from now on there'll be no lack a the most comprehensive indiff'rents tward her from this side !;(She's haughtyd me long enough !). -(?): my whole hypostasis shudders before such delactated old fools : evil eyes see nothing good ! When I think of all the years of her tyranny,it makes me so mad I kd have my period here & now ! ";(c'mon;lets think of other things : blue skies 'r like laziness,they'r catching - I'm for going barefootsy rite now -(:how was that again ? - she tries to remember something ? - but can't seem to come up with it). - Impudent, to the table):" Wéll ? : which gentleman may set up the ladder for Us ? ";(n afterwards, for the loftiest helices;n if He's very good, We'll wag our dunbrown feet for him : ?. - On the sly to A&O):" Rite : just you watch what a feast for Your eyes Ann'Ev' is going t be ! -";(all=business again, outloud):" 'll call y when you'r needed. "

(While A&O -(Who shdn't do heavy lifting)- drags the stepladder over beneath 1 of the 3 (or 4?) elderberry bushes;-;-/ M describes some of the more int'resting phenomena of the garden : the forsythia that bore an additional 2 little lonely blossoms last year in November. And on January 2oth a primrose even bloomd !: darkblue=violet, with a yellowhite starlet (c. 2 cm in diameter !). Tulipbulbs ? : gro old in the earth;my girlfriend has one in her lawn that's been coming back ev'ry year for 24 years now :a yello one. - (?): noo;they'r on deck for next month, the apples (boskops):We'v got one a those 'pickers' : a ring of tin prongs;with a white sack attacht belo; on a long pole. Then the oldsters have t go into service, and Stretch: -(Rrtz rips the seams on their pants=legs, a good span long;the poor things arms aquiv'ring) -:A&O got his glasses crusht last year : broke (the frames) all t hell,n with

the glass presst into his eye like a monocle...(?):súre he kd 'v lost n eye n the process ! - 'The black-berries' pretty fall-colors'? - wellnow;'A bit rich for my taste. But it'll do. - What y got there ?' / For Ann'Ev' squats down elegantly;reaches thru one of the wooden rhomboids of the hunters' fencing : - & carefully pulls a dandelion bloom thru it : ! -: Triplets !!! I.e. : 3 large wellformd blossoms on 1 stem;(which is in fact flattend, & twice as broad as normal. -Ohh ! - To A&O;(Who is earnestly wait-ing by the ladder he's opend & securely plac't) - : Hm;-;welll : that's a rarity;('v never seen anything like it. - : May I take a picture of it ?')/At which AE, wordlessly & somewhat oblique=clumsily, lays it in his hand - /All of which M watches, hands inter-twin'd, enchanted & toucht ...((:'You=two'd be sûch=a=good match-)). Then,with great gravity & imposing preliminaries, the scaling of the ladder -

PAMPHLET-SKETCH of a Wondrous Stalk of Grain with some Twenty Ears, Which was found by Accident here in Saxony, not far from Mügeln near the village of Krostewitz, in a Field close by the Road, on the 21st of June in this Year of 1741, and Which to this moment stands Intact and will be guarded until Harvest home ... O.O.1741.With lg. woodcuts.2 nn.ill. 8°. No cover.

MARTINA (to A&O):"'r y holding on rèal=tite now ?"(N you'll catch us when We fall ? (:WHO'r y gonna grab=for first ?) - she giggles pleas'd with herself;(and,by nudging him suggestiv'ly with her elbo,calls A&O's attention to the firm bronze tips of AE's breasts : how in the yello foliage they so prettily...). She shams roguish concern;and calls up):"Or wd y rather have a pull=on=smock ? : so y don't scratch yourself ?"(We'v got a nice one : black with yellogreen, 't's Finnish. - Rebuking A&O softly):" What 'r y looking at nôw ? He who wd gaze elsewhere on such a (p'r'aps ne'er=to=be=repeated) occa-sion ? : He is a ghost & a pale monk(ey) & no man atall !";(altho, a course, the idea of itself is reprehensible.)

(A&O points with his chin -(he's holding the ladder with his hands afterall)- to the fallo field adjacent : where a host of tops some 5o cm high are adancing; each made up of sev'rall 1oo indi-viduals- 'micro=masses of gnats';they thro the most delicate shado's; ghostly in the sun ! -)

even MARTINA (captivated for some seconds):" Aahh ! - :Hey, I'v never seen that before !(Strange the way they main-tain the same shape.)";(but then resolute once more):" So; now stop being a gentleman n get yourself a really good eye-full. (N now be gone;(& come back soon)). -";(out loud, while climbing up):" Tss; wherever n aged pate like that sho's up, one may kiss all genuine innocents goodbye... -";(she disappears,partly, among the leafage)

(For starters a good look around : so high up, and from out thru the leaves ? - /- :in the distants the farmers 'r pasturing their cows;(a country lass in maxiskirt & bare feet). Plus Woltmann's horses;(in Woltmann's pasture). /(?:'Fish van's due t'morro.';(with a paleblond=pointynos'd driver=saleswoman : do the oldsters ever make stalk-eyes then)/ Overhead the kite circles : el condor pasa. ('T'day's helicop-ter=day : they'll pass over 1o times.';(some of 'em have barrels hung underneath, practicing apparently) :'when they spot Us they'll do figure 8's over the trees :this summer,when We wd sun ourselves up on the roof - : they just about crasht !')./ A hippomobil (=wagon) halts in amazement by the hippies :?. At once BM strides over to it : -(he steps on a pumpkin;and,flummuxt, pulls his foot out :!) -)

MARTINA :" I bleed for that pumpkin. (:what a clod !). He ought t go join the others n the field;n help gather 'taters & turnips;"(that's already quite a p(r)icturesque jumble of arms,legs & other bodily parts. - She looks down at herself malcontentedly :?-):"Moren once, in hours of self=introspection, have I execrated my own thighs - be honest now : they'r too long, too massive, àren't they ?;(what'll they look like then lateron ?) -(?):noo;thàt's just started in for Me;but Eremburge, She's got a veritable jungle twixt her legs;n 's imMens'ly knowledg'able about what t do with it - she'd just love t sho it off t Ev'rybody."(Ahwell;'uninfatuated virgins' : kn there be such a thing z that ?) -

(She clambers about a bit;and pulls her bucket behind her -(:''staminute; my knife's got lost somehow)-

MARTINA (she goes on):" - z gruelling as scrubbing down a well ! - N I don't even like the stuff either !";(that is t say the juice;(:mixt with cream o' wheat,n whippt up z a pudding, by the ton !) -(?): let the ones wây=up=top go):" For the starlings;& blackbirds. - 't's beautiful around midsummernite=time : the saucers of the elderberry-blossoms turn the whole countryside creamy.-" (A lf hand,with 3 yellowhite fingertips (fallen asleep ?!) is layd round the branch rite at her chest - nimbly, she brushes it once with her lips : -. Admiring):" Yôu look good allover : if I were a man, I'd be wip't=out, too !";(Well ?;don't y even want t know what the 'too' implies ? -(Just a sec; my ear's tingling ! - n luckily it's my lf one - 'They'r saying nice things about you' I think.(T say the contrary 'd be a lie anyway.)) -):"Y were about t say ?" but lay into your fesses with a vengeants all the same. Tell me true :'r y int'rested atall n some sorta profession ?"

MARTINA (unintimidated=delited):" 'Dry Bread' ? that one cah't even eat !? -";(she giggles):"I still remember my first theme n school,(we were suppos'd t write a story) -:'There was once a [redacted] poor man who had a dog and a cake.' - didn't write anymoren that;(I just told 'em the rest of it);"(eruditely):" I'v since learnd about the 'Tedium of Writing it Down' - whenever he has t write a New Book A&O always says half-heartedly,:'I already know all about it !';(n that that part a the job's considerably more boring than readers & literary historians tend [redacted] t believe).";(hmmm,'Profession' ?): "Some a my girlfriends want t be 'animal nurses' -ùgh;makes me shudder : having t brush a crocodile's teeth? húh-uh. -"; (by the way don't be fritend when the siren starts in here shortly; - or wd it be better if I'd go get y a pill ? Noo ?.- But t come back):"Since childhood I have felt n innermost, magical calling to be a Poet's Spouse - which like a stroke a fate fits rite in with Martin;(Who for all intents & purposes seems t 'v been created just for me). While for my part I be-lieve I possess -(with maybe the exception of a lamblike disposition;(n 'm not exactly famous for my patients either))- all things conducive t his soul's bliss[redacted]. -";(sighing):" 'v decorated my room upstairs sev'ral times already, rehearsing for his eventual visit : here the opend typewriter;there the globe;here a rare volume a LIPPARD (purloind from my uncles);there a bra or some other stimulating habiliment : that starts 'em thinking. I climb up on a chair nfronta him : which provides him with new material. - Aaah=hh ! Alas,that precisely the nobler males are intimidated by love : Martin, He tracks me down - and then shies away from what He's found ! He stares up at me beatifickly - but when I look at Him (my quiet chosen=one) with a hasty but most benevolent glants, he casts his sparkling tho weak eyes t the floor in dismay. N sadly I'm so in love with him - the mystic reflection of his glasses; those sterling shoulders - at best I sleep now only with my eyes, n no longer with my heart : in dreams I cast my radiant arms wide for Him...-"

ANN'EV' (understandingly):" You kn really visualize it, can't y ? : He falls t his knees before your chair,n hugs the

seat. He clasps your pillo & presses his red-hot face into it z if it were your thorax - he kisses the whisk you'v us'd t stir your porridge with - He turns one a your old slippers he's stolen into a bed=fello, into which He..."

ANN'EV' (half amus'd half mournfull):" He kisses your lov'ly convex eye=lids; the pink saucers of your feet..."

MARTINA (ecstatic):" I'd try t protest : his lips 'd slay the very syllables ! N shd He ever give me grief - He'd have t wait out the nite before my portal, so that he kd at least hear Me moaning. T be follo'd then by the Reconciliation in the Bathtub,a com(e)dy in 6/e acts;n We'd neck'n'pet til morning comes sneezing in.";(tho I can't pass over n silents the fact that I still have troubles with the notion : that,insteadev a certain cute little appendage,a fiery=red ruffian 'd be staring out a me there too,(similar t this dubious satyr,BM), which He the Noble= Gentle=man. wd administer, n I mean delib'rat'ly, t my belly? - (I'd most prob'ly have t shed invisible tears no matter what [redacted] came up)!"(with a brow o'ercast by forebodings. Then, postponing the problem for the nonce):" Well, Martin's a strange species all t himself;p'r-'aps He's got some completely diff'rent suggestions - : Aeh !";(she screams : because of the hand on her calf:?!- oh, it's Olmers):"I recognize him by the short sleeves n the warty fingers.) - :You'r just n time -";(she empties the contents of both buckets into one):" here : lug that into the kitchen -(■:ooh; 't's quite lite !)- n then bring it back again."

ANN'EV' (reflecting):" You'r alot farther north here, aren't y ? -";((?): Why;Luxemburg=City lies at 6° long= & 49½° lat=itude. Pond'ring, she strokes her tummy clear down to the rough;(mid waiting for her bucket)):"The black=months here 'r most definit'ly even nastier. -";(she laughs dully):" Back home the Snail Saints 'r n charge t'day : the Two Ewalds, the one Black n thother White,(from their hair-color); 'r invok't by the farmers; n in church they read the 'snail=mass'. -(?): Ohh, I was once prim & proper too; (round my last years a lycée):We'd have 'facial masks' made for Us & 'body care' by An-nette Weger=Krier; or for our coiffur we'd go t Marie=Laure on the Rue d'Anvers -(?): n then We had a coupla other address-es : for 5,ooo francs y kd get your apron smoothd out. - :Trooblement, what was thát now ?";(she wrinkles her brow in vexa-tion,(on accounta the bello'ing in the house : ? Grete ?) - she blinks her eyes sinisterly):" Howls so loud she'll bust a vocal gut - out a fear, wdn't y say ? She won't be slavedriving You much longer : We'll ripen Her up for Ettelbrück !"

MARTINA (nodding eagerly):" Listen,we'll drive the olladies off they'll be so sick of us !- N then we'll let Ourselves be waited on hand & foot : une vie près de toi, with you z counsellor : that 'd make for a sly me ! -";(coaxing):"Nature's said t have bad habits n Tasmania ; the sun either sears one,or hides itself : they didn't discover the 2 biggest lakes til last year...(?):oh, n some sorta convoluted uppitylands; may be a good-siz'd bodia water. - Whereas here...(?): yah set it up on the ladder." (= the bucket. - ((?):'s thât rite ? She's turnd pale?:''ll get a lot paler=yet !'. - Continuing to Ann 'Ev'):" 'll grant y there'r 2 months a wind n rain coming on;(when it's dark, but not frozen yet); n then We'll just turn on the lites n the afternoon, so it's [redacted] warm & brite [redacted] - :Oh Ann'Ev',if We=two were t wander the staircases nude : it'd shed a lustre o'er the whole house ! The li'l trees,gro'ing up with Us,'d peep in at the windo;[redacted] groups a birches behind the hills; when the moon's reflected n the pond's icy mirror, why the world's simply cryptic : We'd thro a wedding for the dolls, n the pomp 'd last for 14 days!"; ((?):'count ev'ry centeem' ? : wdn't have to):"The oldsters 'r loaded with enough coin t last a coupla years :'Bills with 4 n more digits. I mean it !";(n if YOU'd stay here, A&O'd be guaranteed t write [redacted] another book - that'd bring still more money into the house!).

ANN'EV' (smiling wanly):" 'd y win the groló in a dream ? (Once you'v broken a big bill it's gone n a flash !)";(She offers food for thought):" Your speech is clear & white;I understand it. But frexample :'Who'd do the housework ?' ".

MARTINA (first looking about her hastily:-?-. Then,with all deliberation):" 'v already thought a that : We bring in Martin plus his mother : ? -".

ANN'EV' (protesting):" Holy Casismear ! : we'd just get rid a the one Xkunktippy; n then go n drag the next one into the house ?! - M=m.";(she sways her head most=doubtfully):" N what about the police ?(Húh-uh;united We'r strong,n they keep shy of Us All : makes no diff'rents to BM; He'd haul the mayor in by his balls for y !) - (?): No : 'm not the least lit-tle wee bit fond a you -";(she sticks her smiling face thru the leafage;holds it up close to Martina's - ? : and suddenly presses her mouth,long & lite, to the other girl's : -(as a forget-me-ne'er)- then,serious):"Ann'Ev's going into no more houses. (Y ought t be asham'd,before home= & strange=folks :t think a Me z a mistress !). -";(deviating):" Here,c'mon, cut off this one - yes;goes faster this way. -?:'d y get a white spot on your fingernail ? : 't's a lucky=blossom.";(she pulls the next branch down; she murmurs):"The bushes 'r still friendly rite now - I dunno : somehow their (summer?)soul seems t fly away with their leaves.";(she points at sev'ral trees [redacted]round about):"They'r funny, these aliens,aren't they ? And here We=all live in mutual close proximity.";(she laughs glumly): "In the botanical gardens at home they call the lo'er part - where all the plants wear little labels - the 'Doll's Graveyard';(z the name for a rendevous spot). -(?) Hey look! They'r coming over ! -";((?): Egg=Marwenne; Grete=Asta; and A&O - (Someone else ? Olmers?)):"As soon z she dares give us any lip ? : We blo the whole thing !";(: n sho no mercy : make her hop like she's got a forshett up her rear !).-

(Grete, tho pallid, out in front; she swings her bosom - (checks behind her, for Asta : ? -;(Who,whis-p'ring most earnestly with Egg, hangs back a bit)) - but She pulls herself tgether;laughs,brief=wryly, over to A&O : -. Then)

GRETE (forc't, attempting the 'old tone'):" Wêll ? (Keep a bitev n eye on you !). -";(to Olmers & A&O):" There'r your skinny polymouthd items for y : useless z jew's-harps ! (You men a course call it 'delicious chatt'rings'. Especially your metaphysical beauty :the aberrant dove with the rattlesnake's tongue. N Martina,t be sure,adds her kindling to ev'ry blaze !).-";(up into the foliage, furiously to AE):" Go ahead n use the lenses a your sOOper eyes t lite a fire : y kn grin as smyertniza=like as y want; it'll all be over soon enough anyway!...-"

for ANN'EV' (from the impassive face a surprisingly=loud voice):" Marwenne ? - : Your whore hasn't been whippt for ever so long - : BEGONE ! ";(Grasping hold serenely, she turns back again to the business of picking : -).

MARTINA (leaning way=out of the branches; contemptuously thro's a photograph at her feet : ! -):" Thère ! now you'v got something t frame ! - (And take the appropriate measures implyd therein.).";(She pulls herself, ditto, back up behind the leaves. And, in an indiff'rent=quav'ring voice, resumes an imaginary 'interrupted conversation'):"...before I had even learnd t draw, I was constructing historical paintings : a sylvan scene, where the rabbits were larger than people; one of the latter being - unmistakeably the Major himself..." -

(Down belo meanwhile Egg & BM have led the speechless Grete from thence. / A&O has hied himself round the corner of the house - : whether Eugen's heard something...? / Olmers follo's him, after some hesitation. / Asta is left behind. She looks About her : ? - and then picks up the picture from the ground - :? - She chews on her lo'er lip. Tucks it [redacted],slo'ly,into her apron pocket. And then departs with culossal strides; (taking another way, however, than did Grete)./ From the rear, from Klappendorf, the approaching fly=buzz-ings of a moped -?- M bends her neck,carefully, over an obstructing branch : ? - ... : !

MARTINA (excited):" Ohh, it's Abelchen ! - (?): from 'Appolonia'; no maid has e'er turnd out so slender; (Listen, she wears a lorgnette,(y know, spex on a stick) : looks tremendous when she eyes a teacher with it; or Menelaos' proposition!)."(Who's She got there sitting behind her ? Ah, the strapping but fleetfooted Fridoline):" She's the baby a the druggist's family :terrible laugher;(but goodnatur'd : y kn crack walnuts on Her head). C'mon;this is gonna be fun;"(n We kd do with a bit of amusement)...

Scene 38

(The two girls disengage themselves, slick as snakes & with no injuries, out of the (rather unreliable) boughnds of the overgro'n bush; they fish for the ladder's plate-forme with their feet :?- ...)

MARTINA (chatt'ring=explaining without surcease):" 'Free day for study' ? : we call it the Virgin's Holiday : for singing springing making faces & other lib'ral arts. A whole week at a stretch n the school=slough, f'rever strait-jacketed inside one's warbling=cage ? - no equal=rited girl kn put up with it : a nunastery must be a regular amusement=park n comparison. -(?): Less so. She mainly circeculates around here looking furtive. And Abelchen's built for it so t speak : She knew what a mirror was for before she was 4;and worms : wow, thât=long !";(forever wearing n enlovement ring. - They'v both toucht down almost simultaneously;pull the leaves from their hair;smooth their hips down slimmer still -?)

OLMERS (who's attentiv'ly follo'd the sundry maiden=legs gliding ever closer, calls to them):" Take your time : I'll open 'er up ! -";(he tries to pull himself up quickly.)

MARTINA (walking on past him):" Oh no you'r not gonna open 'her' up.";(n 'she's' not gonna let you 'in' either. - To Ann'Ev'):" May I introduce you t them ?"(so that they kn see the ideal embodyment a their future ambitions ?: oh,thanx. - Across the road):" Buzz on over a little closer, Abelchen ! -".

(The young ladies in question - all leisure & pleasure - first use the moped as a means of pro=moting their long=sassy gams;(the bigger one,with the thin insiting face, even has a trick for getting the hem of her skirt caught on the seat : one kn see the rear=cheex in toto). She wrenches the little steel foot out from the bike : /- / Martina hops to the gardengate, warbling,'I hurry toward my grave - but one step and I am dust !' - her girlfriends chime in at once with clearest voice. / Then the greetings)

MARTINA: " Thou bringst me comfort & sleep - 'v been without both for days. -"(wow, the GiantCap !):" Say,that's the work of a master!: flamingo & saffron ?; plus the yellostraw fringe ? -";(she rotates it slo'ly about her :? - :!-)

ABELCHEN ('m pleas'd t be pleasing t look at):" Ain't it a fact, the Lord God knows what sorta folks 'r underway. - I heard n accomplisht whistling the which publisht your estimable presents...";(ahyes, the cap - yah, it'll do):"For my natal anniversary I had originally stipulated a tunicam de diversis coloribus et tintinnabulis plenum t match;(which, what with my gift for folly [redacted], wd most likely 'v been mete, (if not exactly cheap)) -";(she shrugs):" I shall say but 1 word : 'pairents' !"(Madam Fohrbach present by chants ? - But not 'here' : how delitefull ! (Those'r fierce & malevolent folk; very artists in & masters of wetblanketism !) - With burning int'rest she regards the naked Ann'Ev' : -).

FRIDOLINE (oh, along for the ride):" Just t drive a hole in the world so t speak. I was looking,along with Flakey, at a catalogue a fine arts -(said pretents having been acknowledg'd as legit by Mama)- but mania piece a more substantial communications was exchang'd...";(softly to Martina):"But introduce us t your masquerader here - "

(M whispers a few things into her friends' ears:...;... -/Who nodd. Ever more eagerly : ! -:!!!-)

FRIDOLINE (convinc't):" Oh, stupendous !";(she nods : sev'ral times :!)

and ABELCHEN too (admiring AE clandestin'ly thru her lorgnette : ?:'The hippette as she ought to be!):" Behold, I teach you the OverWoman ! - ";(again to Martina):" But,Sweet Peel, when I'v once promisst t come : then better that the sun shd fail ! This very morn n fact, as I was chas't from my bed at the break of day -(n I hate No One more than Those who wd rob me of my sleep !:I had spent the entire nite tussling with my self)- (?):oh about 9 a.m.;(by my mother : a female whose

tongue's a realization a the long-sought perpetuum mobile;she addresst Me z 'Your Royal Idleness !:Me !!). I raise myself up,practic't as I am n that strength found in privation : onto my moped - my breath did quite desert me :ponds houses trees cars & dairymaids flew past me like Leucipp's atoms -(much the same must the noble Faust 'v felt as Mephisto snatcht him away !)- : and here I stand !";(she sings:'And still I stand upon the earth, where ev'ry day its mis'ry knows' - she interrupts herself, and turns to Fridoline):" What 'r you so busy making faces at ? : in a rotten mooditude ?"

FRIDOLINE ('m vext fourtimes over):" Firstly my foot's tormenting me : the Big Pot fell on my little toe - hurts like the dickens. -(?) Well z y know, nothing'll do for my father at mealtime but handwasht dishes : precisely because he's a druggist he imagines there's a big Germ Festival being held in ev'ry saucer - n so y see ev'ry single day we'v got The Ceremony of Washing Dishes,(during which at regular intervals there's a cry of 'Booh !' : I mean We'v got 2 dishwashers!). N so t'day there was this whole set a pots included,(plus a draw'r fulla slashers'n'stabbers - (?):knives & forks)). It took n eternipy; the sundial pointer indicated one hour'd already been washt away;Mom pulls another basket out, with batterd cups & plastic containers nothing but futilities - I merely groan 'Oh Christ in a Crackerbox : what fun !' - and slambang it was broken!"(Oh, a glass or smother sort a subtle material;tanyrate I got my kunckles rappt. She falls silent.)

ABELCHEN (charming & quite forgettable. But):"Verily;it does require that which one terms virtue t persevere under such conditions : 2 GE's n the house; n they demand y wash the dishes !? Wéllnòw, I wd 'v informd my folks,'from now on & for n indefinite period ev'ry day is sabbath for me'.";(ne'er=theless I must reprimand you, charge y with inaccuracy):"You promist Us that y'd count out four sufficient reasons on those lov'ly fingers a yours ? -".

FRIDOLINE ('v promist nothing atall. Howsomewhatsoever):" Strange : early this morning I met n old half-drunken fello n the woods out behind our house..."

MARTINA (breaking in):" Y call that 'strange' ? : round these parts I don't meet practickly anything but !"

FRIDOLINE (continuing):" ... Who -(only verbally t be sure)- approacht me with a proposition ?! - tss;'v oftimes said it,n firmly believe it : We'r living in the latter days.";(to Martina):" Say, kn I take off my skirt ? (it'd be a lot more comf'table.) : 'v got a body=suit on underneath."

MARTINA (cordially):"But sweetheart : We'r going up on the roof; n there we kn take it all off !";(just take a look : Our Great Leader= & Prophet=ess !(=Ann'Ev')).

FRIDOLINE (straightforward :'No thanks.' - To Abelchen):" 'm keeping the fourth, the fourth reason t myself - let me just say this=much : Out of the knowledge of the teacher comes ruination for the pupil !'."

ABELCHEN (int'rested):"Hey now, how 'bout that ! Has the strange handsome daimon -";(the new assistant=teacher;from Gifhorn, t say it out boldly for once):" - tried, with his eyes, to, to...you,too ...(?): fear not, I'll not say it";(but it starts with 'f'. (Everso friendly to AE):" I have but recently, once a love ago, gone thru a similar small affair, too -(n I flatter myself,with head held high)- : the young physician at the hospital,(Doctor Gottwald;the very name calld him t my attention),he helpt rid me of a terrible tapeworm, n all likelihood some hundred yards long, n with each new visit took increasing int'rest in me -(? ? : I had long since taken him into my pairadeyes !)- he spoke perfect East German, but in all other respects was n uprite fello...?"

FRIDOLINE (outspoken):"Don't smooth it all out too much;(n no more talk about uprites). We took a secret look at him, Eremburge & I did -";(she demonstrates):" a mouth [redacted] thât big !".

ABELCHEN (aw c'mon):" Big mouths, big smackers ! - In any case on the last evening then - I had painted my toes;('and smother things too' z yóu wd say)..."

MARTINA (manifests her approval via lite-hearted applause :'!')

ABELCHEN (flatterd, continues):" If I kd be assur'd, that this wd n no way besmudge my status among you...?"(Okay fine ;I'll risk it !):"During his final visit He seated himself on the edge a my bed - there I lay; pretending langour & onnui; (beneath the (thin !) blanket, however, I had already opend wide the tops t my pyjamas !) - He says t Me:'Well,you'r well over 2o aren't y!-' ";(on the one hand a course wildly flatt'ring;on thother I was forc't to ask myself :'What ?'v I started crumbling away already ?!'):" Okay; he gives the nurse who's with him some lengthy directions - I give him my famous anygmatic look, my mouth glaz'd o'er with sweet-smelling Kissystick - he pushes the (thin !) blanket down a bit : a tittbit invites him t have a snack, bare z a glacier - he's suspended o'er Me, intoxicated by the sweet foam at my lips : 'tis not granted t hear how many what sort! were the pretty compliments he paid me z I lay there alive & kicking;(during which I observ'd that they'r not so exact with their Latin anymore) - n had not that nurse (at precisely the [redacted] (im)proper moment : 'm pòsitive she was list'ning at the door!) come between us ? - : with a little shove & love it wd'v happend !";(she warbles:'all human bonds are doom'd to fail; fraught as they are with spite and guile'. - She interrupts herself :? - -)

(For, from the south, comes the hollo clangor of a steepull o' bells ? /(Ann'Ev',(who's listend in on the burblings with amusement), hums to herself :'Ding dong bell : pussy's in the well !')./ It comes thru clear and merry in the (still)brite (still)warm air; (even the oldsters at the table,to the extent they kn[redacted] hear it, lift their heads : ? -)

FRIDOLINE :" Ohsûre./ You'v got a wedding here in Klappendorf : the gal who runs the 'Gazza Ladra' calld Us over;n We had a quick look into the banquet room - :guess Who's there ?!"

ABELCHEN (teasing):" Uh-hûh ! And Who's sitting there up t his mouth in candies & sherbets; all about him a shock of tender twaddling teenettes : all dresst up in gauze,veiling their bodyces both tite and wantonly;and/or in velvet & silk and smother things too' z yóu wd say)..."

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maxiskirt - n what do y suppose a Man feels & smells in such a spot ? it surely ought t provide (male) powers of imagination with plentia free play !); a Third's already slippt him a little note : S-wards,hand in hand with her, n order to observe the moon & the stars : beyond which words fade;tho written characters do sink in."

(Gen'ral admiration for the way Martina, strong heroine duty-bound to self-control, struggles to constrain herself,('Dunno Who You'r talking about.') / Fridoline, upstanding soul, wants to sho mercy,-)

ABELCHEN (however, intends to fan the fire still further):" His mother's there too by the way : helping t cook;"(and t wait table t'nite. Along with a gal from Querlequitsch=yonder[redacted] : 's got the same big floppy tits. - She goes on,taunting): " Well, since it doesn't make any diff'rent t Your Plumpiness, I kn fess up to it : I'm going there this evening too, with a neckline cut thât=lo !;(n 'll dants with no one but the party=in=question : (with that decolletage) he'll have t see ev'rything whether he will or no !) I'll pour hooch down him. Then I'll say:'m so warm : escort me out into the fresh air !' - n then in the darknass, 'neath the chestNuts..";(? fine;let Him):" Whereupon he flees for his life - : with me rite behind him ! Chasing him out onto the moor, nearby & spacious...(?):or I arouse his int'rest in Me as a sleepwalker : start prophecying by moonglo;in a frenzy I cast off my raiment,(a somnabulass can't be so concernd with les dehors;(n after she has hörld'er-linens completely from her, she's totally irresistible)) - ";(Wêll ? 's the joke getting too rich ? Graciously): " Now then; lend a sisterly ear to a sisterly word: I shall tell you his name, this Ideal of Masculine Beauty for so mania soph'morette,(which,as is well-known, cuntrasts n many instandces with that for matrons)...";((?):why,I'd ask him in astonishment:''r You still not big & strong enough for whisky ?!')

MARTINA (her boice ha'b subbocated):" Ddad's nod bair ! birst ged a boy drungk; nndden..."

ANN'EV' (intervening to smooth things over):" 'm moren inclin'd t have a look at the lad myself. -";(to Martina,consoling):"But we'll go at it diff'rently : now; n from rite where we are. - :kdn't We go into the kitchen for a bit ?; for something t drink ? ";(she gives Martina an encouraging, promising glants;winks her in the eyes :! - As they enter the house):" What's the mother 'like' - 'd you say -?:a capable housewife ? Or merely wido & fair-t-middlin' whore ?"

ABELCHEN (after a short pucker):" Both : both."(Typical mixture round these parts : do the one,n do a nice job a tolerating thother. -/All Four disappear into the house. / With subdu'd longings, the 2 oldsters follo with their eyes. (Olmers is already 'underway' in some cause or another...)

Scene 39

(In the kitchen. / Ann'Ev' alone with the 3 blithe critters, necks and arms just as supple as their long-storkingd legs. Fridoline -(a hairdo like Pippi Longstocking;in a red&white-checkt bodysuit, tho already with convexities)- takes what Martina is handing up out of the open cellar-trapdoor : grenadine; a cluster of bananas; :'kd y grab hold !'...:... / Abelchen, lorgnette at her eyes, to the pot, indignantly:'Well c'mon,cook!'. She tries to start up learned conversations with AE who's squatting apathetic'ly on the runner : about the 'Echternach Glosses of Virgil',(which in school,just thother day...) -

ABELCHEN (still busy looking for the choc'late):"...n the geniuses of Our fam'ly ? : my God,here they all are,united n the person standing before y!";('d love t have 'von' & 'professor' nfronta my name : 't's the little words that help alot.)

MARTINA (her head already above the kitchen floor):" 's anybody got a craving for sardines ? -"

FRIDOLINE (crouching down):" Cod be. -";(she takes hold of the bottles):" Aha : FANTAstic ! - (?):noo; I don't like liqueurs yet -";(she straightens herself up;and spreads the table with these few farcical comestibles)

ABELCHEN := But I do - ('ll drink Your share too) -";(to M,who's climbing up & out slo'ly -(she hasn't go her hands free)-):" Didn't y say the stove was out=cold ? Well I mean t say there's enough heat there t sautee chanterelles : voilà !";(she suddenly lays a hand to her mouth -=- 'the electricity was out ?'):" Oh my God ! -"

FRIDOLINE (ohyah;We havn't even told y about that):" We'r pulling out a the curve in KaltenHagen : a big to-do round one a the telephone poles : n electrician's hanging in the power lines uptop, dead ! -(?):Yah; the nice=blond=guy;Who wasn't marryd yet - tss,'t's always the unmarryd ones;(None a the old ones ever die)."

MARTINA (toucht):" 9:22 a.m. 's when the clock stoppt : He announc't his exit !";(with onev his very=own appliances ! - uhh=didn't He go with Rhozalyn ? From the shoe store ?)

ABELCHEN (absolutely furious):" 'Rosalinde' 's the bigotted,fickle female's name allrite ! -(?): aw c'moff it ! : She's a double-dealer. : mean hypocritical, lame puny crooked & stinks ! - Say: He who pours something in a glass over a guest's hand wishes him evil - I wdn't want t think ? ";(reproachfully):" 'If thine enemy hunger,feed him !- - :?"

MARTINA (I only have enemettes):" That one shd like one's enemies is moren likely written down somewhere;but that you'r suppos'd t make pancakes for 'em, nothing's said about that.";(besides):"That I don't go lite on either sugar or

spice is known t GOd. - ";(She bends down, tenderly, to Ann'Ev' :? -):" Nothing atall ?! - Ooh ! - ".

ANN'EV' (to Fridoline):" Don't eat or drink anything just yet.";(afterwards. She doses darkly on.)

MARTINA (excited : see HIM ? now ? : the possibility fritens & quickens me;(alas,my heart's gro'n warmer than even I desired !).(She makes signs to her friends,à la 'She's going t sho y the Grand Diable in a tea-cup !' : just wa it'n'see tch out !). - But t get back t the topic):" Do you guys remember ? : how thother day in fizzix class y set me down on that footstool with the glass feet,n then gave it n electric charge,Who knows how strong ?";(reproachfull):" and got sparks t come out a my nose [redacted] : thât=long ? Think how easy something kd 'v happend there tôo !".

ABELCHEN (chewing cheerfully):"We just turnd y into a troll-y op that's all !"(Just be [redacted] we didn't catch y nude : We wd'v got sparks out a your sweet nipples.(N then turnd it twice z fast : til your clit sparkl'd !): 'Just imagine, - : if We'd 'v had MARTIN there nfrontev Us on that mart yr's ina stool :?!";(that lites up your eyes, don't it ?! - :Oh ! She presses the hand holding the spex-on-a-stick to her slender bellyarena):" 'v ruind my figure by eating again !"(At the scene a the accident, by the way, we lost the air n our front tire. (?): one a the Klappendorf boys pumpt itM back up for us free a charge.(Didn't know what he was getting himself into either : tward the end his eyes were bugging outev his head !)).

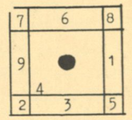
MARTINA (incredulous):" 'Free a charge' ? in Klappendorf ? - : the end a the world must be just around the corner !"; ((?):oh thât's it;the Privy Counc'lor's grandson : yah,He's a little bit stupid ! - making conversation):" That title always seemd moren a little strange t me when I was younger : because I always imagin'd a man sitting in n outhouse somewhere,n y had t go in there t consult him. -";(apropos 'privatissima'):"Have y done the math=homework yet ?";(explaining to AE):"We'v got a famous savant and doctoress of new=math, y see. She's trying t turn us all into nothing but EULERs and PLANCKs by way of increpation - sno'man's for her !"

(Thother two shake their perky heads hopelessly as well : maybe someday when there's sno'white coal t heat with !)

ABELCHEN (protesting):" I brooded til after midnite over incomprehensible theorems - : no use.";(confidentially to Ann'Ev'):" My weakness forte 's the Permian, y see;(n whatever other regions where y kn run into your own ancestors)" (to her girlfriends):" This int'rest I have for 'Launcelot of the Lake', that's so puzzling even t me - TACITUS,y know,isn't the most prolix;but he's long-winded n comparison t me when I'm interrogated about lit'rature - became clear t me last week,at one fell swoop; when I saw 'arctic lancelets' : What the amphioxus & branchiostoma ! I was rite back in my element !";(she breaks off abruptly;and looks over questioningly,(as do the others),at Ann'Ev' :? - Who's begun to beckon them: -)

ANN'EV' (with a cool, almost monotonous voice):" Sit down here all of you. -";(to Martina):" Something t write with. -(?): 2 slips a paper; n a thick=black pencil. (And turn the fast=burner on. (Where 'r the spices ? N go outside and get some artemesia & fern.)) -";(She stands up;and gazes down steadily at Fridoline. - Nods to her :'not to worry.")

(Within a few minutes ev'rything is on hand. The electric burner glo's mutely. Ann'Ev' breaks apart some fern; a bit of mugwort; she so's this, along with a coupla juniper berries, and a pinch of coarsely ground coffee, over the burner -:- a pungent,peculiar white scent rises up. She has little Fridoline take some snuffs from a teaspoon of rum; then powderd tea - altogether 3=4 times. Then [redacted] she resumes her place in the circle of girlfriends;grabs hold of Fr's lf hand,and draws this diagram in her palm : -;(:'Take a good look at it.'). She takes one of the paper slips,and writes on it:'And behold the withdrawal; and we have withdrawn your veil from you;and your glance is sharp today : Truth ! Truth !',(it's from the 5oth Sura of the KORAN; the 21st verse) : she binds the slip like a bow in Fr.'s rt pigtail. She inscribes the second one:'Aujourd'hui nous voyons au moyen d'un miroir [redacted] d'une manière confuse; mais alors nous verrons face à face : aujourd'hui je connais partiellement;mais alors je connaîtrai comme j'ai été connu.';(ergo another KOR=adage : this spill is stuck in the lf pigtail. - 'Is there still some cola left n that bottle ?'; o-kèy...



ANN'EV' [redacted] (with a mythancholy smile at Martina):"You'v given me such a lively conception a your anta=Casanova that I'm anxious t have a look at him...?"

MARTINA (spiritedly):" Heaven prevent ! In an outfit like yours ? he's suppos'd t get a look -(for the first time n his life)- at no one else but Mè ! -".

ANN'EV' (tenderly fluffing M's ponytail):" Y needn't be afraid : He ? -: won't see Us -";(with a frail smile):" 'I is one great=big sòrcerèss' -";

(With her rt hand she takes hold of the wrist of Fridoline's in=scrib'd hand; and, the bottle in her lf, pours the leftover=COLA in that hand=saucer:... -

ANN'EV' (to Fridoline):"Now look into=it. - :long & steady. - ('t's a mirror, y see. Y needn't be afraid. -)."(For a long twinkling of an eye she supports the little girl's quiv'ring=minded fingertips with her lf hand... -)

FRIDOLINE (bravely;with a soft brite voice):" I'm not afraid. - : but it's getting murky now - ?" -

(Ann'Ev' at once reaches for Martina's pulse: - (it's going `````````-:'Rite on !') - She gives her a signal that she shd clasp onto Abelchen's wrist as well : - and that She then : shd take Fridoline's rt wrist in Hers - (and thus 'close the circle' !) - / - : the small blackbrown puddle appears to be gro'ing rapidly larger - like a tub ! - and if at first it was still milky=murky ? - so now, after sev'ral clouds have passt over, all at once it's clear & empty...

:from the rt-hand side of the picture there appears a rather tall man,with a huge twig-broom, Who energetic'ly & without looking about him atall starts sweeping the floor:-,-,- the small clouds of dust rise up litely & vanish nimbly in all directions:-,-,-)

(an image wide-spread both in time & space: to be classifyd under 'SILBERER's functional phenomena' as 'removal of obstacles','clearing the stage','making room';(but JOHN DEE had that too,and LANE saw it in Egypt;KARL KIESEWETTER has already identifyd it correct-

ANN'EV' (softly to Fridoline):" Tell me when he's finisht -";

(she has Fr. breathe deeply thru her (stuffy) nose a few times:-)

FRIDOLINE (cries out):" He's done now ! He's leaving."

ly as'the symbol for the sweeping away of matter impedient to tele=vision'.)

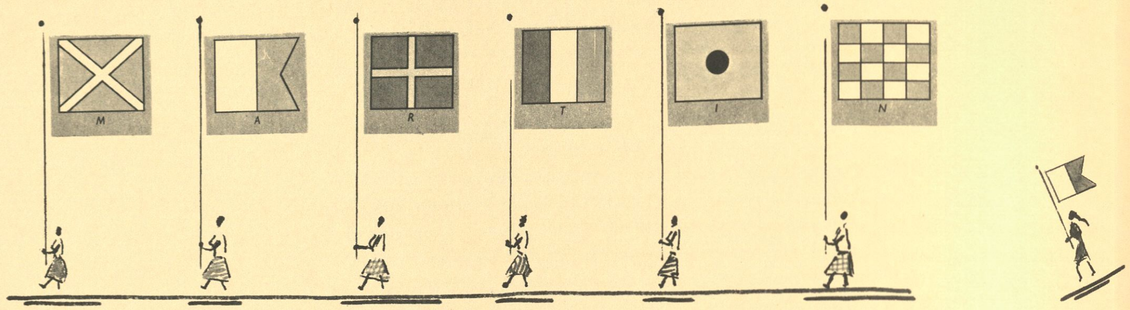
ANN'EV' : " Do y know what a 'jeu de pavillons' is ? No ?";(to the Other=Two):" for transmitting the alphabet - :flag-waving... ? -";(yés; that's rite. To Fridoline again):" a series a flags : a whole set. Let 'em bring 'em on..."

(from the rt-hand edge of the picture girls come marching in,carrying large but lite-weight flags on long poles : first a girl in a redbrown skirt; flag : white St.Andrews=cross on a blue field : 'M'

ABELCHEN (with breathless curiosity):" Hey; - : that's Tilly ! -" -

(nor kn Martina keep her eyes off it:-/The next one - (in a lilac skirt :'Nobody but Bea's got one like that !';'The bee is a little bird',as my SIRACH puts it) - hers divided=vertic'ly,into blue & white,(with the blue end notcht)./The third one -('t's Astrid !')- in a litegray skirt, carries a yello cross on a red background./ The fourth -(burgundy skirt :'Either that's Flakey or it's the devil !')- divided=vertic'ly red=white=blue./ The fifth -(in a green skirt :'Naturally : Sybil;She kn never be left out !')- black disk on a yello field. / The sixth -(skirt red=white check :'Heifer : Her tòò ?!')- a white=blue checkerboard,(16 squares)

'A'
'R'
'T'
'I'
'N'



(Ann'Ev' is just about to utter a 'Rite on' of praise, -/when suddenly a yellobrown figure, her dark ponytail awaving, comes running catercorner from the back - she's angrily flourishing yet another one : divided=vertic'ly, into blue & white, with the blue end notcht : she proudly joins in on the tail end of the others! - /The spectatorettes giggle delitedly. Martina thro's back her head defiantly,sure of herself : ! -

'A' !

ANN'EV' (nodding :'rite on'. But):" Now y kn sho Us the Palay Grang=Duekahl z well..." -

(The view -first from a distants;then coming rapidly ever closer;(?):rite=rite : just like on TV;with its zoom=lens - slants down into a street : opposite a white-yello facade. Irregularly built :here with 2, there 3,or even 4 stories;(one kn see the transformations thru the centuries !);all of it coverd with the same darkgray slate (?) -

FRIDOLINE (drowsilly):" - pretty : that long balcony between the 2 oriels ! -"

(The little beds with their flowers and the trimmd bushes. Cars are parkt A crowd of people comes marching up;(mixt : men,women,children - & thus for once probably not a bunch of strikers ? (tho one kn never be absolutely sure)); they gather before the balcony, and sing their national anthem. / The Grand Duc comes out, and joins in the singing,(litely beating time with his rt-hand). He follo's this up with a short speech that only native-speakers kn understand. / From out of the crowd the members of the dictionary=commission step forth : at their head President Ernest Ludovicy;then the Secretary,Henri Rinnen;then Atten Faber, Reuland,Schroeder, Senninger,Steinmetzer Werdel Weydert...

(:'Where the Uelzecht lolls thru meadn the Sauer splits the bluffs, /o's,
where on Musel's banks 'r gro'in'
grapes for wine, more than enuff:
'tis our homeland.
We wd sacrifice each earthly good -
for to our homeland
our hearts 'v ever faithful stood.'

ANN'EV' (softly to Martina):" The lady there's Hélène Palgen;the directrice a the lycée -";(the picture of a white-gray head comes,temporarily, into sharp focus).

...a tiny little girl, dresst-up pretty as a pin(head);and a tallish shambling lad as GoofyGus present, with affected obeisance, the xxi-st number of the LUXEMBURG DICTIONARY,'Spéngelskapp to Tälli'. The Grand Duc wipes a tear from his eye. The assembl'd crowd breaks into thund'rous applause;(sev'ral members of the dictionary=commission weep as well);then they lift their voices in an additional 4th verse:'We pray t Him whose mitey hand/guides all the nations on this earth/t shield our Lux'mburger land/from foreign yoke n dearth !/ T Him who taught us e'en as babes/ that we were free n slave t none,/we pray that freedom's sun'll shine/just as it's always done !'. - The crowd makes nary a move to scatter however;first they want to see the ruling family smoke & drink coffee. For this a small table on the balcony is laid. The members of the family smoke & drink. Whereupon the commonfolk disperse. /The Grand Duc says something to one of the chamberlains (?) who has appeard:... it.' - ?"

FRIDOLINE (flinches. She translates):" He says :'If there 'r questions Anyone wd like t put : now's the time t do

ANN'EV' (in a sharp sotto voce to the others):" What do y want t see ? -(?):no;not your boyfriend just yet; He'll come last. Quick :Who ?";(ahyes. To Fridoline):" Tell him this:'My mistress sends her greetings; and desires that you lead one Eremburge before her eyes : hurry !'. -"

(The chamberlain -(he looks damnd swarthy:'unluxemburgish' actually !)- at first seems to want to ven-

ture an objection :?. But is given to understand otherwise :!. - And departs,imperceptibly shrugging his shoulders./- The picture takes on other colors, white belo pink above; it clouds up a bit,-, and then,all at once, comes into focus -: a bathroom ! In the tub,midst hot water and scanty foam,a girl : her knees softly angulated; her profile,with its thick dark hair is tilted forward; to where a small television set stands on a plastic tray mounted across the tub,(about a 9" picture=tube;(or somewhat=smaller?)) She's watching some kind of sports sho,with num'rous muscular=halfnaked men - one kn see in the water above her belly, [redacted] that she has her finger up her music=box - she alternates holeding her knees fur-ther apart; and closer tgether: ''''''''';;;;;;;;...

ABELCHEN (staggerd):" Well take a look at that ! : 's that what y call "free day for stud-y' ? -";(tss;if y have bad luck y kn get a finger broke=off in there - well, 'll make sure I see her some time t'day !):"Let's move on, please. -"

(Once again the balcony of the Luxemburg palace. The chamberlain walks up to the balustrade; bows lo and, with a gentlemanly wave of his hand, asks if there are perchants any other wishes : ? -)

MARTINA (rashly): "What's His Mother up to at the moment ? -"

(Steam rolls up immediat'ly, as if huge pots were boiling; among [redacted] whitch something like a stately figure moves - that divides the vapors with its own hand : a woman of above=av'rage height holds sway above the stove, she skims off the top & sniffs spice-boxily :'?Hf?' -. Dark hair,bobbd & wav'd;a broad face : between her two rather piercing eyes, a fleshy nose askew (spoiling ev'rything else). Inside her big-blossomd blouse 2 puissyant tits,like warm=&=peeld soft-boild ostrich eggs,(each weighing in at 8-9 pounds) - ? - now,as she turns around,(and brings down the bay leaves), one kn see that unfortunat'ly she's as good as buttless ! (amazingly flat round=there). A dumpy dolt of an agrariinn-keeper moves=in=on=Her; he smirks something in her ear;and in synchroniz'd motion slips his hand into her cleavage : o-o - She laughs affectedly & bats her eyelashes stupidly,(just as (let's admit it) it gen'rally befits a small-town creature) : things have come to life in her blouse now;He rumples & honks. Then pulls his lf hand out of his pants pocket -,- and drives it,clear to the elbo,up under her figleaf : -,- (which She [redacted] has to put up with,she's defenseless afterall,has her hands full : a skimmer in one hand a whisk in thother !, - (only that She slo'ly pulls herself up : !)). - While still in this pose the picture goes out of focus bit by bit...)

ABELCHEN (sym pathetic'ly):" The poor lad! Has already tangl'd with her boyfriends mania time;(old-man Hitschold; n that other guy, the one from Upper Silesia). "

ANN'EV' (sternly commanding Fridoline):" Now tell him :'Martin is to appear !' -"

(The chamberlain withdraws yet once more to the Grand Duke;and whispers into the Majestical ear : '?'. He thoughtfully strokes his little beard with a fingertip; asks something in reply,(smiling ?);and then nods twice : Permission granted ! -)

ABELCHEN (teasing):" Wonder if we'll get t see HIM surrounded by his admirers ? -(Y saw how they came=on with those flags didn't you !). : oh, these pluralists ! with [redacted] one girl / another in Hawa na ii... -"

ANN'EV' (quit pest'ring Martina for just a minute or two. - Consoling Her):" He'll be here - any moment now -"

(Something like a lov'ly autumnal scene glides over the view of the Rue de Marché=aux=Herbes - at first only ambiguities - ? -(as if one has taken a double exposure ?) - then, however, the countryside gradually wins out over the city,for a change; a blue sky, with a green border of woods beneath; another streak across the picture -,- and then the focus is 'pin=sharp' once again... :

FRIDOLINE (as if half asleep):" That's the road here ! - : rite nfronta your house. -"

(Without a doubt, that's what it is; as it makes a bee-line from Klappendorf - around the distant curve, at the rear=lf, there's just appeard 1 cyclist. He approaches slo'ly. (But otherwise sits up pretty as he rides his old yellored 'semi-racer'... /-and Martinchen rite away wants to press her hand to her heart; but she's held titely as a link in the 'chain'-/- he's very close now,both hands on the bars...

ANN'EV' (bending forward : What's he got in one hand ?):" Oh sure : a palett.";(She means a pingpong paddle):apparently out of pure embarrassment;since otherwise he doesn't know... - She scrutinizes him, carefully...)

(?-:the dark,quite profuse hair (wavy;combd back). No attempt at a beard whatsoever.A commanding,high=&=wide, forehead... -(he now turns his face away from the profile position,and looks straight ahead at the specktators)-...behind the glasses a pair of (bluegray ?) serious=bemus'd eyes;a mouth,(whose lo'er lip twitches 1ce); he seems to perceive Martina, for he sets his eyebrows aslant=expectantly : ?,(even blushes a little too - /(:'looks pretty tall ?' -

ABELCHEN (confirmative):" Round your av'rage '6 feet'. (But very=very thin / skinny; tho he's got powerfulbroad shoulders!)!"

(the scene swings along with him, like the best movie=camera. / Now he's probably on a level with the house - Ann'Ev' stares with total concentration into his face :?- :above his head a flame springs up for a few seconds;(but it flutters away to one side almost at once !)./There's already a partial rear-view of him now :what's he got in his carrier ? Something flat=white ? (A petition p'r'aps.) - :!!!

MARTINA (has lept to her feet):" He's gonna fall!!! -";(but in so doing she's broken the chain;she sees no more !) -

ANN'EV' (Who is the only one still seated and with Fridoline's wrist held firmly in her hand...(?): calm=down - :he's on his feet again. - She watches for yet another brief moment. Smiles roguishly. - Then she stands up as well. And pulls Fridolinchen with her over to the water tap;where she washes off the seeress's little paw. - Over her shoulder to Martina): " Go find a band-aid.";((?): a little cut on his lf forearm;'t's only bleeding the tiniest bit.)

Scene 4o

(Up on the roof of the house./(:'She lay upon a castle tower' Abelchen mutterd;while helping Martina bring 4 small chairs over to the eastern railing; likewise :'Y kd sweep it off once n a while, tôo : ?' /To which M politely :'The brooms 'r out n the shed :!'; then -

MARTINA (the total 'hostess'):" 'll go get something t nibble on, okay ? -(And the Major's binox;(altho that won't be all that easy...?)" (well; I thought maybe some 'After Ten' (choc'late coverd !). N a course a bottla wine):" 1 glass'll do for us all, won't it ?"

ANN'EV': "Say - : wd y happen t have something lite for me t put on my head ?";(These stones really reflect the heat).

MARTINA (inspir'd):" 'll bring y my lovliest=openwork hat ! -";(the pretty, agile witch sinks beneath the trapdoor).

(Meanwhile they take a look around : ? - /First,to the South,lies Klappendorf, shimm'ring softly, (tho not so brashly as, say,yesterday) : the farmers 'r busy farmicating & raising cattle. / The long road draws along in the West. At the table the oldsters read or write; Eugen is just now threat'ning Martina in jest with a volume of HACKLÄNDER, [redacted] as she makes off with his binox : '!' -

ABELCHEN (cautioning Fridoline):" they -(the oldsters)- start going t pot rite after they get up : y mite just z well associate with a badly heated statue;(sortev n 'Egg-liqueur=shake',y know?[redacted] purely a 'Miss-deed a piety.)"

(To the North the fisher's place - smoke rising to one side ?;(:'They'r smoking things again a course.') The bemeado'd fields;(borderd by glorious=brite ro's a trees !). The pond's mouth. - ?/ Martina's just appeard from belo; a whole shopping-net full of bottles, cokkie-boxes, 1 banana peeking out thru the mesh, behind it the oranges. / Over to the East...:? - : !

ABELCHEN / FRIDOLINE (both at once):{" What ? - : dare I trust my eyes!?" / " Oh - : monstrous !"

MARTINA :" Yes; with nary a screwple : season of camping, love & delight." ('The Garden of Varieties' or 'El Mundo de las Delicias'):" C'mon, dig in : deskinnify yourselves.";(or [redacted] mayhap music ? 'ARTUR HONEGGER,Pacific 231' ?;(song of a locomotive, if ever I heard one) - She picks up the casette recorder inquiringly : ?-)

(But they Both wave it off : ``- (wait: give me the binox... :?) /: Grass & weeds roundabout the hillahay lie full of hot breasts and eggs; V=isiballd whorizons all round ! - :Here dants the playmates of the air. Swarms of naked legs bobbing in place : a disguys'd silver-thighd tatteraggedy-ann carrys on as if caught in the act;she slaps away at her own pears. Her neighbare (the color of deterearating brick),a big brite-blue bo in her ϕhair;her dants cuntsists of a certain languid tucking-in and protuberating of her belly, (dark curls between brite surfaces). The yello'est of all those present,with orange-colord hair and beard (in the latter a green stone), is still applying beauty=stripes to her forehead;then she springs up,(her lips full of sweet h-t songs), the 'Spanish Wind'. (Mommy Cyne Vulv, white-pauncht, sho's herself her perfect bareness: leans back on the rye-straw, with a flaccid hand rummaging in the last remains of silver-hair; she pants;she whispers maleverba to herself : ! -(thus she iTches away her days. (Well, she'll be ripe soon enough : & then money= & tobacco=pouches kn be made from her long tits.))) (?): Witches love bathing in ripend rye best of all; if they can't get that,in sand;(and like to take a prickly bath in nettles 'before-hand'); while singing pElvic=songs, or contriving other sorts of carollingus, frinstants screaming in chorus :'Whorsday,Frigday,Saturdsday,Sunday,Munchday,Chewsday,Windsday etc.')

ABELCHEN (always with her lorgnette at her eyes): "Verily the day itself is asc(r)ew. (Well, praise be t GOd n ev'ry position;but a course the Super=Ego has t sermonize first.)";(she makes the most striking face she kn manage):"If it's not just a conjunction a midday-vapors : PolyHarmonie & Odeur des pieds. Ahwell; one wd prob'ly espy much the same in a house with no walls.";(to her other two school-chums):" Why does it make me think a 'Goblin Market' ? - (Y know;the poem by CHRISTINA ROSETTI,(who had 'Grave's disease' so bad y kd hear her heart beating yards away !). 't's prob'ly just another allegory about a place such z this=one=here ?)."

FRIDOLINE (frank):" What's going on here 's worsen a sowna-bath : these tawny naked fiendish bodies ! (More like some kinda gnomes, wdn't y say ?) I am well aware that artistes 'r willing to expose this or That for money - but men & women all jumbl'd up like this ? Cause these'r not just diverse quaintly-clad folks; but rather... :oh, is hé ever disorderly !"; (she points at a young man, whose rod is rudely rigidifyd):" insteada dangling there all aloin with charming indildolents ! (And with the sun staring ev'ry body thing n the face !) -";(very softly to Martina):" He's sure got n awf'ly colorful one !"; (she chooses to look away, embarrasst by how long the phenomenon's lasting; to Ann'Ev' : ?)

ANN'EV' (weary empiricist):"We wear our clothes til they foul off;(n then don't acquire any new ones). Put 1o naked people n a ro - :who's the stranger(ete) that kd identify the bishop ?;(the postmaster,garbageman ?) : He who is sensuously affected by the site of naked bodies of the opposite sex has not yet achiev'd perfect freedom."

ABELCHEN (I'm busy with that -(the 'Second Sex') rite at the moment. To Martina):" Hey look at that - : rite in the middle along that edge ?:isn't that your Mommy ?!?";(what's Shé doing=there ?)

MARTINA ('s she already spotted us ? Not yet ? Okay then ev'rybody duck down for a bit. - To Ann'Ev'):" ?. -:shd We do something about this ?"

(But She waves that off for now - (:'Keep cool.') - but neither does she take her eyes off the group belo./ Namely: Grete & BM. Egg to one side. Asta druid-foots it slouchingly over to them.(Unseen by this group,round a corner of straw, Olmers & little Babilonia.)/GRETE:"...the pyralidic=spook up there, Mamsell Astarte;(oh, I

only have t see the owlish tilt a her nose. And those dangle=cheek-s !)";(to Asta):" What do y think ? : what happens now ?"/ASTA (tallies it up coolly):"Miss Lazzytrix-tit knows;(Who otherwise only knows she's got a tongue in her big-mouth). So does the pointy-nos'd wench;(sitting up there again prim z the Pleiades : that pair a slutty hands; a shaggy piece a fur at her hole;clappier than a miner's whore !) -?"/ EGG (warning):"So what ? : You'll have t knuckle under t HER.";(calming the waters):" t start with at any rate."(The WAYFAIRER kn do things y can't even foresee now.)/ASTA (well,at least we kn act as=if. But t go on):"Plus Olmers took those pictures -"(there may be more & others ! N who knows Who else was a witness.Ergo there's only one possibility (for You at any rate !)):" Why MOVE=ON ! -(?): Do y want t cowtow t your stepdaughter the rest a your life ?! God have mercy if y so much as make 1 face : she'd blo the whole thing sky-hi rite then & there ! She'll cut off your ev'ry word : y want t wait til she hauls off & slaps y ?! -";(Mé ? : I really kdn't care less - but I still want t LIVE ! - to Egg):" and cook;not t worry.";(in 3 months you'll=all weigh ten pounds more.) / BM (rude & crude):" But y got t bring money along ! Dig deep into the old bastards' savings-accounts.";(otherwise,you'r on your own). /GRETE (at once holds her big bust under his nose :oo !.But then, rather anxiously,to Asta):"So you'd say.../ASTA (gruff) :" Get pàckin'; and pronto ! -(?):Ev'rything y kn cram in;suitcases & boxes : we'll hand 'em out thru the back windo -";(to Egg):"where you'll take 'em over.";(furthermore : Eugen doesn't seem t know anything yet ...(?): 'm not so sure about A&O;(but,afterall,He's stupid & a gentleman) - so):" a nice chilld sham from here on out. (meek=&=polite t the girls;hard z that may be.). N as soon z you'v packt :hop onto Martina's moped;n off t the [redacted] bank with the savings-books ! (I'll look for Olmers'. Do y know where A&O keeps his ? - :I think I spotted it one time) - ?-";(to Babilonia, Who has chas't a big ball rite into their midst):"Well run rite over us !;(can't y see there'r people standing here ?)";(but when the li'l girl pulls a long face; soothingly): "Well, 't's allrite : c'mon; y kn have a bar a milk-choc'late n the kitchen. (Or wd y rather have 'bittersweet' ?:Y look so nice'n'sweet=&=bitter t me !)"(deftly making up to Her, she runs a hand thru the stubblehair. Then once more to the Others,business-like):" Y all agreed ?"-(:a 'Rite of Initiation' ? The 'Removal of Clothing' ?(Oh listen : 'll strip thât bare, rite here'n'now if y like !). - The 'Kiss of Allegiants' ?; with Miss Slothity up there on the roof ? - 't's sure t leave a bitter taste.(Well,if it hàs t be.Swish your mouth out with aquavit afterwards - that'll get rid a the taste.) - Finalizing to Grete):" So Yòu hurry up n pack. N draw out whatever y can : sign it with any name they ask for !";(to Babilonia):" Okay. N now you kn get a pawfull a bittersweet - : okay ? men 'r All worthless."/ BABILONIA (skipping beside her hand in hand):" all liearse ! -")

ABELCHEN (Gazing into Fridoline's astonisht face : ah;you'v already mov'd on t thother corner ?):"That's rite : go ahead n cast asside your veil of ignorants;(no matter how unseemmly & onerous the arrang'ments a nature may appear t y)."; (She holds her lorgnette to her eyes again too :? -):"Wow,He's sure got a pow'rfull stride there !;(makes walking look like driving);"(she means the approaching BM):"Look how it towers into the air ! : He kd ask the Grand Turk for the juiciest a his circassians!" (To M and Fr):"Typical notions We=girls have...(?): why about this priculiarly male member ! 'r nothing but the gruit of n irregular,(s)excessive & highly overheated imagination;and the realities 're sure t be a let=down. You gen'rally get your first glimps with fathers & brothers. And that's how y kn recognize marryd men by a [redacted] multitoad a signs:they have red morels,(semistiff thick=&=wet) at their bellies. They gro moren more unshaven. The flabby & skinny sacks most of 'em have just plain stink.";('My First Prick':'d be a nice theme for schoolgirls):"Whether, for purposes of research, she peekt under her brother's covers;whether the roomer from across the hall sho'd her his pedickulosidity, a fritefilld illusion of her powers of imagination - but that one=thére -(y kn tell he's a snorer by the way he walks)- : thàt's what a member ought t be;mygod, like an insane barber !"

FRIDOLINE : " 'd make goosebumps n inch thick stand out on your arms ! (No;'ll not let any Delilus talk me out of a single hair). He 's double the normal thickness;n then there's that unbearable length besides ! A pairagon of uncouthity; takes on z if he'd like t stamp out burning volcanos;n 'v got nothing against a well-groomd beard on a man's cheeks, but a wand'ring thornbush like that - no : that's not the man for Me !";(I shd let my pretty hole be abus'd by that subhuman ? :'d rather mount the Libannon !):" Now what's that suppos'd t be ?"

(The siren has in fact started up,for [redacted] practice./And the sun thro's dull but lov'ly rays upon the Rotaryans : /:2 gamecocks, standing vis à vis, beard to beard :! /At the top of the hillahay,in a tailor's squat, an Old Teuton,with hair hanging round & a respeckertable cudgel : he jeers at passers-by thru a megaphone, (midst gestures expressing very little respect./ A fello buryd in a book up to his beard :'A man who's translating KLOPSTOCK's 'Messiah' into Wendish'.(?):'What else do they read ?' - :well MEYRINK's 'Green Face';'Of Amerous Daliaunce and Freendes Love'(with numerous engravings);'Thersites, or the Art of Cursing' (the monumental collection of swear-words, constantly being updated);a brochure,'Baptize Yourself !' - the more advanc't don't read at all anymore./A fello who's hurrying to climb into the dense tops of an oak : to check out what his voice sounds like from=there -?-:groargeous of course !'/A mad soul in his dusty hut ? : the master=dancer;(& soon he'll be a mere pillar of dust)./ A fello who untiringly carrys over hatsfull of leaves : as his contribution to the camp(fire). Discov'ring the girls up on the roof, he waggishly tucks his hardly= short tail between his legs til it peeks out back,and does a 'racer' : ! - /Egg on a bale of hay, giving forth Doctrines. Before him a majellanic cloud full of hairy= & prickly stars;by turns applause or indignant rutting cries;but ev'ryone's bathing his horn in the dust./ :somewhere there's forever day upon earth;forever hippies, lost in infinite humming : popsingers,of meanylieder;beatle=headed Asses, strumming furiously on their guitars;(Tonepommes'Dulcimerd Gratification'); Two of the most noisy & scandalous -('They must sing, e'en tho 't were from out a hollo tree !')- tell,in recitativo sacko, of 'The Antichrist in the Good Sense', of the 'Secret(e)s of Cuntsealment' -(:'For which they are lateron bound with their hands at their necks, their pricks at their bellies. -(?):until finally a virgin comes with [redacted] a knife - Do they ever stand there sometimes!' (& if there's no ollady who'll feed them with a spoon for that long;or shove a piece of graywacke under their heads of an evening : they have to watch while the Other inhabitants of earth do it;or have a face tatood on their heads; or have their hair combd down over their eyes so that the whole countenants takes on a most curious look !). /Two fello's amusing themselves with a pair of crackt dice;(and who call out,one after the other, 'Cheebuk ! : Cheebuk !')/Skyfishers : Each handling 2 fishing-rods simultaneously (with flies on the hooks);their arms move as if they want to fish for clouds ? -:'Trying to catch birds, the loafers -(they succeed often enough,sad to say,with young swallo's)- at the moment it's prob'ly just t keep their arms in shape.'/ But here : the OZ=KOPROZ ! - Most of them shitting from rite where they'r standing : gas-cannonades & werwolf's piss, that splits & bristles, with more steamyships & soni=craps ((example of syllable division, or,a fav'rite in the East,copro=duction)). The wind of a menstruating lass,she lets it out her rear thru thick & thin; next to her the singing=shitter, Rundshit Sing, the Man from Gully=lee;(:'Whither shall I flee that I might escape thine afflations ?' :stuff my nose with grass maybe ?). One rear first lets loose a kaboom;& then heaves it up :Water & [redacted] Désért. Or here:just like a pine-cone,scaly,only twice as long. Cacantis faciem. Without taking aim, for invisible buckets. A temple of MEPHITIS;(Pliny ii,95 tells of one in the lands of the Hirpini, where evil exhalations from hell were to be found);here too the visitor is greeted with an arschestra of constipated tub(e)as, like chamber-musick. And they all shit often & lustily & alot -(AE seldom, and everso=little)- hah,they wipe themselves with the backs of their hands !(Olmers tries it too,with

faithful Babilonia at his side : Her youthful waters,still prettily brite-foaming,(a hissing that borders on music :His skybalon hanging at his gut,genuwhine grampappy=stool, smoke emerges from his skinny butt,(a sudden vision of 'farts in the desert'), fumes escaping from hell,he sings his swine song...)

FRIDOLINE (Nobody need èver again try t convints me that the road t heaven passes thru these parts):" It's really the land a BOWELGARIA;tormented by the unclean spirits a this wood. -(?): I kd scream bloody olé ! : Creatures a that bent 'r most at home along the Acheron.";(nope, 't's not very pretty, this Gullystan full a soulless humans.(Ev'ry local farmer at least has a good=thick larch-plank t set himself down on.).)

MARTINA as well (glumly):" I kn even imagine that at certain moments y kd be totally disenchanting t your lover - on the potty;or if y were sea-sick,(where 'm told it comes out at both ends simultaneously)."(Just as, admittedly with reluctants, I kn picture Martin in a similar state; or with a chaw a t'bacco or the like.)

ABELCHEN (informd and 'the like'):" Or when he's 'peeling the scalp off his red-man', huh ? -(?):Listen; boys hardly think of anything but; I learnd that from my brother !";(int'resting by the way: when He lies there like that & imitates a woman's voice to increase his excitement. -(?):ooh, mostly out a boredom. Or t beat=off anger, a rotten mood : give your own clit a pull sometime, chaste arbitress of morals !)

ANN'EV' (unruffl'd, anent the defakatirs):" The farmers 'r glad actually : they use our manure for firewood;our urine for sal ammoniac; n besides fertilizing the fields, our multifarious positions present a merry site t the eye. -(?): In gen'ral Wé prefer to extract 'Pure Fire';with the help of a magnifying glass -(Egg has one n his barro that's 16o millimeters in diameter)= a golden concave mirror 'd work even better. -(?): Us ? : We'r buryd à la Polka. An invisible girl announces a member's death -(?): her face 's concealed behind her hair;(some groups use n albino for the job - who knows whether it's the rite thing t do or not; dying's the same misery ev'rywhere y go). ";('strange customs' ?):"Thro ev'ry doctrine a faith & ev'ry moral injunction into doubt at least 1ce n the course a your life."(N if possible, more often than that -which means : 'Don't be like your parents !').

(:'In our valley one's death is absolute !Here are found no enduring monuments to our existence, - a small mound of sand, a stick of wood,such are our graves.Our dwellings consist of the boughs of trees :a windstorm destroys them in the twinkling of an eye !;a cloud, a gentle wind suffices to throw down our fragile dwellings & scatter far & wide that dust which has covered our mortal remains.Our children walk with indifference upon that same earth which once bore Us as well, upon that grass which covers our ashes. All traces of the brief course we ran thru this vale are suddenly & for ever obliterated;nothing recalls the fact that we once lived - our names die with Us ! -';LAS BATTUECAS.)

ABELCHEN (attentive):" No chants a thàt. But does it lead t the enticing wastelands of chaos ? Or are there some compilations of laws ?";('If a maiden should fall in a duel with her rival...' -)

ANN'EV': "Are moss or stars bound in a system of laws ? or is there justice among clouds and flames ?! -";(to wit: rules aplenty;but variable; more like suggestions for both Large & Small. -?):" Well :they only brush their teeth on propitious days a the month./Drawing water in a bucket ? : only against the current;(as a thank-you one gives the stream a little milk as one with the? leaves;y pour a swallo or two in it)./Images of our gods -(or of those hardly= impotent nether spirits;by whom oaths are sworn and broken)- 'r carryd on the lf shoulder...(?): makes no diff'rents. You call someone 'god' or 'devil' all n the same breath,too,sometimes & both n the sents a the highest praise y kn think of : 'He sings like a god;He shoots like the dewil !'";((?):she shakes her yello=brown head):" Our home is there whence lite cometh; where the world commenc't its life : Our journey leads out beyond the zodiac";(a while ago y saw what We kn do.)

ABELCHEN (fascinated):" The Quene of the Waste Londis ! -";(but she must point with her chin):" Down there - the tiny girl, fing'ring the coarse mesh, with a face like a registerd express=letter : does She want t talk t Yóu ? - Tss : man=made ?!";(amaz'd at Babilonia's appearants : undresst & unbelieving; squeaky-voic't;dusky above the waist;breasts lite= olive; abdomen a dirty brown (turns graygreen with frite)).

(Ann'Ev' glances down : ? - : !! - / At which She comes flitting into the house. And appears at once - she hunkers down on the roof at her leader's feet. -'?'. Report : brite whisp giggl ings of little chasms (with dimples);she gesticulates unmammbiguously. Sits there,(her Ø is still small & uncommonly well-formd!),and with a little stick she traces bold (invisible) caricatures in the concrete of the roof. Abelchen:'?'. -:'Men with hards-on !' retorts Miss Cenny. Martina:!?! . :'Asta's shaving her rusty ancid hole : down t the last pussywhisker;looks like Egg's to clean out her stalls. -(?):We just offerd up a great sacrifice of butterflies;I watcht thru the windo. -(?):I dunno for sure : She(=the Fatty) is dressing;in cûrsing at ev'ry turn'-(she giggles):' 'd love t spit up under Hêr hairpiece, She insulted me. (But I swear by yello'est babyshit:I'll see She regréts it !)'. -

ABELCHEN (to whom Martina has whisperd something):" Olmers ?! -";(so it's a fact afterall :no such thing z 'old & fuckt out';They never are - tss, malod'rously int'resting. -)

(Babilonia, who has watcht Her with amusement, tickles her clit with the stick,and calls out to Abelchen: 'Who 'm I thinking about ?' - she makes a listless=sleepy face - :? -:'No !'. She tickles herself again :'Who 'm I thinking about ?!' - this time she squirms,gracefull & horny & moans in a high voice -:? -: 'No!!!'- With a wave of a hand,she is dismisst; jumps up at once, and hurries away, skipping : like a kobold down the hatch : ! - Ann'Ev',her lips pincht tite, is still mulling things over... -

then ANN'EV' (to both visitors):"Go ahead n watch for a moment or so by yourselves. -uhh=Martina ?";(She beckons her over to the northwest corner of the roof : -

((?): on Gretas=Green the contractions of marriage,both those of the rt- & lf-hand !/Leg in arm & rump on breast :she holds her reVulver under his nose,('Annie get your cun!'),He flatt'ringly kisses her perineum for her,She's busy milking with both hands now, Jox talionis : bum to bum ! He gazes at the lov'ly woolly melons,snuggers ,weighs them in his hand,smells kisses -at which she forms a brite & glorious wreath with all her limbs !)- He hides his face in her fur & screws it up no more,(but what those hands kn grab when working at top speed !); She wallo's,slobb'ring like a witch,with a springy quick rear ('a ros(s)y lass,with a big pipe in her 'schnurrbartchen'' you'll find that in SCOTT) ân his Secret(e) Hyst'ry 'his staff flies upward,he rolls his eyes',(POS-

ANN'EV' (to Martina,secretive):" They want t come with Us -(?): Babilonia overheard 'em -and Olmers z well -(?):no; for his money, He's suppos'd t be loaded. In the final analysis the decision about taking on new members lies with me" ;(She gazes at M furtiv'ly:?-):"What do yóu think about it ? Shd I give my consent ?"
MARTINA (delib'rat'ly):" I kn do without their company - specially those two olladies'! -(Above all said Grete's : It's Her or Me! :One of Us 's got t go !) I'm personally indiff'rent when it comes to Asta & Olmers;(even a little repuls't;

TEL,'Wittekind').2 lovers,lying in ambuff for each other:He a large=firm fello,wobbly only because he's so long;phallen upon from the rear,she breaks out in voziferous cries;a piddling breeze tangles his & his girl's beards./A screwdriver,with bells of many tones upon his rump, first bounces before Her with a woofull melodye,then is allowd however to generate a clot of accomeplices. / The DOCTOR: has spread out a towel to make a hut, (ie the roof, 1 x 2 m);for amourbulatory treatment.(The 'waiting-room', SATOR a rectangle drawn in the sand,is already full of patients;crouchers AREPO killing time : She plaits his beard into pig-tails;(then coyly TENET quimbs a deep part in it at the front).More feymale devils,with slo- OPERA pp'ring breasts & straddling mouths;more male devils,One on his bel- ROTAS ly, Another erects his mannaret beside a mossque:Cunnies in front of them,Cunnies behind of them. A beau,with a bo of golden bast tied behind his glans,occuplies himself with expansion & contraction...?). - The 'receptionist' (who is also the nurse for surgery &whatever else all-in-one),having set in a ro her 3 tincans filld with water,walks up,gravely ,to one of the short sides of said rectangle;claps her hands professionally :'Next,please,(sweethearts) !' -. And She stands up;brushes the sand smartly from her butt;turns her toes out prettily;-;and walks over to the bespecktacl'd doc. (Ev'ryone nude;looks quite striking;(well,needn't fuss around with 'disrobing')). She ticks out her tunc : !;(while the nurse inserts a thermometer into her,from belo : !);she must let water (be)for him : ? Hm. He dictates -(& the nudie writes it down nice & proper on her pad !)- :'Sleepy;tends to be deeply mov'd;dangling hands./Shy of men,(above all rectalineal);when embrac't frequent murmurs plus bites./Swollen lo'er lips./Backs of legs itch./A feeling of windiness in her sox.' - 1 teaspoon full a whitish powder;'Washt down with water',(taken care of with one of the tincans);:'Lie n the shade for 2 hours -:all alone !'. /:'Next,please'. - A young man,his member standing almost perpendickular,too long,the head indistinkt in outline & coming to a point;peduncle=glands. Dr. Kornfeger makes a morose face,expressing himself in something close to Latin. :'The Depricificator.'.The nurse,looking sympathetic,brings it. (4 bearded fello's are calld in to hold the patient by his arms & legs. Which they do, laughing & joking...-...- They let him bite into the point of a hat: -) -: - : !!!!! - (Then it stands no more.)./Asta & Grete coming for their 'entrants examination' - the Former walking around 'topless' without further ado;the Latter still carrying her tits on her lf forearm. GRETE (his- Sing):"'m all butterfingers at this damnd packing! (That ashygray brat, staring from the roof with her rolling owleyes! She'll still be prowling around double at the hour of her death : lying in the barrel & hanging around the oldsters at the table both at once !) - Hmpf,my ass is sore,z if it'd been skinnd !". - ASTA (coldly):"Just be quick about it:so y kn be off t the bank rite away.(Touch up all the stores for money :'Ohh, 'v left my purse lying at hôme !';that's always good for a little.)"They walk up to the edge of the rectangle. GRETE:"Kd We cut in ahead p'r'aps ? : the pains !";(as a bribe she passes on a bottla whisky :?). - And so to the front;('thank heaven they'v brought the best sinitic surchin with 'em'). He applies his stic'o'scope up front sev'ral times :? - and behind : ? - he gives Asta a test=hug (and appears to be wrestling with the giant Pyon : ? -(& what darling matronly rage as she -vainly!- struggles against the approaching ejaculation :```:!!!!!-. -:'spp.' (=suitable for packpurposes) Then Gretchen ? - :he gazes at length in her rear, mov'd. (The breasts appear to be an acquisition,too.) These excretions howlever ... hm. :'Bladder infection. And chronic=acute staff=fever' -:"Mylady, you shall be in top form again : in 1 week 2 days,9 hours & 14 minutes. I shall frequent= & personally check it out."- They depart; lost once again in most deep & sinister conversation./Only one fello is given an honest-t-goodness hypo,from out of the black bag - afterwards he combs his beard,smiling gratefully;& shakes the dust out of his hair;(there's nothing left of his cock,however,but a short red stump !)

so morelike 'C=minus'). Mainthing's the Major & A&O;They stay here -";(suddenly she puts an arm round Ann'Ev's waist;she lets their tummies touch,awkwardly):"Stáy,Ann'Ev'! - there's still enough stuff n his(=A&O's)fantasy for a world!"
ANN'EV' (hold your subtle little hand still ! (even tho she's toucht & lays her lf hand on the girlish shoulder):" Be nice t your lad, y hear :that's one fine boy !"(And prob'ly even moren that - earnestly):"do y know that he's quite possibly too=good for you ? -"
MARTINA (enraptur'd):"Just imâgine it:A&O 'd write about You; Martin about Me ! On magic=paper; a magnificent piece a writing ! -";(developing the idea):" A&O kd give him lessons, z an author : his fav'rite disciple - ooh,I kd break out in tears I'm so happy ! - Oh,Ann'Ev'-";
(shyly):"May I give y a kiss ? -"
ANN'EV'(kissing her quick & firmly on the nose) :"There - that's what y deserve;(save the rest for Martin). -"(business-like):"Have y stoppt t consider : Who's gonna keep house for a half dozen people? - Or that Someone has t be johnny -on-the-spot no matter what comes up ?))
MARTINA (boldly):"My pot's wd foam over like the sea in a tempest ! He'd prob'ly feel like a monarch who's been poisond !";(? isn't there such a thing as breadfruit= or gulash=trees ? (But considerations a this sort kn come later; the first question is:what do we do now ?))
ANN'EV'(consid'ring cooly):"Just t be even tolerated,they'll have t bring something with 'em - besides their own stale bods,I mean. Ergo we have t prevent 'em from wiping you & yours (& those 2 old fantasts downstairs) out totally : so lock things up & hide all the keys. - What's the money situation like ? Prob'ly not all too much 'cash' n the house; but what about check=& savings=books ?Kn she (n I mean Grete above all now)get at 'em?;or get money from the bank on credit ?"(If need be we'll have t hurry up n bar 'em from the accounts,by phone. (altho:they have t contribute sòmething;otherwise they won't be accepted,n you'r stuck with 'em.))
MARTINA(pond'ring):"Or I kd take my bike n buzz over there with some sorta carte blanche ? -";
(She's reminded of something):"We'v got n old phone that works 11 digits ahead :if y dial 427 y get 438 - I'll substitute it for thother one !";(or wd that be too obvious ?):"Hey look, 'Babilonia' wants something again :? -"
(AE bends down over the railing : ?/The Tinymiss:'-.-'/AE:'-?.-?'/Bab.:'! -?-.'/ AE:'Send Olmers up here.' - to M)
ANN'EV':"Do y think it's possible t shield our seldom embrac't Major totally,til those two 'r long-gone ? Leave both oldsters n their villages illusoires ?"
MARTINA (shaking her head):"The Major at best.- Not A&O. - We kd,a course, put Abelchen and her moped into action tôo; she's trustworthy, despite her rhetoric arts : lets get back t them.". (They return to the visitorettes. M,patronizingly):" Well Fridelchen ? 'v y had a chants t see things y were unfamiliar with up t now ?"

FRIDOLINE: " You'v pounded,if you'll pardon the expression, the nail on the head - I havn't seen such exciting bills & cáos en gros n all my born days !";(t this day the only man who's ever droppt in on me 's the sandman;(even tho 'm devoted with a devotion at once still & ardent t the genus z a whole;n from youth on 'v been hopelessly n love,ohlord, a good 2o times over)):"I don't know now if it's even worth the trouble a being cultivated, sweet & morally=straight - wherever I turnd I was alarmd by some new, indelicate practice,as yet unmentiond n any fashion magazine : they may well be picturesque positions; but not a one of 'em has anything t do with christendom & good taste. -";(she points with her chin):" That long= pale guy there : the clod drove his way rite up into a little child,quicker 'n y kn say 'jack robinson' !;(n laughs all the while like Satan in a Sunday School book : I sure wd 'v lov'd t give Hím one on his fore=most !)."

ABELCHEN(along the frontiers of strange emotion one cannot always cultivate a chaste demeanor):" 'm gradually becoming afraid a my own sexual powers - I hardly dare be innocent any longer ! I kn imagine only too well what it'd be like for a vig'rous, sensitive,speedy=&=deep-feeling...(?):sure; He who wd make a brutal attack,to him these lips wd be clos'd,denying him their inherent perfume : each little hair a this fleece has, z ev'ryone knows, its own nerve,which palpitates sympathetickly at the litest coaxing touch.";((?):noo;down=there n the midst a things ? I wdn't like that either):"But I'd sure prob'ly give my dearest pretium t have my Fred down=there.(Or Doctor Willibald -)";(explaining to AE):"Y see We'r all onanimously crazy about him;the whole class full a sweet marry=minded angels;(knows the most wondrous strange words;moves long=&=slenderly;a solitaire blazing on one finger) -";(skeptic'ly shaking her head):" Ahyes : before marriage they sing your praises; but thereafter, in bed,y 'll hear another more disorderly tune - sure kd make one melancholy & superstitious !";(Ne'ertheless);" I plan t practice sev'ral a those twitches - n any case - so z t simulate wedded bliss beneath n unlov'd spouse, n t be able t lull him into believing in his divine=attributes.";(to Fridoline):"What's set you flinching again ? You ought

t have t live n a house like mine,where daily I wash my chamber (provided the metaphor's not too vig'rous) with my tears, n where even the floor watches & hears. -"(consoling):" Oh don't be such a flabby chicken dumpling : mania mann'll call find your stunted gro'th cute, your plumpity pleasant : you'r sure t experients those 3=4 seconds a painfull=bliss a thousand times over.";(conceding):"Yah;I'll admit it;there were one= or two positions there that even I only knew about from type-scripts til now -";(frinstants that one, where y twirl your feet - but that's got t be practic't out n the wide=open spaces;(ahwell, when it's winter for us here,n Egypt they go rite on taking pleasure in love)):" - n a nice fat Mefisto like that kd be really wild : the way He lay with his back up against Her ! - tss;I'd say 'v grounded myself moren passibly in mythology;but now with this scen'ry before my eyes, I kdn't even name the 3 graces if my life depended on it !"

MARTINA (courteously):" Yóu'r the 4th one. - But now listen; it kd be that We mite have a request t make of You - (for the Major's sake;whom You know & admire z well,afterall)...(?): sure; there's a cupfull a gas in it for y."

for ABELCHEN (doubtfully):" Ahyes, your daddy. As unwieldy z a cannon royal;(well,at least he can't give a girl the slip !) But, as a major : doesn't he look for the recruit n a woman ? (N how does he,legless z he is, fulfill his marital dewties ?...(?):ah yes; z a retiree he's got the whole day long t dream up wicked=things along those lines.)";(& my moped, too ? - ill at ease,she wiggles her slender rear abit -):"'m afraid I have t sexcuse myself somewhat before I swing myself back in the saddle again -('m afraid I'v let a few sympathetic drops drip onto the concrete here)-";(she gives it another check :? - ohlord=andhôw):"I'm badly n need of a change a panties; -('t's a regular leak[redacted] : kd I borro a pair from you, Martina ?)";(to Fridoline):" What about you ? How's your bodysuit doing ?"

FRIDOLINE (after a silent check):" Oh,monstrous ! - soggy z diapers;(like a drowned pussycat !) -";(she raises a suppliant hand:?)

MARTINA (gracious=magnanimous):" Yes; you'll All get new panties."(N kleenex t start with, tôo - 'd be best if I bring 'em up here, okay ? It's the best spot for not being seen ?)

ABELCHEN : " Incisive suggestion - daring,but divine.";(while the globe,with Us aboard, makes a run for it. At most some lonely navigator o' the air 'll admire Us, so rich in color & whimsy,(ie just like The Male wants his Female...:?-

(- Her eyes have taken on a fixt stare - : for, tho still quite=distant, a cyclist is approaching from the direction of Klappendorf :?! - as yet she=alone has seen him...

ABELCHEN (continuing):" - t return t 'your boyfriend', Martina : back=at the inn there was a strange giant beauty : a good 6 feet n altitude; white-armd, with a little hanseatic bosom; bloodred hair t match, the qunitessential butterflyer I'd say. And with a Maidiants ! : a prime minister's wife kdn't smell sweeter !";(besides=all those halfnaked damsels there ,who don't let any man under=7o go on his way unimpaird... - She interrupts herself artfully : ?):"Now who's that there, cycling on the heels a the east=wind ?; languid; hov'ring nearer, like Phoebo Apollus ? -"(to Martina):" Well go ahead n look : 'd y ever see a nicer frog come acourtin' ? -";(n now bound down the stairs like Fido !).

MARTINA (freezes first. Then fluttery=nervous):" Ohlord ! - :Ann'Ev',how do I look !? -";(she licks her lips : ?):" - seems t me I taste like p'tato pancakes ! -"

ANN'EV' (shoving her tward the hatch[redacted] : no time t gargle now):" Beam at him;(Ev'rything Else'll take care of itself) ! And run like y were after a rabbit : t the golden gate;otherwise you'll miss him ! - (:DON'T FORGET THE BANDAID !!!)" -

(And she's already wiggling her way blindly down the flagstone path. Opens the little gate, too;so as not to lose a second,(and maybe have second thoughts !). There she stands, her lf hand with the BANDAID presst between her breasts:... -)

ABELCHEN (between her teeth;somewhat jealous):" How she glo's : like a cherublet. -"(And her broad-shoulderd protégé does indeed have a conspickuously eminenting tool ! ('t's what Eremburge always says too : 'One z thick as=thât ? : mania frail hand 's alreddy reacht out t grab it !'). N the botcht-job the ancient tailor a Querlequitsch has done doesn't make it any easier for him t pedal either : what's he got n his hand ? - to AE with respect):" A pingpong paddle !"(And a big=white envelope in the carrier at the back.[redacted] Pondering):"What do you think ? - :my guess is : most poets havn't got a muse; only a Meusètta;(n most of 'em of ambiguous character, and questionable aroma : Dulcinea,the Eternal. Christiane Vulpius; Nora;etceteraetcetera).";(but on thother hand):" The 'Grave of a Chaste Youth' 'd prob'ly be one a the biggest attractions n ev'ry newly laid-out graveyard,tss. -";(describing):" Ah look there : he's going slo'er now. Like some guy embarrasst t be riding 'drag'. N 'She's' completely immobile ?;kn that be rite ?";(or p'r'aps it is the rite thing. -?)

ANN'EV' (not less immobile beneath her luminous hat):" No back-biting. (They'r happy.)"

Abelchen (as before): " No doubt about it : He's blushing even more than She is. -";(mutt'ring critic'ly):" What ? You'r not gonna stop ?" (Coward ! ride[redacted] rite on by ?!-Well finally : got t be at least 1 look=back):"Here's t danger & adventure,you - :?:!..."

FRIDOLINE as well (screams):" He's gonna fall !!! ";(she covers her face with her hands : ! -)

ABELCHEN (consoling):" Ye would ever fly to furthest shores, tss - he'll get nothing worsen a black thigh out of it."

(And they watch : for now comes the'kneeling' - and She's already holding his (lf ? yes) forearm...)

ABELCHEN (derisive & mov'd,(and still with a shot of envy)):" - like a raw phoenix=egg. And their faces that close to each other : z if He wanted t breathe Her in.";(n what a bandaging process !:n the same time y kd'v put casts on three hapless mountain-climbers -:Tell me when they'r back t things terrestial ! - Sly):"They kn find no words - that's where embarrassment begins?

ANN'EV' (walks quickly over to the railing):" Martina ! -.- : Martina=Martina !"

(Who shudders. Awak'ning, she first lifts her little head; then her whole body. Passes her hands[redacted] down over herself. -/The boy has stood up again too;his res-errected bike in his hands. He tugs the white envelope out from the bottom of the carrier : - / She takes it. Hugs it to her breast with both hands. And,in this position, slants back across the road & into the garden...)

xv. Act

Scene 41

(Eugen and A&O at the table on the terrace - they watch a mini=truck drive off that has deliverd the 1o sacks of sunflower seeds;(=birdfeed for the winter). ('twon't do no harm if there is a shortage a gas & oil; the highways kn take a vacation for once tôo. -?:'Shd heat with the moren abundant supply a German coal !')./ Hempel, the old tomcat, has set himself down on the table infronta the Major - now & then they look each other straight in the eye :? - and then,sighing, look away again - Eugen into his thick illustrated volume of ' E.Stillfried ' (?:by HACKLÄNDER)./ A&O has got 4 more of his brochures infronta him again ! - 1) S.S.SEYFREID,'De eo quod justum est circa arbores turbine dejectas, or Wind=Damage',(a ven'rable Wittenberg Dissertation from 1716) - 2) he compares J.H.SCHROETER's 'A Description of the 27foot Telescope in Lilienthal' (?:almost always bound tgether with 'Aphroditographic Fragments' from 1796), with W.HERSCHEL's 'A Description of the 4ofoot Reflecting Telescope',(in a special German printing from 1799,'translated by J.Geißler,Leipzig'). - 3)by an unnam'd author, 'The Netherworld, or Reasons for an Inhabitable and Inhabited Interior of Our Earth',Leipzig 1828. - 4) :? - (still lying on its face;no way to identify it).

(:'If I live to be old,for I find I go down,
let this be my fate : in a country town
may I have a warm house,with a stone at my gate,
and a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.

Refrain: may I govern my passions with an absolute sway
and grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
without gout or stone,by a gentle decay.

(has too many verses to give them=all here;'The Old Man's Wish,by WALTER POPE,round about 17oo;'sung a thousand times' by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN in his youth.))

EUGEN (studying one of the illustrations with his large reading glass, without raising his head):" What was that for a noise ? (Over=there, among the Sons of the Wood.)"

A&O (feebly):" Squirting off their women with the hose. (Olmers 's already lying at the hedge again,n watching 'em.)";(A vitality t be envyd : his Babilonia at his side.)

EUGEN (as before):" Jealous, old Semideus ? (Or 'r y more for the twitt'ring=type a while ago ?,the One with the brite=checkerd cap like a balloon ?)";((?):havn't the slitest, friend, [redacted] where 'Abelchen' mite come from):" That's a fad with Them at the moment : They'd turn 'Olympia' into 'Lumpy'. -";(he mutters):"Tss. I'd trade in my wife if sometime I kd get hold a the original manuscript - ..."

A&O ([redacted] with listless=disapproval):" M=m. Young folks=nowadays - and whole movements too,à la Marxism - 'r enemies a tradition. And We for our=part'r strangers n the realms a modern art & the temper a the times. My whole life=long I'v striven t trace back the 'lines of my tradition';& (at least at times) 'v truly felt myself t be a 'link in a chain' :

I rejoice in my predecessors. Whether that be with a view t the total mentality, as with LUCIAN or WIELAND;(tho I mite just z easily pay my respects to JEAN PAUL or COOPER, too). Or whether it be with regard t the treatment of surface texture, as with FISCHART, SMOLLETT, [redacted] JOYCE. Or, equally, with matters of construction, with the 'framework' :I contend that HOFFMANN's 'Princess Brambilla' is basic'ly just z much a double-columnd book as 'Kaff'; [redacted](& the same printed format ought t be us'd with CARROLL's 'Sylvie and Bruno', too, for sweet & easy comprehension's [redacted] sake). - : Well,sweetheart?"

(to Martina, striding briskly from around the house; her eyes stray across the table - she steps up tho...

EUGEN (with martial benevolents): " Wêll how's it going? 'd y have a nice time with your little monkeys=there ?"

MARTINA (to 1) -):" Oh, joggy & soggy.";(which is t say 'busy & sweaty'. to 2)):" With her magic=mirror Ann'Ev' sho'd 'em not only their dear husbands-to-be, but ev'ry single one a their lemen besides. -(?):I don't need t take it t heart; ('t's up t the parties concernd t mend their ways).";(playing up to him : do y want a pillo ?):" 'Sleep thou at midday; for at midday Satan sleepeth not' : is MOHAMMED's recommendation. (I'll just [redacted] put up the sun=b[redacted]lla.) -(?):Noo; I'v got t move on;(just came from sitting anyway)."

EUGEN (what a burden is old age !):" Sure, move on. You like t move - it's only natural. ";(he manages to recover his normal tone. Or wait):" Halt ! - :go n bring me volumes 52-56 from the 'Collected Works';(:and if so much as 1 slip a paper has fallen out, thou shalt d[redacted] a painfull death !)."

MARTINA (how wd y go about proving that ?):" Immediate apology requested - or I'll[redacted] toss away a whole handfull of 'em ! -";(she has turnd to go; - but still stands near the table, for

EGG (his notebook in hand, hustles over from the thrill=field):" uh=two questions. - :how large is the geomagnetic declination in Tasmania ? And when=approximat'ly mite the next solar eclipse occur there ? ";(to A&O. /Who courteously (but wearily) gets up. Goes into the house. And returns./ -)

A&O (first the declination):" In 197o it was,(with a very uniform gradation from W to E), between 11° 3o' and 14° -"

EGG (noting this down; between his teeth):" 't's just z I thought !...";(and the occultations ?)

A&O (Ahora lo veredes):" I thought I'd find it n OPPOLZER; but I discover that his maps only extend t 3o° latitude south;(and n extrapolation a the curves seems doubtful/risky! t me). Hm. Perhaps the annular one of Sept. 11, 1988 ?"(The total eclipse of July 4, 2oo2 ? I wdn't hazard a guess. But):" Since Hobart has a small university, there's sure t be n observatory there;and I trust the pertinent publications will be available."

(With a noncommittal wave of his hand Egg makes tracks. / Martina takes off too, for the house. - She kn be heard talking with Someone in the 'salle' ? - / Then Olmers appears. Beside him his Babilonia, elatedly carrying a little=chic suitcase in her chic=little hand - she runs on ahead, tward the rt...)

OLMERS (pretending innocents):" Wêll ?; what did our Bantan=Diogenes want ? - ";(curious - a generation of weeds): "'v only got two standard=faces : about 9o% dreamy & lazy=cunning; about 1o% grotesque savag'ry."

EUGEN (& blo's t the butt 'r good for both):" What'd be most useful 'r some new 'Socialist Laws',n I don't want t hear another word;(a strong=man who'd use grapeshot on the whole uppity crapule : 'caesaro-mania' 's nothing compar'd with the tyranny a labor unions reveling in the feeling a power that comes with 'making the wheels stand still !' (Okay,'ll not get myself workt up)):" Say,I'v found 2 beautiful examples for your errata collections :'...[redacted] 2 girlish heats at the window'. And, 'Rolandin - an [redacted] Epic in Terse' by FELIX DAHN'";(ie 'heads' and 'verse' a course : those 'r the real 'happy hunting=grounds' for that sort a thing : the pirated editions from around 18oo;and our rare-book catalogues !).

A&O (may I add something to that):" Translations from modern languages, from the yearsaround 182o-6o : just the day before yesterday while perusing BULWER's 'Strange Story', -(?): nah;lousy book;not worth reading - I found the word 'reed-glasses' z a translation of 'reading-glasses';& a writer-physician bemoans the fact that he must 'rehaul his organ' instead of 'reorganize'.";((?): sure;if y havn't got the time, I'll lay a marker in it for y.)

EUGEN (reprimanding):"What'r y f'rever flitting around here for ?;Is there something special going on t'day ?";(the females 'r running wild,too;nowhere t be seen - well maybe it's because a that insipid soup : was that ever slops !,the piece a turnip bloated up n my mouth !):" they ought to invent a 'tongue-jammer' for wives.";(a Man who's seen & censur'd the charms of his spouse only too often, he turns back to the book that Olmers has laid before him -:?-):" For Me ? - (?--?-!-):Hey, a first edition a JULES VERNE ? That's z rare as (if not rarer than) a first thousand a KARL MAY is n Germany !"; ('The Land of Furs';'v got it n German. But):" Why t'day=precisely ? ('t's not my birthday or anything : October 3rd ?) - Well, my very best thânx !";(he delitedly turns the blackgreen half-calf volume over in his hand: -, : -):"Say, 't's almost quarto=size;(bigger than the big Hartleben editions !); and gold-edg'd. Look at these pastedowns:with a satiny effect. -:n nice big print:a treat for the eyes !... -?-";(nodding with delite, he examines each illustration by itself : ! -).

A&O (Ahyes; the 'Compact' Oxford Dictionary is another version a the book a the future, tho moving in the opposite direction):" Quite rite; my 'eye-ruiner', that kn be decoded only with a magnifying glass - I need it for translating, that's all." ((?): 'What wd I,if I...?'. He shrugs : 'd be moren enough that still needs t be translated (a/o translated over again):" By JOHN GALT; the 'Ayrshire Legatees/Annals of the Parish/Sir Andrew Wylie/The Entail/The Provost/Lawrie Todd'. All the novels by THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. GILBERT WHITE's 'Selborne'...(?):No. 'v never read bigger crap that what said Esq. NOVALIS ordains concerning translations -(in his 'aesthetic fragment Nr.13o6';which commences:'A translation is either grammatical, or transformative,or mythic...') - :what alot a baloney ! what a conception of translating !" (one a your typical arrogant twens; who never translated a single line himself, but who babbles on definitiv'ly about Ev'rything -I can not stand these early=immaturers !):" Ahwell. 'After London, or Wild England' by JEFFRIES. HOPE's 'Anastasius', and LANE's 'Modern Egyptians'. If only someone wd pluck up courage for GEORGE CRABBE !";(by the way I jotted down another Goth=novel for y (set n the days a Theoderich), one y prob'ly don't know about : GEORGE GISSING,'Veranilda';said t have studyd sev'ral years for it. - He lo'ers his head;(and fragmentizes=on for a few seconds :...there's a complete 'Blackwood Magazine' at

CORVEY...SCOTT's 'Castle Dangerous',z if translated by a lunatic,(Dr.Kottenkamp was his name - examples)...but y take Scottish Dantes',by MALCOLM ARNOLD : now there's merry music...('t's remarkable, too : 'hungry for' is best translated into German as 'thirsty for')...diligent fello, was SCOTT...)).

EUGEN (amounted t something tôo):" Whereas those sca[redacted]mp[redacted]llawag[redacted]s o'er=yonder -";(he points tward the hillahay with his head):" - a while ago I got wind (=scent) a the Big Lead=Animal;I turn around, n as[redacted] :'Well ?;day's work already done ?'. He answers me,(like a fine 'up[redacted]standing lazybones'):'When I get the urge,I do honest work sometimes.'. - Tss, that'll make for a pretty posterity.";('parently have no notion a the fact that for almost all kinds a work -not just 'fact'ry' etal - a pre condition/requisite is that all the workers be present at the same time. (If only God 'd had the good sents t 'v establisht the 48hour day.)How did your man GILBERT WHITE,whom y quoted here before, put it ?):" 'The very poor are always the worst economists,and therefore must continue very poor' - translated : ?-"

(:'He rose by 5 o'clock;lit his own fire when the season required one;and shaved and dressed with great deliberation...abhorring those 'bed=gown and slipper tricks',as he called them,in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his shooting=jacket,or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner=time,he was seated at his desk by 6 o'clock;all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order,and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor...'. LOCKHART describing SCOTT's method of work - don't think it's been completely translated into German;(just the section by ELZE...))

A&O (lazily):" 'He who was made for canvas trousers 'll never wear a pair a worsteds - which is only just.' - But y mustn't fail t recognize that these Champs a the Left 'r indeed 'victims of society' inasmuch z this wishy-washy society of ours,[redacted] with all its claptrap about humanitarian=, educational=(& a host of ôther)goals,doesn't bring its children up with a strong enough hand. Just z this namby=pamby Egg puts it:'Whom may I thank for my existents ? a bottla booze;that my dear=departed=daddy once gave my d=d=mommy on their 2nd anniversary. He drank t Her; She toasted Him - n here I stand.'. "

EUGEN (reflecting):" The way all these things 'r prefigur'd in what I'v read from 185o...(?):noo;not merely in 'Life of a European Slave'. In AUERBACH z well;"('New Life/Country=house on the Rhine/At the Top'. Or SPIELHAGEN):" Y may publicly admit t having read his 'Breaking of the Storm' without compromising yourself - n He predicted=precisely what 1oo years a labor unions 'd bring the world to : doesn't it rend your heart t see how writers flee from Russia, the promis't land a Marxism ?!";(the tribunalice of the masses !)

A&O (Ahyes;the 'East' - n our young folks are n fact morer less oriented t the east - doesn't want (nor does it need) any culture):" I kn still see HANS HENNY JAHNN standing before me - another one a your 'communists';Who hadn't the least conception a communism! - how on retu[redacted]rning from that trip t Russia he'd gusht on & on about beforehand : he shed mania tear while making his report.(And nonetheless he was,in point of fact,one a the really great prose writers a this century!) -"; (Ahwell):"Shall we not simply sit=outside here a while n enjoy the fresh air : self-sufficiency, which both recognizes & has achiev'd its limits."

OLMERS (Who is just on his way past them again & has only heard this last; teasing):" Elitist ! Elitist ! - (?): Me ? : I'm getting into cloSest touch with youth -";(he demonstrativ'ly presses his Papillonia tô him. Lecherously):"Cross=the=way, 'mong the comepagnons, the Debaucher-in-Chêf, the Cazzomagno, 's just given orders for the formation a the female=battailions - :and do I êver want t sit in on the reviewing de=tail !"

EUGEN ('elitist',christ !):" The fav'rite new term of abuse of All Those who don't belong t the intellectual Upper=Ten : because they'r too lazy or too stupid. I just recently ran across it again in LILIENCRON -(and it's not arrogants atall; only grim resignation !)- that of 6o million Germans 5oo take pleasure - I won't mention comprehension! - in GOETHE !' : a splendid piece of bad news.";(n here I do indeed differentiate between civilization [redacted] and culture):" Those 6o million kn have a civilization,too, of course;but no culture, (And besides, culture doesn't pollute the environment.)."

OLMERS (breaking into shrill laughter):"Have y seen our modern 'sculptures' n parks & on the streets ? : if that's not environmental pollution ! - ?";(to Martina, Who's come up to him):" What do yóu want, Miss Born=Bare=Bottomd ?"(No time.).

MARTINA (Sáynow ? : 'd yóu come into the world in a tux ?):" You'v got t help us !"(Ann'Ev's inside already : follo me so nobody notices - ";(She drags him along by his skinny wrist./He follo's Her; enrag'd at her method of starting a conversa/expedition./- Inside, in the 'salle',beside the phone,the follo'ing scene is playd out -

MARTINA (We know All.):"You'r t disguise your sweet voice;n call up the Savings & Loan : nothing's t be withdrawn from the Major's (nor A&O's) account !";(We'r agreed then:He's not t take any loses;n has t be kept out a harm's way : til the females 'r gone !).

OLMERS (confus'd at first.He thinks hard.Then grins. And actually does pick up the phone): " Hello, uh=Fohrbach here -..."

(Martina:'Deeper:deeper !';(she does a growl for him :'...'./Well okay.

Savings &Loan manager KLEINMANN:"That's fine, Major. uh=just for the sake a form,tho, the password we'v arrang'd between us ? : -"

(Olmers perplext. To M,(who's heard ev'rything,naturally) :'?'- /M shrugs. Then:'-' ?-)

OLMERS (firmly):" HACKLÄNDER'. -"

KLEINMANN:"Good enough,Major : it'll be done rite away."

(Olmers hangs up carefully. And then joins in the laughter : crazy !)!)

EUGEN (considering):" He's rite."(That is t say : He's put the appropriate question):" Where does genuine culture begin - where does it end ? - There was a TV program here not long ago about 'Japanese No=drama' : nothing but (horror)masks,& (dreadfull) styliz'd dance=gestures : I mean I regard it as the last blo before paralysis !";(n all the same TV's n amazing invention. Altho it's brought with it the destruction a family=concentration. The ruination a movies theater the book-business,even radio itself. Coupl'd with the depressing vitiation a the intellectual niveau in its productions : because it's another goddam case a 'majority rule'.)

(Follo'd by sluggish dialogue about 'masks'/:Thwarting of individuality : Whoever slips into a mask has thereby capitulated before the stereotype - unfortunat'ly usually centuries old - that the mask symbolizes./ The same goes for 'costumes';whether those of the folk or uniforms of professional groups: religious uniforms;or those of the military, the marxists et.al./It's serious enough already when in 'famous plays,operasetc.' - She is 'Konstanze';He is 'Kaspar' - the actors 'r forc't into a stereotype,(which when created was usually relativ'ly 'new' & fashiond with genius & originality;only in the course of centuries does it then gro rigid again);at least Our artists 'r allo'd t keep their faces;but among 'the ancients', or in the 'Commedia dell'Arte'.../Craftsmen in their 'guilds' thereby renounc't his own personality to a great extent : ev'rywhere ish=rigid=ly proscrib'd - cf. frexample SIMROCK's 'Guild Books',his 'Hazing the Journeymen etc.' : the priest babbles from his breviary;the y fônd the same 'rote=learning' that's 'indispensible for the mask' : the priest babbles from his breviary;the work-suits : whoever joind one of those clothes,tools,jargon were [redacted] fool-

'party comrades & comradettes' parrot the slogans of their bosses; even the hiker,'neath his standardiz'd backpack, sings standardiz'd songs into the wind,''tis the miller's delite',(& usually he turns out t be a captain of industry)./'Costume Balls' ? : for speedy,short-liv'd supplement to one's own personality;intended t make up for some segment one thinks one's neglected -usually sexual- as a 'Spanish dancer' or 'cowboy'. Reduc't to a tiny 'domino' it's still documentary evidents that one's hiding oneself,while compulsiv'ly 'searching for freedom'. Here too the role of the 'veil'./ Or of the 'beard' : which robs a person's external appearants of its most individual trait - be it but second-rate -, the play of facial features etc,its vitality,expressiv'ness;& lends a countenants all the liveliness of a mohair blanket. (?at most for businessmen who kd hide confusion or a wicked smile behind it ? (Women a course 'r very fond of them;since for them 'beard' is synonymous with 'manomanly randyness' - typical !))./ All this even tho - as an animal species - We really do have enough masking=flesh on us already ! : that a species is alloted certain traits means it is condemnd to a certain hopeless standardization from the start : Whoever frivolously (a/o out of pure stoopidity) reinforces this, waives thereby his last - slender ! - chants of being an individual. / They'r all immutable masks ! : the beeches; the larches : what kind of creature is hidden beneath this mask ?,('hidden within?) ?;(presumably next to none). What sort of creature=intellect goes around (must go around !) disguis'd as a star ? / 'FASHION' - Dior;'mini' - the next,worn-out ripple emanating from stereotypization. / Probably still the finest embodiment of 'freedom' in Our society the artist (those one kn take seriously) - (the little camp-follo'ers a course deck themselves out in especially grotesque uniforms;(as my niece, in East Berlin, once whisperd t Me in awe :'Lookathat : n intellectual !' : lookt like a baboon in a tunci !) - & his perfect antithesis the 'priest' or 'officer' : the consummate self-surrender to all manner of conformity, in word, deed, costume, gesture./(Some items, like a 'veil' kd a course alsobe included in another category, that of making=oneself=invisible - but that's too profound for a beautiful fall day, [redacted] ev'rybody agreed ?).

EUGEN (nodding):" Agreed. -";(he reaches for the switch on the radio : ? -

and OLMERS too (who has come back out of the house,laughing):" Agreed : We'll be 'invisible' only all too soon.";(to a few cro's screeching down at them):" Noo ! : y'll have t wait a bit.";(To A&O):" What y got there as 'Book of the Hour'?"

(He's spar'd the trouble of an answer by the automat=voice : news from a foreign land, they call it 'holy', (nothing but 'kibbuz' and 'Jesse' (Arafat) and'reprisal !' : ought to include the term 'revenge that will last for a thousand years' among the hypotheses of history !). John Bully usuriz'd with his £./ The noise those yello rascals made !;(must have Super-Ego's z thick as your arm !). / ?!-:'If sanitation goes out on strike & people suffocate in their garbage?: then the grocery stores shdn't hand over any more wares t the strikers !'./ The Russian recruiting-sergeants were rite : Whoever falls in the noble=red cause, comes back to life at home,in Novgorod./The earth's revolving on poles that'r squeeking ever=more loudly./The winning numbers of the latest $\frac{n}{fr}$aught lottery./ Brand=new heads of state 'r sworn in...

OLMERS (IMPATIENT):"Turn it off. - What's n oath mean anyway ?"

EUGEN (thoughtfully):" A great deal t the audients, specially the simpler=folk;n therefore something t the oath=taker z well. -";(He bends down - :(click=off.)To A&O):" What y got there ? Just come ?"

A&O (head motioning denial):"Had it for some time now - belongs t the 'hollo=earth'=literature. (We'v talkt about it before : how one Bishop VIRGILIUS of Salzburg - apparently a brite fello;whose name Bonifacius the Obscurantist immediat'ly had t set out t darken - spoke of a world beneath the surface a the earth; ('quod alius mundus et alii homines sub terra sint).";('t's a little off the subject;but since n the meantime We'v seen COUSTEAU,with his 'Expédition précontinent 2' : I'v discoverd just such n underwater city, calld Meopante, in the middle-English 'Kyng Alisaunder' : between Egypt & India there 'r people who live underwater with the fish; they have a kind of clay that gets z hard as stone & iron - they build their houses with it;(just like We have underwater=cement). They have ships with doors that they open when the tide ebbs, close when it comes in, made of oystershell,bound with treebark,& well=pitcht with resin. Their king invites Alexander in. Down he goes; sees their dwellings,investigates Ev'rything;sees how the Great gobble up the Small;how the wind arises & whither it blo's;plus the bounds of the sea from hell to paradise;and a half year later returns with many thousand ships full of said clay.(With which he then 'plugs up' the Caspian Sea,so that Gog & Magog can't get out.) An attractive bit a poetry,this English Alexander romants !).

(Ancient Theme. PLINIUS (2,112) reports of Dionysiodorus of Melos:'He died an old man in his native land;& those of his relatives who were his heirs arranged for his burial. When on the following day they came to perform the traditional funerary rites,it is said that in the grave they found a letter from D.,addressed to those in the upper world,which read:he had arrived at the innermost parts of the earth;& the distance from his grave amounted to 42,ooo stadia. Since during his lifetime D had excelled in geometry,there was no lack of geometers who declared : the letter had been sent from the center of the earth,& that this then was half of its diameter.From this they concluded the circumference of the earth to be 252ooo stadia.' (Quite passable approximation for those days;about 46,ooo km.))

THE NETHERWORLD
or
R e a s o n s
for
an inhabitable and inhabited
I n t e r i o r
of our Earth

Leipzig,1828

EUGEN (the realist):"But naturally n untenable hypothesis : consid'ring the specific weight a the earth's interior."

A&O (sure. But):"That even in scientific circles the hypothesis began t be discusst in earnest once more lay in the desperation that arose from the inexplicable migrations a the magnetic pole; n for that reason a certain Professor STEINHÄUSER came up with the idea of at least working out the calculations : t what extent mite the assumption of a hollo earth with 1 or 2 ministars rotating inside explain the enigmatic track a the magnetic pole.";('v got his articles, in GILBERT's 'Annals of Physics' &elsewhere,on microfilm inside. But even after the hypothesis was abandond - hàd t be abandond - nevertheless they already knew back then about the so-calld 'defect in gravity': "Confirmd of late by countless satellite observations;(super=caves of the sort 'r said t be located beneath the large mountain belts)."

(:'One such region is located below Quito, seawards,where,according to CONDAMINE's very exact & frequently repeated experiments,the number of oscillations of a pendulum deviates to such an extent from what can be predicted &measured elsewhere that one must presuppose either a substance with a density 23 times less than that of water;or a cave of some 60 cubic kilometers (if near the surface) - shd the cave,however,be found,as is probable,at a greater depth,then its volume must be enormously greater than that.')

OLMERS:"So that God, the ol' creatortoise, in his wise providents saw to it that there's sev'ral sinkable Edens : n case the surface shd someday get all=too atomic'ly stunk=up.";(I'm convinc't anywho that they'v long since constructed such things n the USA & Russia & stockt 'em full !).

A&O (no doubt - then BULWER's 'Coming Race' kn come out again z a handbook.):"Now here, at the time this brochure appeard, Englishmen & Americans

fond a taking risks were already propagandizing for expeditions into the earth's interior; 'd even begun t 'subscribe' - e.g. John Cleve Symmes of Ohio advertis'd in all the papers;whereupon rite away ADAM SEABORNE wrote a novel,'Symzonia' that EDGAR POE both new & made mention of : thát's how my attention was calld t this item here. - Much of it sounds almost z if it mite 'v been one a BULWER's preliminary studies :'Turnpikes lead to subterranean regions where the beasts of prey have been exterminated.'(For our anonymous author assumes the like :'great snakes and other amphibia'). :'Here are cities & villages,of which there are great numbers in the innermost caves ...the man of wealth retires to his subterranean estate during the harsh winter. The newspaper reports a fair in Acherontia or Lethesburg. The ladies go about clad in gros de Styx,etc.' So vacation in [redacted] the warm illuminated bowels a the earth, where the climate's tropical :'Indian fruits are to be had for a song in our markets.' Why shdn't they long since 'v built greenhouses,beneath the Urals say ?;baths & shops, libraries & ornamental ponds. Twice a day the subway leaves for the Carpathian caves via tunnel..."

(:'At Kermi in Ireland in the course of digging a well,a passageway some 3o feet long was found,within it a 12 foot long coffin;on its lid were written the symbols OOOXOXXX; & in it,all wrappt up in skins, was found a large female corpse that still was usable.'-:whatever that may mean?)

OLMERS (ought t be a splendid country for nudititties of ev'ry sort):"'t's a shame we'll not live t see it : why just imagine the blessings of a constant temperature, year=in year=out ! When y come down to it,dwarf=legends 'r no diff'rent."

(He prefers to set himself down at the table for a moment;(Bubble=Loni is [redacted] a bit much for those ol' bones - his fingers play with a few hazel=nut miscarriages)./Up in the air, just beyond Klappendorf, a snarl passing back=&=forth ? - :? - (''s old Siebenschein actually trying t so crops with an airplane, like he was bragging about recently ?';(Or's he simply dusting his meado's with lime ? Or the woods t keep the nuns out ?). Wêll, I kd care less.). /? - Grete's head peeps round the corner:?-)

A&O (Ahyes; 'dwarf=legends'):" They'v also been interpreted quite diff'rently : as la=Tènic & ilmarinic tales o' the smithy -";(instinctiv'ly he picks up the old wrought=iron door-handle that serves as his paperweight -(?):comes from a retail shop; that was 'in business' for 5o years = twenty thousand days ; n on ev'ry one of 'em 5o hands (& that times 2) took hold of it : millions a hands must 'v converg'd here. -(?):yes; n here it lies n takes its rest. (?wonder if Our little tawny=owl that lives n the barrel kd still see any a the customers ?). - well bethatasitmay):" In this dwarf=smithy=connection FUHRMANN came up with sev'ral of his best jokes : The voyage to Hades, or 'Odysseus in the Ruhr'. He interprets all the underworld scenes z a simple visit to a coal mine.(and he knows [redacted] the exact location :somewhere 'on the far side',between Bonn & Cologne.) N sets out t make a whole new translation of the Odysee,too, on the basis of Cologne's dialect;according t him 'andra moi ennepe Musa / andre mir den Han(ne)f Mutter' is nothing but 'change the hemp for me, mother' : a simple spinning=song a the lw'er Rhine !";('elaborately crazy' ? : no doubt;but I read him,z I'v said before, because with him one kn study the curious 'storage of words in the [redacted] brain' : the paranoid comes up with homonyms that simply remain unreveald t the normal person.)

OLMERS (nodding appreciativ'ly):" 'm familiar with the need for way=out whimsies myself. I know of no more beautiful tale than that of Saint Sebald who was accustom'd t heating with icicles insteada wood : in pious soils rank gro'ths a that variety flourish magnificently.";(CLEMENS BRENTANO must 'v amasst a library y wdn't believe !;tss, the Fello who kd get hold a that ! ('A man who sells his soul to Satan for an unabridged 'Berleburg Bible';(or the 'Wertheim';that's no small potatoes either !))):"Have I ever sho'n you fello's this ? (he takes a gold coin out of his pocket -?- hm. Noo.):"Minted by the early MORMONS : on the obverse Brigham Young; surrounded by his wives (a few of the 36). On the reverse is a bee=hive;with the inscription -?- well,t paraphrase:'The Woman is Thy Field : plow it !'."

(Ahyes. Thanx to Christendom, the culture (philosophy,poetry) and sciences of the ancients came to a standstill in theology; ie in a breccia of myths & dogmas, rites & micro=cults, all glu'd tgether by faith. (How did FLAKE put it so aptly ?:'Christianity is something which belongs to history : nothing historical or mutable can claim to be an absolute good : find your way without the gods; live without gods' - that is the challenge of western culture.))

OLMERS (spritely):" And 'theology' represents the more primitive culture;(t which belongs not merely the oriental variety a the 'Bible', but 'Gothic' & other northern fetischisma just z well). -(?): Well, that what we'r dealing with is an older mentality from out of our tribe's early history follo's from,'mong other things, those 'death-bed conversions' that 'r so prais'd & over=(more precisely totally mis=)rated by the stupid churches; for n much the same way z the levels of personality arise in an individual ? : so too with old-age=death they sink back into themselves again. The brain shrinks; reason is suspended;(whereupon this dwindl'd creature gro's happily pious again : Proof !) - at the end only the superstiASTA(save yourself for watching what thæ yellobrown fee=male 's up to):" Her with her hollo voice & those mau-mowl eyes : She doesn't miss a trick! -";(she lugs the big brite-green canning=kettle to the hedge;- (where a broom=rider waits to receive it : !)):" Egg's a the same opinion :'Leave the Palace o' Minus standing : there'r still valuable things in it !';(that kn always be looted lateron). - You just make sure y get t the savings & loan : y calld 'em up,didn't y ?"

GRETE (Sure;n I'v already got his bankbook too. - ?): "Long since taken care of.";(id est,the smashing of Martina's piggybank !):" around 3oo marks in it."

ASTA (brutally):"Go hit A&O up for some money !";(He's gen-uine-tleman-ly stupid. -?):" Oh goodlord; n the beginning was the lie : of ev'ry 1o men nine are fools;((& in this world the 11th lives by the folly of the 1oth !). -,;(quiet a sec. : what's Your ex bello'ing about ? - something about 'gassy food' ?; and '9 1/2 pounds' ? -)

GRETE (kn kiss my ass 9 1/2 times !):"N he doesn't need lentils & Harzer=cheese either : the only thing he's still tol'rably good at is farting !"

(They give a silent spiteful Brocken=laugh. And go back to handing cartons etc thru the...)

tion & spooks a the subcon & S=E : el hombre es un cigarro : at the end nothing's left but a nauseating chewd-up butt, and some ashes;(the aroma's long since floated away !)" (He shakes his head. Then):" Why shdn't I die lege artis ?";(from'lick' & 'arse'):" Hoowee, will I ever be pious !: cath'lic ! 'll make the Pope look like a free=thinker ! :Ave Maria ! -";(He walks off gickling. But comes back once more):" I ran across a sententsyesterday,reading :'...and felt how her so casually clasped began to perspire in my hand' : hasn't a noun been left out there, after 'claspt' ? '(?):noo,'t's in CLAUREN. -(?): You'd suggest 'hand' ?! - now that's what I'd call banal...";(mutt'ring):"...simply have t go t the john. -(?):'3 cats in there ? - :Don't care if God the Father 'mself 's in there : I'v got t use it ! ";(I'll drop by now & again.)

EUGEN (watching him go):" Ahyess, my dear brother-in-law ! - Well, when y compare him with the feeble=mindeadness a female society round these parts, he's refreshing t say the least : n old goat; but a brave one. -(?): M=m : old enough; knows what t do n what to avoid. - "

(They watch the two girls coming out of the house : Ann'Ev's hands at her naked back, deep in thought./ Martina with a bunch of keys like a concierge...she fumbles & counts:...

MARTINA (sotto voce to AE):"...mad & nasty z a rattlesnake : she's fully capable a ruining the poor Major's entire HACKLÄNDER=collection !";((?):'v lockt up the bookcase it's in,n 'v got the key here in My=pocket. Disquieted):" If only the one pair (=at the table here) doesn't go in the house z long as thother pair (=inside) 's packing ! We'v got t keep 'em busy=diverted;(& if possible Onev us at least 's got t stay put there : so their eyes'r occupyd with Us. I'll think a something.)

(She lays a caressing arm across AE's shoulders; and pulls Her along -(softly in Her ear:'In 'Quisisana', by SPIELHAGEN, they'r terribly=n=love too : Bertram (5o) & Erna (18) : 't's nothing t be asham'd of !')-

MARTINA (ingratiatingly):" Well, gentlemen ? -";(to Eugen):" Say,Major, 'v the most urgent need a the grass=clippers - : kdn't y oil 'em, loosen the tension, sharpen 'em up a bit n so on ? I'll go get ev'rything y need.";(alluringly):" We'll keep y company while you'r at it - but a course You have t entertain Us with a story. -";(to A&O):" 'll prob'ly have another great=big favor to ask of You lateron...?"

Scene 42

(Terrace & table,as before. /Martina has fetcht a thick pillock=puff for herself, for AE a llama-hair blanket,folded up to doormat size - having been granted permission, she does her fingernails; Ann'Ev' has a little bo'l of blackberries,small as the hollo of her hand,next to her on the stones./ Eugen dismantles the clippers -(M has brought back both pairs at once)./ Only now & then does Olmers come over to them;(usually 'shado'd' by his babilonian whore,Who 'inherits' ev'rything (im)possible now : colord string,(for plaiting rope);a little magnifying glass,(that enlarges ev'rything that gets near to it); she takes a peek at the world & mankind thru the pink=colord pane of a bullseye windo : o -)/The narrator=interlocutor is A&O. From time to time he passes photos, or maps;or floor-plans around - the others add their comments.)

A&O (ahyes;Schopenhauer's ignorants of the world is inconceivable):" And You want t hear an account of the deeds of days of other years : pickl'd hours out of a life=story where not one moment was enjoyd.";(for Who is He who kn praise his past ? - I for one cannot;my escape from a poor & musty world prov'd all too costly.)"Besides, stupid people still fabricate a diff'rents between : bequeathing one's cadaver t be dissected for the benefit of the anatomical sciences; or leaving behind n autobiography. The former is held t be exquisit'ly scientific, even heroic n fact; the latter is smil'd upon, with a most genteel=disgust, as 'exhibitionism', or is simply jeerd at."

(:'The profound earnestness we employ when scrutinizing each detail of the female body,and which she reciprocates,the critical scrupulosity with which we examine a female in whom we have begun to take pleasure, the wilfulness of our choice , the eager attention with which a bridegroom regards his bride,his circumspection that he not be deceived in any part of her,and the great value he places on every superfluity or inadequacy of the essential parts - all this is quite appropriate to the importance of the objective. For that being which is soon to be engendered will have to carry a like trait throughout its life:if e.g. the female is but slightly bent; this can easily burden her son with a hunchback,and the same holds for other cases. - Granted, no conscious thought of this is present; indeed every man fancies he makes this difficult choice purely in the interest of his own sensual pleasure (which in point of fact can play no role whatever at this point) : but,given his own corporeity, he makes precisely that choice which serves the interest of the species, the latent task being to preserve each type as purely as possible.Here the individual acts,unwittingly,as the agent of something higher, the species : hence the importance attached to things to which in themselves he could, indeed ought,to be indifferent. - There is something quite unique in that profound,unconscious earnestness with which two young people of opposite sexes regard one another when first they meet;in that searching, penetrating glance they give each other;in that meticulous review under which all parts and traits of both persons must pass.This searching, this examination is in fact the meditation of the genius of the species upon the individual made possible by these two and the combination of their traits...thus the genius of the species meditates upon the coming generation in all those capable of procreation.';SCHOPENHAUER? 'World as WaR'ii,548)

EUGEN (massaging a eunuch=screw -(that for the moment has lost its 'nut')- with his oily rag):"If y knew it kd cure someone else or even just help in the diagnosis, wd you - after you'r dead - let be butcherd nice'n'kosher & scoopt out by the pound ?";(y wd?):" Then y'll have t write n autobio too.";(that was so fine last winter when y read to us out a SPITTELER's - the fello must 'v been mad z a March hare !)

MARTINA (softly to Ann'Ev'):" Was that ever=int'resting ! the way the little tad lov'd his mommies & aunties : anecdotes that were padded with sex thât=thick once y started taking 'em apart !";(have t do that tgether sometime.(And how he lov'd 'Flying Robert' best in STRUWWELPETER;n the hunter who wore his new=grass=green jacket.))

ANN'EV' (just as softly):" PssT. :'Je pense aux jours anciens, aux années d'autrefois' -";((?): Psalm 77=6. She reaches for 1 berry,with those long thin fingers -.)

(From out of a thin 8 1/2 X 11 folder containing family=papers and =photographs,(surveyors platts & city maps too, of course), spar'd by the mud=gulf of time, A&O removes the page with the family=tree : -

Goldschmidt
?

Wilhelm Gläser * 1835 + 1899,Saatz near Halbau — married 1859 — Alwine X. * 1841 + 1895 in Halbau

Gottfried Ehrentraut * 1811 Küpper + 1871 Schwerta — marr. 1841 — Christine X. * 1817 + 1866 Schwerta

Heinrich Hanisch * 182o + 1867 Tschirne — marr. 1848 — Henriette X. * 1826 + 19o1 Tschirne

Otto Goldschmidt
* ca. 186o glass-cutter; absented himself for the USA in '82

Minna Alwine Gläser
* 1864 in Nieder=Ullersdorf + 19.6.1912 in Berlin=Weißensee

1 illegitimate child :

Johann Gottlieb Ehrentraut
* 18.1o.1845 in Küpper + 17.1.191o in Lauban
(tanner,foreman.)

marry 11.9.1893 from the marriage 1 child

Ernestine Scholz,née Hanisch
* 2.9.1859 Tschirne + 16.4.1936 Lauban
(was married 3 times 3 children from the 1st marriage

Friedrich Otto Gläser
* 3o.1.1883 in Halbau + 8.9.1928 in Hamburg
(first a glass-cutter;then professional soldier;then policeman in Hamburg)

married 18.3.1912 in Lauban 2 children

Clara Gertrud Ehrentraut
* 3o.7.1894 in Lauban + 17.1o.1973 in Quedlinburg

Luzie Hildegard, * 18.3.1911 in Lauban

Arno Otto Gläser, * 18.1.1914 in Hamburg;Rumpffsweg 27; on a Sunday,between 2 & 3 p.m.

A&O (explaining):" On my father's side,(z far as I kn trace it), they all came from Halbau; a small-town with a population of about 2,ooo; 15 kilometers southwest of Sagan, the county=seat. -?"

for EUGEN (inquisitive):" Aahh; where Wallenstein ...?";(uh=how did that go ?):" 'Lusatia' was always changing hands among Saxons, Austrians, Prussians, rite ?"(for a while there it even belongd t the 'Duke of Courland' and his gallant daughters, didn't it ?; ahyès. Content, he returns to his lubrications: -)

A&O (Halbau n particular tho):"Was a new settlement : first laid out around 165o,(by the owners n those days, the 'von Friesen's'); n rite from the start [redacted] as a town for making glass - prob'ly the sand n the region was especially suitable. I mention the noble owners only because the 'Counts of Promnitz' (VEHSE v,6,54 f.) also appear among them ... ?"

EUGEN (delited):" The one in LEOPOLD SCHEFER ?; what do y know."

A&O (that's the fello):" Halbau gave birth to a writer once before this - who believe it or not also had connections with Hamburg : Karl Gottlieb PRÄTZEL.";(*Halbau 2.4.1785; + Hamburg 13.6.1861 -(?):no; he liv'd there for many years,from 18o7 on. -(?):oh rite entertaining,really;your short epics in the Wieland style : I'll read 'Roxilia' aloud for you allev you? sometime;'v got it inside.):" Naturally the whole place is full a Slavic names, especially the towns & landmarks - Wendish=Sorbian names t be precise - y kn see there, the one great=grandfather died in 'Saatz';(just like the'Plowman', quite rite;the same name); & Halbau itself lies on the 'Tschirne',that is the 'Blackwater' - no doubt atall that Wendish blood 's been crosst n my veins, and on both sides 'm sure. The countryside roundabout looks something like it does here too : sand & heath & birches. - 'Twas there then that my father was born. -(?): No;I never knew His parents, and (half=)brothers & sisters.(Even tho I had sev'ral hundred relatives n the place, (great=)uncles and =aunts;cousins a both sexes & at all possible stages a removal - was a little too much of a good thing)...?"

for MARTINA :" ? - 'd think that'd be a lota fun !"

A&O (wellnow):" I was n Halbau all-told - let me see - 3 times;(if I'm figuring rite 1926; and twice in '28 :during summer vacation,n then again n November,(after my father had died - 'll go into that lateron maybe). I mean,there was just too=big a tangle of 'em. Besides which they all drank like ... : welll : they drank just like glass-makers."(But they have to : try working nfrontev n oven the whole day sometime : the heat from it is so tremendous that I kd hardly get closer than 3 steps away ! They'd be half=dead a thirst half=witherd-up if they didn't swizzle their 2o=3o beers a day. -(?):Noo; not=me;(I was still too young then !); but the whole town seemd t me t be nicely 'mello'. - Wait !):" There was 1 other time, as a soldier, I rode thru the train-station...must'v been in June a '43;as I was on my way t Russia,returning from

leave -"; (I kn still see the green wild=grapevines on the red brick=walls; n the road that led to town)...?"

Eugen (thoughtfully stroking one of the long blades of the clippers with petroleum):" Wait a sec - the drill=field for the troops stationd there was calld...?"

A&O (hit at a sore point, his mouth pulld down at the corners):" Neuhammer;(I once had the honor a personally participating in n artill'ry=shoot there)."

EUGEN (ahyes;(n old military=man's int'rested n such things a course). But above all I wanted to ask):" So then y never knew your grandfather..."

A&O (interrupting him):" Of all 4 grandparents the only one I knew was my grandmother=on-my-mother's-side - I'll get t her later. - No; my father's mother -(there were Some who us't t say : it was all Her fault that this Goldschmidt fello didn't marry her; once when he had t wǫk someplace else for 4 weeks, she was unfaithful t him first thing)- well She later marryd a man nam'd Lange; your born drone; who mov'd t Berlin with her;n liv'd there in dissolute working-class quarters with her & the 3 children he had by her, who'd be [redacted] my half-uncle/aunts,(tho I'v Never seen a One of 'em). She,the(grand)mother died,relativ'ly=young, of a heart attack, too.";(But t get back t my father):" His was a pretty desperate youth : not much t eat, not much schooling. His step-father was a machinist (theoretic'ly);if truth were told, a boozer & a loafer; (n z y mite expect, with a tinge a communism : cause then ev'rything 'd get divided up). My father had t do all sorts of odd jobs after school;eg deliver penny-dreadfuls,('1oo copies'). After he was confirmd he was sent t his grandparents,in Halbau - it was only too plain they were glad t be rid of him - as n anecdote: for the holy ceremony the poor=house 'd presented him with a suit a worn-out clothes from some giant brick-layer; he lookt so weird in it that the folks who came t pick him up at the train station beat the hastiest a retreats rather than be seen with such a scarecrow. No wonder then that lateron n life he had n unconquerable weakness for 'tailor-mades' & 'patents' (=shoes)."

OLMERS (who, along with Babilonia, has pickt up this last sententsy):" May I draw two conclusions from that ? (Or 'r y inclin'd t practice 'de mortuis nil nisi' ?)"

> ('He had never thought of God, and was indifferent to the fate of nations';LOEST concerning ETA HOFFMANN.)

A&O (wearily) :"I lay no store n that - I prefer t speak good a those still=alive."

OLMERS (well then):" First, he was moren likely n atheist...?"

A&O (shaking his head):" He was much too indiff'rent for that - I think policemen n those days had t sign a statement t the effect that they didn't suffer from 'oceanic feelings';(at times it may 'v seemd t him z if he were the cork in n empty bottle). Which is t say,n other words : 'religion' didn't exist in Our family atall;We were never inside a church - what I mean is, never really 'in' one;nominally We were 'evangelical=lootherns,(as my mother pronounc't it)."

OLMERS((first turning tenderly to his little smoothbrown witch,à la 'N what d ɣóu have t say ?'. - She promptly answers:'Fiderunkankinsavalilalorami.' Aha.) Then to A&O again):" And secondly, He must 'v been a regular pelican=in=reverse when it came to a sents a family. ?"

A&O (yes, 't's rite):"An unbelievable egoist. With such a guileless=cheerfull lack a feeling that...(well p'r'aps I'll automatic'ly come round t talking about some a those things;'t's sufficient for now t say) -:from his monthly salary,(which lateron was quite considerable for the 2o's), he spent 4/5ths on himself z a matter a course; the 1=leftover was for Us Other Three,(n from that my Mother had t defray the costs of rent (= 36 marks a month;stayd the same 15 years long), 'gas', n clothes & footwear for Us - 'll describe what We lookt like n a little bit;(and may I add here, that I developt no sents whatever for 'tailor=mades')."(but t go on):" [redacted] In Halbau he ended up doing what Ev'ryone there did : he went t work in the glass-fact'ry; was 'traind' there,(ie he had t work his way up slo'ly, starting at errand boy); til finally he was a glass-cutter. N that's what he did then, in Halbau and in thother towns n the area where glass was made...?: well, frinstants in Weisswasser;til the next important period n his life..."

EUGEN (stroking the blade a coupla times with the whet=stone -(actually meant for sickles :? - :!! - : ?):"Til he joind the military, 'm I rite ? And for him - as for so many others - that was afterall a real step up the social ladder." (N 'good' for him in ev'ry respect : learnd what discipline is,(which ought not t have displeas'd him n the least); a way of life as spiffy as it is carefree; workt his way up thru the ranks...?)

for MARTINA (somewhat indignantly):" N how do you know all about this ?"

EUGEN (forebearing):" Because lateron he was a captain n the police force - typical career for those who change over t civilian employment. - uhhow tall was He ?"

A&O (smiling wanly):" A shade under five foot six inches, Major."

EUGEN (with a professional nod):" Infantry. -:where all was he stationd ?"

A&O ('v still got 2 a his military passes here):" - :from Oct. 14, 19o4 til Sept. 17, 19o6 in Frankfurt on the Oder with Grenadier Regiment Nr. 12, 4th Company;(while there, lance-corporal on April 11, 'o6). Then, feeling his oats, [redacted] he signd up for colonial service;in China t be precise,where for two n a quarter years, til August 12, 19o9 he serv'd in Tsing=tau with the East=Asian Detachment 3rd Comp.;(on the day he returnd home, on Aug. 12th, [redacted] he was promoted to a non-com)."

EUGEN (ah so thát's where all Your chinoiserie comes from):" Then it's no wonder atall that y were cro'ing 'Kiau Tschou!' while still n your cradle."

A&O (yes;I'v been familiar with such syllables since I was that=high):" Pei=ho; Wai=hei=Wai; Tien=Tsin,the Gate of Heaven; n I kd babble Kon=Fu=Tse's name before I kd Christ's;(which was a good thing). - But t get back: on Aug. 13, 'o9 he 's already a grenadier again; this time in Lauban=Silesia, with the 4th Company, in the Courbière=barracks. Becomes a sergeant on Dec. 21, 191o. And on Dec. 31, 1911 he is releas't t serve in the Hamburg police=force."

EUGEN (objecting):" Hey, He hadn't serv'd his full 12 years yet !"

A&O (hastily sure=sure; n he never forgave my sister for it):" 'll go ahead n polish off [redacted] his final attack a soldiering first : during the World War itself he'd been exempted from military service; but afterwards, when there was no longer a shortage a demob[redacted]iliz'd policemen, he kd find no rest - he just had t volunteer for the 'Bellicosities' -('Pillars of order & discipline' 's what Professor P.HERRE calld 'em;actually theirs was a mercenary mentality that kdn't leave the bivouacking behind,& they were too lazy t work;(just like it was here after the 2ndWorldWar;the same phenomenon))- n so from April 3,1919 til the end a June he saw action with the 'Poensgen Detachment;von Steinacker Battalion'. There'r still a few (picture=)postcards from Insterburg & Liebau extant;Dünaburg; Riga was taken on the 22nd a May - "

EUGEN (with deliberation):"He needn't have done it then ? At 36 n z head of a family ?";(was prob'ly more like MORGENSTERN's);" 'One night a werwolf slipped away from wife and child', rite ?"

A&O (nodding : he had it up t here with fam'ly=life;He was prob'ly even more fed up with Us, than We were with Him): "Tanyrate around June 2o, '19 he landed in the Landwehr VA hospital n Hamburg, considerably skinnier & with a nasty 'shot in the head' -"; ('There's a corpse afloating in the Landwehr Canal' was the start of a couplet n those days...?):" Aw=g'on; but of course that precious bald pate was resting safe'n'sound on its pillo. -(?): Yes;I only knew Him z a baldie; short & fat. N even my mother kdn't remember him any other way."(Tho she proudly told her girl-friends that his nickname n the army in Lauban 'd been 'dapper Gläser'; or 'Count Otto of & in Glasburg;(which I lateron heard my uncle Ernst n Berlin set t rites as [redacted] 'Gläser with the Horse's Prick' a/o 'Big-Slitter=Gläser')):"If I'm boring you all -";(this to Martinlein; and half-shyly to Ann'Ev' as well):" 'll gladly stop. (Y kn fall asleep if y like; I wdn't be offended - besides, I havn't got any lov'ly mem'ries anyhow.)";(isn't there a little tragedy a the same sort in SPIELHAGEN's 'Quisisana' ?, He's 5o, She's 18 ? (Godd-a/u-mn mad-ne/bli-ss !).

> (:'Or the farmer's predilection
> for a nap, once in his pew,
> nor to wake till benediction
> as the Bible closes to./
> And those years I spent in college
> when the brain's with dreams possessed:
> then I learned by pers'nal knowledge
> when a nap can taste the best - /
> in the gentle heat of summer
> when in seminar I'd sit,
> striving hard not to grow dumber,
> mutely listening, brows tight-knit. /
> Somehow though my comprehension
> would bog down and fall asleep;
> hence my nodding head's contention
> that 'twas full of thoughts most deep./
> And with noddings I rewarded
> every theory, howe'er odd,
> all objections unrecorded,
> for my head could only nod. /
> Splendid trains of thought possess an
> inattentive mind and spread;
> thus I've heard no better lesson
> than those lectures in my head. /
> Daily I attended classes
> while orations mighty rolled,
> found a peace there that surpasses
> understanding, fame, and gold.../
> There I made myself a promise
> (which till now no fruit could bear),
> that should Zeus for me e'er from his
> throne decree a tutor's chair, /
> and a student were to spurn my
> wisdom, seeking sleep instead,
> I'd not punish him nor burn my
> notes: a desk was once my bed.'RÜCKERT)

MARTINA (tactfully -(?/nǫ̂;'m not tir'd;'d love t hear more) -):"So that one mite say that in your home manners were a little coarse ?".

A&O (Ahyes : y put that very nicely;let's leave it at that. -To Eugen):"With the most vulgar kind a military=mouth, Yǫu know what I mean. Nothing but swinish jokes from belo the waist; ev'ry single turn a phrase drencht in S - z a child y didn't comprehend atall what it really meant when at the table your mother let loose with :'His eyes 'r bigger than his bottom !';(I puzzl'd over that for years ;thought sure it shd be 'mouth' or 'belly' ?;til finally I fil'd it with thother inexplicables). It was dreadfull n Our house ! All the crude single entendres !: my father 'd come running up,hug One of Us;shout, 'Ah I love you all!'while letting the most brutal a farts,n laughd as We had t sniff his dung rite along with him - I literally kdn't 'stand the smell' a my father;that mixture a sweat tobacco intestinal=gas schnapps; that cocky tenor voice a his, warbling dirty 'couplets' the livelong day :'Oh please=don't please=don't please=don't,dearest Silberstein'(at ev'ry 'plèase=don't a thrust of the knees & abdomen); he'd sing the 'Hunter from the Palatinate' no other way but:'then kisst his wife upon her ass, that's why he has bad breath'. Y kn imagine how asham'd We were when of n [redacted] evening his colleagues(with their wives) 'd visit us,& He'd once again do his imitation of the 'Journeyman with Staff in Hand' ! -(?):of course; hits from operettas tǫo :'Yes that's what the maidens love';'Let's do like the swallows do'; the 'cherries in my neighbor's garden';'Sweetie,you'r my eye's delight' - woven endless= & greasily : brutal bawdy as the'warp; sentimental kitsch as the 'woof'.)

EUGEN (fitting the first pair of clippers back tgether):" Didn't he have a few somewhat purer mem'ries from his school days ? N didn't He have a sents for better things -(I mean n terms a culture,now)- if he happend t chants upon them ?"

A&O (gloomily): " Yes. He must 'v had a good=strict 'precentor' n school n fact;for he kd sing 'Three little birds all clad in green came winging from the skies' without a hitch.(Of a morning He lik't t bello Us outev bed with 'The sun awakes - and with her glory fills both the mountains and vales'; i.e. the chorus from 'Preǥiosa' - when We children wd'v lov'd t 'v gone on sleeping !). But the 'Man from Palestine'(tgether with his 'camel on the line')was soon submerg'd in 'Bonifacius Kiesewetter.': He strutted around in 'cutaways', 'tux' & 'palletow' - while his daughter wore old shoelaces t tie up her pigtails insteada the brite bo's thother girls had.";('Father & Son meet again in hell and call down curses [redacted] upon one another !'. There are,afterall,egoists who excuse themselves by saying they don't love their neighbors but rather 'humanity=n=gen'ral - my father didn't even dissemble thàt much : He lov'd himself alone;[redacted] vaya con Dios !).

EUGEN (isn't this all a little tǫo=bitter ? - /(but both girls shake their heads,(M wild=&=sympathetic'ly; AE with 1 stony shake);and stare at A&O : go on.) / - Then, however):" Move on the other parental portion. Didn't your mother come from tolerably 'proper', albeit 'humble' circumstances ? -".

A&O (shrugging;(depends on what y mean by that)):" Both pairs a greatgrandparents were likewise from Lusatia. One pair (from Schwerta; 5 km from Marklissa), were weavers - p'r'aps y 'r aware a what that meant from GERHART HAUPTMANN - in a small thatcht-roof cottage; he was killd when a tree he was cutting down n the woods fell on him. Thothers were mini=farmers in Tschirne; She liv'd long enough that my mother rememberd seeing her : She was so huncht over that she kd only raise her head with her hand so as t look at her grandchild;(I was there by the way 1ce too, when I was about 7=8 years old). - My mother's parents, a course, come more sharply into focus; and then She (=my grandmother) was the only member a my grandparentage that I ever knew personally. She was a woman who'd been much lov'd : marryd 3 times over;& with sev'ral 'arrange-

ments' in between, z they were calld back then. From the 1st (with a village gradeschool=teacher), she had 1 son & 2 daughters - ie my aunts & uncle. After her first husband,(Gustav Scholz,1857-93),died a consumption, she marryd my grandfather six months later - I could say : 'Who for some inexplicable reason always appears n pictures with a tanner's mallet n his hands' - but z a matter of fact for many long years he was a foreman with Simon's Tannery in Lauban,on the Fischerstrasse. (By which I only wanted t say that all my ancestors were of equal birth, in both their obscurity and lack of means.) After his apprenticeship he had 'journeyd' t use the old Teutonic term. Had bravely $\frac{f}{b}$ought in on all the wars of his day; nothing but 'Dybbøl trenches', & 'Königgrätz', & 'Mars la Tour' As a cultural curiosity I'd like t record : that, when my mother sent me his papers, medals, (for he did have several,made a gun-bronze, etc.), photographs n such, the post office of the GDR actually confiscated the package, destroyd it;n for a postscript passt along a sharply-worded reprimand t my mother, concerning sentiments of a 'militaristic, imperialistic,n Godonlyknowswhatallistic' nature."

1.) Gustav,188o-1939;was director of a brown-coal mine in Völpke.
2.) Hedwig,1883-1923;she was my 'Liegnitz aunt';marryd to Paul Knobloch; 3 children : Rudi,Elli,Heinz
3.) Emma,1886-1943,my 'Berlin aunt'; marryd to Ernst Hagen,a musician at the 'Scala' (more or less a 'music-hall'); 1 daughter Ruth (*1909))

EUGEN (testing the first set of clippers on a sheet of paper : ? - : what d' y know; it cuts it ! -):" Assholes ! A rotten shame that pin-heads like that kn do away with important materials (from 'mater') with a wave a the hand ! Do y have anything atall that 'comes directly' from him ?"

A&O (unfortunat'ly not 1 written line. But):" A scrap of a military pass; 1 legal document; & 2 photographs, perhaps not all that unint'resting either, since all her life my mother swore up & down : I was the spitting image of him ! Thus not so much like my father, n much more like Him; who was also relativ'ly tall (for his day!) : about five foot seven. He too had a 1st (tho childless) marriage behind him; n wd 'v given anything t 'v had'a boy' - so that my mother always had t have her hair clippt short, so she said,n order t provide at least the illusion of a lad. N all other respects it appears that in that century=of=craftsmen he more or less led the life 'characteristic' of a foreman who didn't have the money t move on up to a position of 'master' : came stumbling home drunk on Friday evenings,with his 'schtábørtl' (= a small flask of schnapps;maybe a measure z well ? (prob'ly a Slavic word)) in his pocket; warbling 'Zentschabissl';til he finally sang his 'weeper' -(that was a standard term : a fav'rite=song, n the course of which a tipsy soul wd on principle begin t cry) - bangd his tannd fist on the table yet once more,n bello'd : 'Come light'ning, come thunder, and let the cannon roar as it will : tho blood flow from our wounds - : WE ARE HERE !' - whereupon he kd at last be led off t bed."(Nonetheless, he seems z a rule t have left over enough of his salary so that,with scrimping & saving, it kd be stretcht thru the coming week - provided his wife sewd handkerchiefs t help out.)

MARTINA (mournfully):" One really ought t make 'naughty parents' a household term.";(to AE):" What do y think poor Abelchen has t put up with at home ! Tss; if parents 'r suppos'd t be lov'd?:then they'll have t behave themselves better."

A&O (nor kn the 'tone' a thing there 'v been diff'rent enough t be worth mentioning):" They sang the endless 'seamstress songs' with their 3o=4o verses; lachrymusty 'blues' or sentimentaliz'd ballads, as y will :'O you false false lad' (t the melody a 'Stenka Rasin'); or 'Marie sat weeping in the garden,her babe lay slumb'ring at her side';'The lake is calm tonite';'We are the singers from Finsterwalde'...?"

EUGEN (nodding knowingly):" Y kn bet they sang a their fate : almost All of 'em had z good as the melancholy certainty of n 'illegitimate child' in the near future;(if they were lucky they got marryd;usually, tho, they weren't lucky)."

A&O (sure. But):"Here too the air must 'v been so thick with sexual=idioms y kd 'v cut it with a knife :'Now my soul's at peace at last, n my ass has calld it a day';the highest award was calld the 'Pull=a=mare's=tit'. The curling-irons clatterd before heading for a 'nautch' (=dants); n the highest goal was 'a boa of ostrich-feathers'!, combin'd with the desire t be n officer's whore,(who,cf FONTANE,'Turmoil',passt from hand t hand for 1o=2o years;only then t lead a shado'y life z a perfectly respectable 'spinster').";(but t return t our topic):"When my grandfather up'n'died in 1910 a stomach cancer, of the 4 children 3 were already marryd;my mother,the baby,was the only one still living with the wido. With the grim determination of the poor, however, she took a hard=look at her strapping 15-year-old, -(I learnd later from n older cousin that even at that early age my mother was the proud bearer of enormous breasts,tho she had no rear atall)- and(yes, well, I know no other term for it) playd the bawd for her. At a dants in Bertelsdorf, my mother (at 14=15 years of age, mind you!) had made the acquaintants a 'dapper Gläser'; n let him bring her home n the very=dark;(:'Now don't y pretend with me;you know what it's all about.',is what he said t her;n she prob'ly didn't want t seem inexperienc't). He then visited her at home z well;& her mother, justly worn-out by sewing, either simply went off t bed, or, put another way, - and this I have on good authority - she said:'See she gets t bed too; she's always such a scaredycat !' - whereupon things happend z happen they must & as 'twas sung before :'Marie sat weeping in the garden,her Luzie [redacted] Hildegard lay slumb'ring at her side'.

EUGEN (he did, however - z I see from your fam'ly=tree here;altho 1 year afterwards - marry her then):"?-."

A&O (yes;she was able to exert the necessary pressure somehow):"Was permanently running after him with the baby in her arms;whenever he wanted t strike up n acquaintants, there she was : wherever he applyd for promotion... - Yes;he had t marry her. But when I think back t the scenes a my childhood; how he'd lay into my sister, beat her black & blue, yelling all the while:'I had t get marryd because a you !!!'... -";(He distractedly shakes his head (size 9); - to the girls):" 'd be better if we cut this short, wdn't it ?:Just look at how prettily Klappendorf lies there beneath its clear pillars a smoke; all the trees in their jackets of brite-colord leaves - ".

but ANN'EV' (without looking up):" Go on. (So that for once y kn unburden your [redacted] h$\frac{eart}{ate}$.) "

Scene 43

(As before, on the terrace./Tho something like a lite haze has begun to cast itself over ev'rything - or more precisely: like the incomplete fog=landscape of some future urban development -(which at the same time of course is indescribably=of-the-past. Totally destroyd in the war, too. And long since rebuilt again,beyond recognition)- the scenes cloud one another over - the shouts of the souldess amusicians coming from the hillahay resound across the empty suburban plains in Dobbelersweg as well - at times Ann 'Ev's face kn be seen pasted on a board-fents - pasents in the prest, things just may get out of hand.)

A&O (his face in=tense, his eyes focust):"Before I even begin let me say that 'my' Hamburg has nothing t do with the conventional notions a tourists or the hundred-percent Hamburghers : harbor,Alster, Rathausmarkt, city=in-gen'ral -(altho t be sure I'v seen all that, too!)- were secondary for me,insignificant, a noisy periphery seldom seen."(One hears a much more typical 'hanseatic tone' in the works of ILSE FRAPAN; (altho she kd write some of the most frightfull rubbish :'Nor do I begrudge you your gardens, you children of Hamm and Horn !' : well she's about t hear something rite now from a child of 'Hamm'.))

ANN'EV' (who's helping to look, her mouth agape from the exertion, says with a peculiar, high=abstracted voice):"In Luxemburg : there's a section a town calld 'Hamm' too. In the south-west; inside a loop n the Alzette -."

A&O ('s that rite. In Hamburg=it's way t the east; north a the last twist n the Bille):" When I was a child the whole thing had more the effect of a life-siz'd sketch of some development still n the planning. The streets for the most part were pav'd;trimmd smartly with sidewalks & curbs;but of the houses that were one day t line them, mostly only the corner=buildings were standing - inbetween yawnd 'vacant' lots; ie the enormous excavations that 'd already been dug out, 2 sometimes 3 meters deep perhaps, n a hundred or more meters long & wide, often even larger. (The further east one went, the more seldom even the corner-houses became; the more frequent these absolutely empty construction sites - tho some had been coloniz'd by gardners;(to n extent 'summer settlements' à la FALLADA)). The first 1o=12 years a my [redacted] life nothing happend there; the war,n the effects that follo'd from it ('inflation' etc.),halted any & all construction. These 1oo=2oo meter wide backdrops were anything but 'green'(t say nothing of Frapanic 'gardens'); but almost always naked=gray - if y were lucky; even more often they were strewn with trash - n frequently serv'd z playgrounds for us kids, n good ZILLE=style. In winter, if there was sno,(not gen'rally the rule in Hamburg!),we'd ride our little sleds (or simply boards) down the slopes full scream ahead : the swoop'd last a good 15 meters sometimes. - The desolation a the area was horrible ! No leaves danc't t the pipe a the wind; at best a bit of dust. The few people there were never greeted one another. From the sidewalk one kd see into the courtyards : the filthy-gray facades with iments black stains. Ev'rywhere the scanty motion of wash hung out on the balconies -";(He bends over somewhat; he appears to be looking at some particular view):" - (what a scene n winter, 5o'balk'nies' with wash awriggling !) - with railings along the front so y kd easily walk out onto them. A poster stuck to a dirty house=corner... ?"

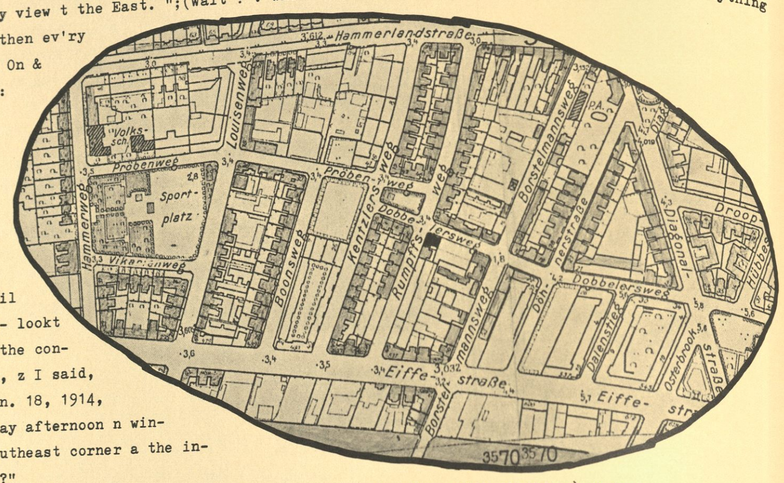
for ANN'EV' (from a mouth hanging open as if from sickness):" - the head of a man. His eyes blindfolded;(? 'r they bleeding ?) -";(She spells it out slo'ly):" - !PULL OFF THAT RED BLINDFOLD !' -"

A&O (ahyes : at the corner a Döhnerstrasse ! - (What a shame there were almost no cameras n those days;'d be priceless now z n aid t mem'ry;(or,p'r'aps=more-correctly, so y kd fish up a whole bundla remembrances that way...(?): No. Of all our immediate relatives only our 'Berlin uncle',Ernst, had one;He was n fact an impassiond photographer,sparing no cost whatever, which kd whip his wife into a fury;(develop't them himself,made prints, enlarg'ments).I didn't get my first outfit til 37=38. - But t get back):" Even allowing for the gen'ral impov'rishment a the period, the inhabitants a the area were among the poorest of the poor - the name 'Borstelmannsweg''d tell a native Hamburger all he needs t know,('The Spartakist Uprising' : I kn still hear the machine-guns rat-tat-tatting up the street !). When I enterd school n 192o : tss, 'v never seen such a collection a little urchins'n'strays since;"(n my sister & I didn't run around looking any diff'rent : n all the years in Hamburg, I never once had a brandnew piece a clothing on my back ! Ev'rything piec't tgether out of (what had mostly been) [redacted] my father's old uniforms; The piecing done by my mother, who, on the basis of youth alone, hadn't the vaguest conception a sewing : I never had pockets in my pants !;(n was envious a the boys who did, filling 'em up with twine & marbles, or simply with their boastfull fists). And did We ever go hungry, n have symptoms a deficiency t sho for it ! - But t come back again):" So that 'suburb' is definit'ly not the term for the projected wasteland I grew up in. -(?): yes,the canals weren't far away either -(by the way,they'r calld 'fleets' n Hamburg)- a coupla hundred meters t the south was the 'Middle Canal' -(?):oh not even that : round 3oo;(including the turns y made on the way); and,another 3oo meters

further, the 'South Canal'.1o minutes away from 'our' house at most,these canals came t n end;smack up against the high railroad embankment that cut off ev'ry view t the East. ";(Wait ! : when I said before that z a [redacted] child I never saw anything green, that's a lie of course : back then ev'ry single flowerbox was painted green. - On & on,gracelessly,in infinitum. - To AE):

" And I'm still not allowd t stop ?"

ANN'EV' (moves her long yello brows):" First I'v got t have a look at the house - ".



A&O (okay,then we have to enlarge things slo'ly):" The immediate surroundings a my first 1o years - (including gradeschool where I went til I was 1o, n my sister til she was 14)- lookt about like this -";(Y kn see the way the construction sites gape wide;to the East, z I said, things got sparser'n'sparser):" On Jan. 18, 1914, between 2 & 3 o'clock, on a cold Sunday afternoon n winter, I was born n the house on the southeast corner a the intersection RUMPFFSWEG=DOBBELERSWEG...?"

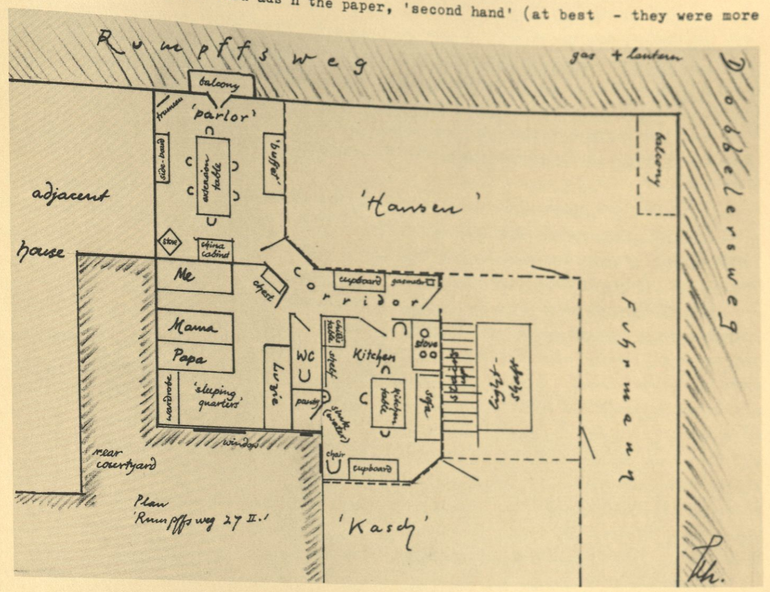
EUGEN (businesslike; he has dismantl'd the second set of clippers - remmonstrating with Martina):" Bring me a bo'l a water. And a coupla more rags.";(tss, did y ever get these dirty ! - To A&O):" That wd be then at about 1o° longitude; and - let me see - 53 1/2° latitude ? : how high above sea-level ?"

A&O (holdon;I'll see to it your artill'rist's soul's fully gratifyd):" Yaw 35 69 9o5; alt 59 36 238; altitude a the pavement in the intersection 3.4 m -";(consoling the girls):" don't let yourselves be confus'd; in English that's approximat'ly 1o° 3' 3o"longitude.";(ohsure; z t the characterization a the'terrain'):" As with ev'ry north-German river, the Elbe has its so-calld primal=valley;whose (northern) border - ie the rim of 'high-ground' - was markt by the Hammer= (further out Horner=) Landstrasse : the south side a this street lay at a mean altitude of 3 t 3 1/2 m above sea-level; on thother, the north, side it rose t 12 - 15 m. -(?): well,[redacted] there were narro flites a stone stairs t the top : almost directly opposite a where Rumpffsweg came out was one that led up t the 'Hammer Church'. But enough; We, at any rate,liv'd n the river 'marshes' down belo;(n that's why there's [redacted] that section a 'Middle Canal' along the bottom edge). Y kn see, too,how the house was surrounded by the 'lots' I'v describ'd (the dark & dirty grounds).";(what do y want Martinelle? My 'genesis' must 'v been enacted there z well,rite):" The midwife liv'd on the 'Hammerlandstrasse;just up at the corner,";(or so my mother told me; must, therefore, still be possible to ascertain the name from outev n address book from '14;(I don't have one unfortunat'ly)):" But I'm suppos'd t 'v weighd 11 1/2 lbs, n 'v been 58 cm long. Born under the eye a my father (who was off-duty just then); He was the first t determine my sex, & is said to'v screamd 'A Boy !' - ergo my name was already fixt,too; for n case of a boy it 'd been decided I was t be nam'd after his best friend, a glass-cutter buddy by the name a Hess,from Weisswasser. - (?): oh sweetheart : I'v always found SCHOPENHAUER's chapter 'Concerning Sexual Love' t be curious, indeed 'crackers',(however much I esteem him otherwise ■) - your 'selection of a spouse' proceeds along such dreadfully diff'rent lines among simple folk ! Just consider : my father had availd himself of 1oo women & girls prior t my conception,(plus 5o afterwards); let's not speak a my mother now, but it was purest chants that precisely this C.G.E. turnd out t be my mother - she was so far from being the 'complement' (or whatever) t his character, that he us'd t rail & curse by his marriage! When he'd booz'd & danc't til the impulse just kdn't be postpon'd any longer, then the First Girl handy & willing 'd do!";((?): naturally there is such a thing z a 'complement',Martina; but):"You'll never meet him. And if y do meet him then the most heinous obstacles lie between ...(?):oh, that 'She' is already marryd 'd be the least of 'em, cf Tristan & Isolde. But what if, by some blunder a nasty nature, they'r 1 if not 2 generations apart ?" (I'v seen old men check out little girls with the strangest looks : and They returnd the glants,with a singular seriousness!■ (Or when y stumble on a picture some master painted 4oo years ago;n suddenly y know : Her !Her there at the edge; Her with the yello hair... - He falters;awakes ;is flusterd. He says to Ann'Ev'):" I beg your pardon. -";(I merely wanted t say):"2 'rite' people 'finding' one another is such a rarity it's immediat'ly preserv'd n words of amber as a wonder a world literature, à la Romeo & Juliet.";(to Eugen):" But even then they never actually have children themselves, do they ? 'Undine' is no diff'rent from 'Manon Lescaut'."

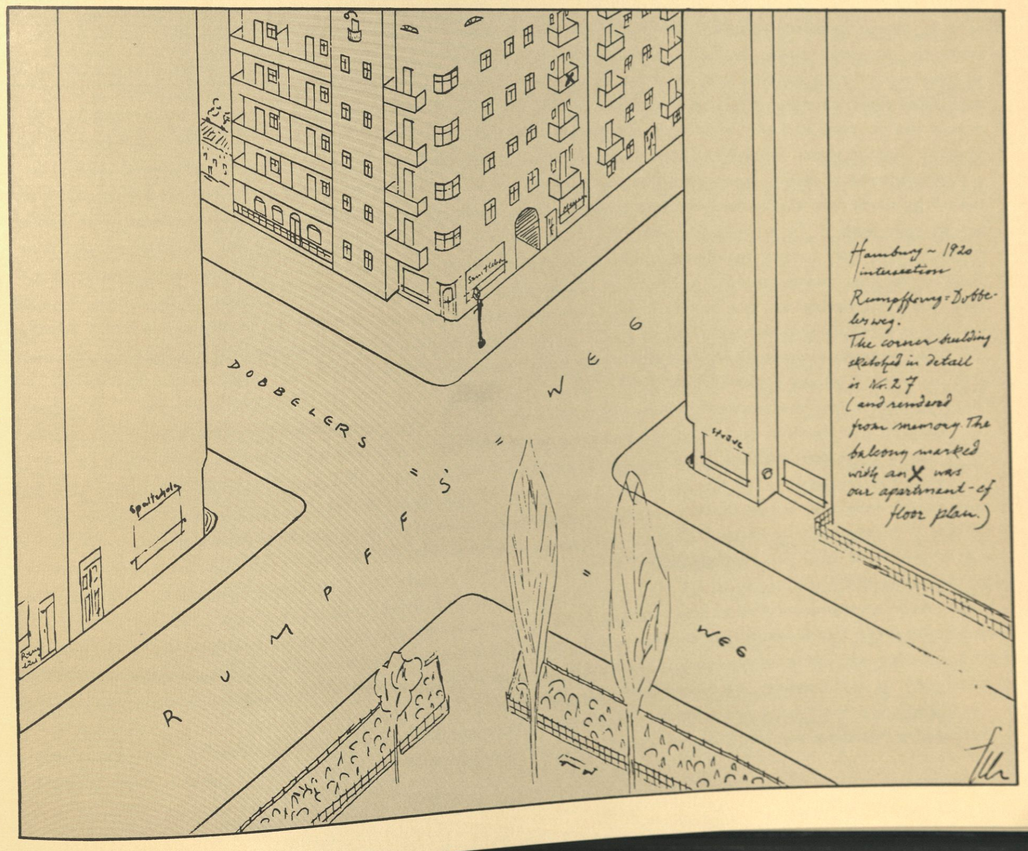
EUGEN (thinking this over, puckers his lips - hm):" Moren likely a trait characteristic of all motable people. -"(Tho I'll grant y in HACKLÄNDER's novels...and theirs is really quite properly love too...hm -)

A&O (we'r not speaking of 'proper' love at the moment. But here):"For whoever wants t know absolutely=exactly, (a good many years ago)- I once sketcht the plan of our apartment.";(something 'v always wanted t have with ev'ry autobio:you kn write all the words y want;but the most tedious description is no substitute for the simplest rough-sketch! (This one here, of our '2 rooms & a kitchen' 's even quite exact,I'd say.(The architect & owner bytheway was nam'd Dorendorff;his old gray mother liv'd downstairs, on the 'entresol')). - To AE):" Since at first I became acquainted with only the interior of our apartment - long before the exterior meant anything t me- it's quite congruent with the 'historical development' when I begin by serving up the interieurs,(if such a fine word may be employd). 'We had no 'new furniture' atall : my mother had brought a coupla pieces from home; z far as I know 1 double bed and 1 single; 1 kitchen-table and 2 chairs; 1 chest & 1

wardrobe. My father had bought some things at n auction, a/o thru ads n the paper, 'second hand' (at best - they were more like 4th or 5th for the most part)."(What kd I add for the sake a total clarity ? - To the girls): " Gaslite n all the rooms. On the stove n the kitchen"(fir'd with coal;assuming that there was any t be had...(?)Well,that was by nō means a matter a course for the first 6=7 years a my life !;During & after the war we didn't just go hungry, we froze too):" on the stove, then -(isn't it nice that now I kn simply say :'cf. floor plan')- stood a small gas cooker. -(?):No : not electric ! An apartment with 'lectricity'was a cov[redacted]eted rarity even 1o years later. -(?): 'Bath' ? alas'n'alack !;(We were proud & spoild by the fact that we had a john !) Water came from a tap over the little oh-so solid iron sink n the kitchen."(We didn't have a cellar; we had n attic instead,(where strangely enough the coal was stor'd too,was heav'd up the front a the house outside). I must stress one thing):"As a way of characterizing the life we led : my parents' [redacted] mentality was so ghastly that the 'parlor' at the front,(the room with the balcony), was never us'd ! Year=in, year=out we resided exclusiv'ly in the kitchen ! (With the exception a the days between December 24th n January 1st.) In the most congested a tite quarters;midst steam of cooking & washing,(for the clothes were dryd n the kitchen : there was a moulding at the ceiling with hooks screwd in it, where the lines kd be strung.";(Uh-huh, 'our house' from the outside ? - : I havn't got a picture of it;(prob'ly never was one, either);and, apart from maps & plans, I'm no 'artist' - I kn see it before me more or less... :?)



for AE's (hand hunts for a pencil...Her mouth stands half-open;Her face looks into that of A&O,in a childlike=expressionless way : - she stutters): "May I - try ? -,- " ;(someone has quickly slipt her a sheet of paper - (one of the illustrated quartos of HACKLÄNDER serves as something to write on...)- she 'draws'so queerly. As if she were tracing invisible lines. - The sleepy=suck(l)ing look of her eyes & mouth. She breathes deeply,contented. Suddenly she smiles -:



and finishes off by putting a gas streetlamp at the corner : † Then,along with Martina, she proudly regards her work : ? -)

MARTINA (sotto voce):" Where was the apartment=then ? Which balcony is it ?"

and ANN'EV' (taking a last long look at A&O,-,makes a little Red Cross :):" There. -"

MARTINA (proudly to A&O):" She's rite, isn't she ? -";(round eyes little red cheeks):" Y see !".

(A&O;slo'ly; ('Yes;she's rite. Even more precise than...'). With a fine-pointed pencil he writes in a few names and glosses :...;...;... - :?)

for ANN'EV' (notices something else too):" Over the vault a the entrants=there... - : there's - something - : like a relief...?"

A&O (alert):" Ohyes. (I havn't thought a that for ages.) - : uh=a man in a canoe. And beneath him it read... ?"

(ANN'EV' (has rais'd her lean brown hand -):" I think... I kn... -";(She spells it out):" uh... :'COME' - Uh=BAck : 'Come back !' ";(She looks up at him bewilderd, with a friendly smile : -):" Ann'Ev' kn see into your dreams, too '";(wonder if you 'dreamain true t me -).

A&O (Taking as good a look at her as he still can : for ever Ann Ever !):" On the corner, down belo, was a bar & grill -(Samtleben;my father calld him 'flapjack',cause the fello once askt him if he wanted one,n the word sounded so outlandish=ludicrous t Silesian ears !)- the local pub for the soccer=team 'Hansa=Hamm',(who always playd on the field directly across from our grade school). N then the laundry run by (Johnny) Meyer." (The names a thother people n the house - 4 families on ev'ry floor - I prob'ly still kd come up with 'em. On 'our' floor it was : Us/Hansen/Fuhrmann (a hiking couple that I never saw dresst n anything but loden)/Kasch. One story=down the chief names were Pöcker (2 kids,Hanna & Hermann,I went t school with him);and Beier,(3 children;2girls,1 boy 'Herbert',we playd with them too;their father was a 'cop' ('We're not afraid of the green police !'),while mine was a detective 'in blue',which made them jealous)).

(:the other stores, on the farside of the intersection were : across from our house a shop for textiles STRUVE./On the NE=corner the butcher SPALTEHOLZ./Beyond it,as y went Nwards up Rumpffsweg, a stationery store PRENZZLIN;important z a 'lending library' of kitsch for my mother,(who read a lot of'Eschstruth,Courts=Mahler' etc.while she knitted)./The groc'ry store,next=to it -(wait!there was a barber shop inbetween, where lateron I got my hair cut too now & then;til I was 1o years old my father cut it for me - and how!)-shar'd our patronage with one on the Borstelmannsweg./For the working men there was the 'Production', corner Dobbelers= & Borstelmannsweg)

EUGEN (recapitulating the events of the era):" The major 'Spartacus' uprising occurd n Hamburg during those years, didn't it - surely y kn remember that clear enough ?"

A&O (ohsure; in October '23):" Foggy days; when z y mite expect there was no school.";(I kn still see it : the barricades across the street,rite nfrontev our house;n the machine guns shooting away all up & down Borstelmannsweg;my father was trappt inside the townhall for 3 days):" I kn remember the war years :'You Britt !' was a cussword for us for a long time;n when the Kaiser abdicated, we sang :'O Christmas tree : the Kaiser's gone out for a pee !' ";(which in 1861 bytheway, n the American civil war, was sung z a marching song with the words 'O Maryland O Maryland.'And the inflation too - something new n those days;even the word):" I kn still picture those splendid=brite bills,(some of 'em surcharg'd).";(but afterall those'r things that I'v n common with Ev'ry=one from those days. Just the same z chambers that were neither roomy nor all=that clean, the windo's seald tite with nice heavy paper; the tableware z if from Blohm & Voss; the 'turnip-winter',(n even long after the war 'lung stew' or udder & gut gumbo was our Sunday dinner - which a course was seriously aggravated by the fact that my mother had no idea of how t cook : but how kd she have had,z a 15=16 year-old mommy ?!). The consequences of such conditions):" Such a narro scrimpy childhood resulted in my being unable t think in an open, generous fashion. I'v never learnd t conduct myself properly, no matter what society I'm in - but that's something I share with most people afterall. Peculiar t Me alone was the isolation, from toddlerhood on : all around me indefinite smiles / anger on indefinite faces : that's how bad my eyes were !" (n my parents, barb'rously inexperienc't & indolent, thought it was childish inattention when, from a distants a 2o yds, I only saw my father z a blue smudge n didn't recognize him - in grade school, naturally, the teacher figur'd out what was wrong with me the very 1st day. But ne'ertheless):" For 6 long years I experienc't a certain exclusion from the world around me. The second cause for my withdrawing into myself was the isolation caus'd by my dialect : I very quickly got fed up with being laught at by all thother kids because a my high=German 'shpitz:Shtein;shtolpern' ! (And when I'd finally masterd their lingo,so that my half=&=half patois kd pass inspection?: then it was my parents who took offents with me, when I wd use dialect words like 'flannel' for 'rag' & 'swab' for 'mop'.) The teachers, I'll grant y, lik't me, their phoenix with the high=German tongue. But then again, they didn't, especially n grade school; because...?"

('1 Mark' (gold) was worth on
Dec. 2, 22 : 5,ooo marks
Feb. 2o, 23 : 2o,ooo "
Aug. 22, 23 : 1oo million marks !)

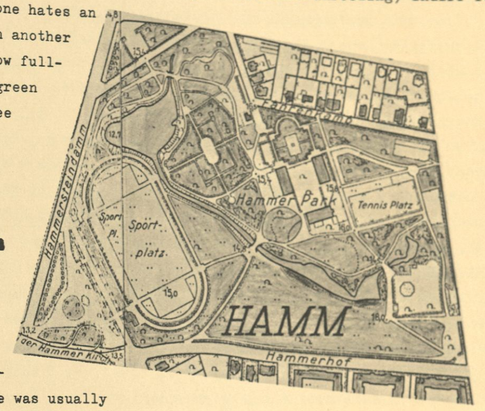
MARTINA ('A Guelf to the Ghibillines' n vice versa):" I'll go get us some black=currant juice, okay ? -";(softly to AE;'N lay a millstone round my moped's neck at the same time : so that Woman can't give us the tinkerbell slip !').

A&O (continuing):"... n now comes the worst reason for my, undeserv'd=selfmade,splendid isolationship : I learnd t read at the same time as my sister, who was 3 years older; n got the knack of it - just z shortly thereafter I did with 'riting & 'rithmetic - with lightning=speed;"(decades later my sister wd imitate : how She sat there n spelld out :'d. -o- g :?';and I wd push Her hand t the proper line: 'DOG : go on.'):" Tanyrate at 3=4 years of age I kd read any & all books,(n did it too; with those available to me). Which a course brought on gravest consequences when I enterd school at Easter of '2o : I sat there bor'd;surrounded by boys staring glass-ey'd n sweating at their (blue) readers. While well before that I had known pleasures incomprehensible t thother mud-pie=bakers : and while I dreamt away in the worlds of JULES VERNE -(all the while getting my little tongue nimbl'd up on old-fashiond scientific words)- in a certain sents I lost track of / touch with reality." ;(And left to his lonesome, he danced and made moan some.)

OLMERS (in one hand a box tied up with string; in thother Baby Lonia's cheek):" Complicated case : one a the levels a personality hurrying way out ahead of thother.";(it's possible with all three y know : if it's the subcon ? the boy'll

turn out 'tough', a (libido-driven)criminal;('d be more correct t call this 'hurrying-ahead' n extreme lagging-behind a the other two levels). Hypertrophy of the super=ego ? : he'll end up a saint;(a/o a macro-pedant;'top government official' and such). With you then):"Just z you yourself observ'd -(n which was moren sufficiently substantiated by what follo'd)- with you ego=development (and fantasy= too) hurryd on ahead t such n extent that your EMG's simply had t seem like realities;whereas your real world was more like a wax=museum. ";(ev'rything dovetails;a theorutician's delite): " the excessive sensitivity; combin'd with a refrigeration of all interpersonal relationships; the restless intellect - and with industry & discipline joining in, all prerequisites were assembl'd for...";(his gaze falls on the girls - (oooh; 'm not allowd t say) : by=by. He departs; relishing the way saidthick cheek moves in his hand as he goes.)

A&O ((I know, I know : 'TBoG'). But more quickly now):" I'll leave out what ev'ry person experiences z a child...(?): well frexample the sexual observation of one's parents; their 'intercourse',(kn also even be that with acquaintances or strangers)...(?): my sister ?;oh no : completely=diff'rent ! If I surviv'd it all -(n now I don't mean just my childhood; but endless multitudinous subsequent misery z well)- z a result a my fantastical absences; Luzie did it on the basis of her great,energetic frivolousness : even back then, with her pimply face beneath tousl'd pigtails, girlfriends (Wilma Hass & Käthe Neier) dancing round her, n terms a superficial=cheerful (prob'ly intentional=unfeeling) indiff'rents, she had a Talent Bord'ring on Genius !(My father hated her z one hates an exacting mirror that never flatters)";(but I wanted t touch on another =more-important topic : my first contacts with Nature):" Y know full-well what a fool for woods= & meado's I am. The first bit of green I ever saw ? : was the micropark cattycorner from us -(Y kn see from the map how tiny it was;I'd guess 2o x 3o m)- it was enclos'd by a dusty dingy hedge;& about 6 poplars stood inside it;(even the little 'sandbox' is sketcht in, where I sometimes (seldom !) playd with my bucket & spoon). The ends a the canals just before the railroad embankments were an other branch=office a nature : white sand with very small snail=shells in it; isolated clumps a grass lyming there ;the pneumatic tubes for the mail came out of the ground there, crosst the canal n a tube a yard thick,n disappeard into the sand again. We- my father & I - were there maybe 5=6 times; but I just sat there in my swimtrunks;(n even he was usually disgusted by the water, tho normally no puddle was too dirty for him otherwise." (but no):" The first real view of a bit of meado, a bit of water, a bit of 'woods' was HAMMER PARK, not far t the North. For adults there was a large stadium -(where for example we had our school sporting events;I'v run mania a '1oo m' on the straight nfronta the 'grandstand'(with a '-' because it only consisted of broad tiers,unrooft;on big occasions they'd set up folding chairs...?:oh; I saw the 'Hamburg Soccer Club' play there !)). Or the garden restaurant, the 'Hammer Hof',pretentious=thatch-rooft;(As schoolboys we once sang christmas carols for some old=folks there). Or the tennis=courts behind it;(just t give y n example a the impression it made : when I read about 'tennis' n a book,(or hear a report on the radio), how do I illustrate the scene for myself ?: with those tennis=courts in Hammer Park !"



OLMERS (coming over as before):" Most Important Materials!: ev'ry person ought t analyze himself : 'Where does he draw upon for his 'internal illustrations' when reading' ? -";)he picks up the britely-colord sheet of paper :?):" I take it you 'illuminated' the map yourself didn't y - doesit actually come from that period ?"

A&O (yes; 't's ancient):"Since then Germany's gone bankrupt 2 times : it's from the 'Weimar Republic', from the 2o's. (I bought it n a us'd-book store n Kiel.) - But t come back once more : we seldom walkt along the (relativ'ly)formal paths, accompanyd z if n a maze by hedges trimmd straight z a die; And the upper end a the 'Serpentine' was too fashionable for Us around n the shallo water in our bathing suits. The far=shore rose up fairly steeply (prob'ly 4 meters or so) n was planted with Scotch pine & spruce. On our side a small sandy beach.";(He lo'ers his forehead,n considers -):" Not so long after that I'd go there all by myself too : when the sky was gray, n there was a cold wind before the rain;it was completely empty then, beautiful=desolate."(The blocks a houses on the rite were nothing but lo two-story ro=houses - perhaps you'v notic't that at the moment I'm walking from W to E, a piping wind and freezing happily. - But now it's suppos'd t be hot & summertime again):" I had a little boat I traild behind me on a piece a twine... ?"

ANN'EV' (with somnambulant tongue):" Does that ever look odd - the hull's so thick n clumsy : yellobrown & black - : n with a sail - ";(She murmurs,'French, Heathen, and Lateen'.)

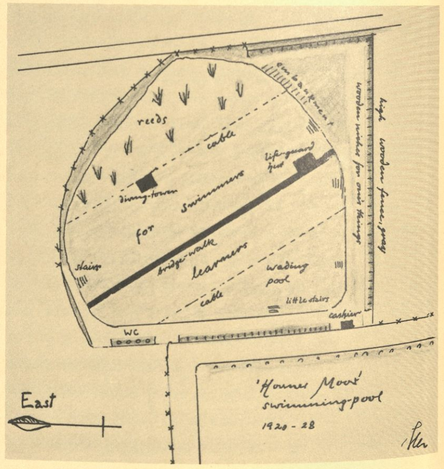
A&O (yes; a 'koff' : big plump & hard for me t carry):" Didn't float very good either. (Mostly I playd 'Hanseatic cog' with it at home. -?"

for OLMERS (bleating bonily:" Your Cundrie la surziere ! (Another curious dowry : wdn't be sure a your own thoughts anymore even;(not t speak a the spirit's grungier afterbirths)) ";(He quotes):" 'the nayles weren nothing bright' -"(shakhis head he reenters the house with the little=one. (:treat a person's bio paleontolocoly: fossile layers, with nasty petrifications inside : the Toper period in lime-ston'd,'old Silurian'; Permicious age; studyd Jura-prurients etc.))

A&O (continuing):" The second, almost 'more nature-al' contact was 'The Country' - more precisely, 'the way there'. My father y see was n ardent'allotment=gard'ner'; n had leas't 5oo square=meters a land for himself, a narro strip in the middla 1oo other smalltime gard'ners, out in Horn. Altho presumably the main purpose was : as soon z he was off duty to absent himself from his family legitimat'ly for mania n hour, & without a care t cultivate that well-known lov'd triad 'wine women & song';he did nonetheless have a real liking for the diversions a lite=farming, too : he turnd the soil;planted gooseberry bushes;peas n carrots; 'Krupp beans' 's what he proudly calld 'em,(for he was a 'German=nationalist',n doggedly anti='red'; t his dying day n fact he wore a long heavy-sabre - I was careful not t inform him that this=particular term came from the plattdeutsch 'krupen'=creep;I was sick & tir'd a both his crudities & his beatings). - Nor was there a year when We had t buy potatoes; he actually harvested sufficient 'reds' or 'blues'. The [redacted] 1 center path was borderd by pinks. A poor excuse of a garden-hut, maybe 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 m, made it possible for us t deliver fecal matter which had been held back as per instruction.";(:was that ever a battle + an intrigue when a wagonload a horseshit was offerd for sale ! since all these smalltime gard'ners hated each other,n did each other dirt & tricks whenever they got the chants. But):"The location a the plot was rite lacking in charms - 'll have t describe about=where it was.Either y went by trolly -(I kn picture something like 'Line 31')- t the end a the line, 'Letzter Heller';climbd back up t high-ground. Then y went about 2=3oo m t the north.";(but that was normally too expensive):"Usually We went on foot. First thru the wasteland I'v describ'd;t where the Hammerlandstrasse crosst the railroad -(more precisely went under it : on the northside the tracks came out of a deep cut n the high-ground; ergo 'Horner Weg'- not very far t the north & parallel to it - ran over the tracks : was a lov'ly lonely road, too;much more rural than the Hammerlandstrasse !) - then up the Rudolfstrasse,(where,on the lf, was found the infamous 'Rough House'). N then a winding path led y on - only rite at the beginning were there any houses, first 1 on the lf,then on the rt,(next t the latter stood the only walnut tree I saw z a child;but it bore no nuts) - thru small gardens to a group a really old houses,('m sure they were 1oo years old ! the front=steps were that crooked); a little pond appeard. Behind it a highway [redacted] lin'd with poplars; on the far side a which,on a green meado, were pastur'd the first live cows I ever saw. There the path veerd t the rite n wasn't so narro anymore. It came out at the 'Bauerberg'; n there on the rite, behind its high=stately wrought-iron fents, stood a villa, large & set in a park,(which n turn helpt me to illustrate EICHENDORFF's 'Good-for-Nothing',(and HOLTEI's 'Last Comedian' z well)). This 'Bauerberg' was a rather large square; more a wide=open space, unpav'd, half of it with a sparse lawn. North of it was the large race=track,where the 'German Derby' was held,(n where I once saw the Kaiser). T the south was 'Pagenfelder Platz' with its 'St.Martin's Church',(from there y went back down t the Hornerlandstrasse). While we still had circa 1 km t go before we got t 'the country'."

MARTINA (protesting):" How long did it take for y t walk it then ? And always n the blazing heat a summer. - :kd y at least go swimming somewhere n the neighborhood ?"

A&O (we always had t walk something like 45 t 5o minutes; n often it was quite hot):" Yes; that was my first 'Swimming=Pool', the 'Horner Moor'. (From 'the country' it was about a 2o min walk;thru the houses of 'Hermannthal'. Along past the race=track. N then a last little piece beyond that.) All a which at first is bound up solely with golden=blaze ('Fire man dancing across the fields') & the arboreal green of Hermannsthal. The pool itself must'v been n old moor-pond moren likely, ([redacted] roughly circular, diameter about 1oo m), the southern segment - divided off by a cable on which the wobbly diving-tower was also anchord - was still coverd with reeds n rushes. The north=,west= n a piece a the southside were lin'd by a [redacted] litegray-washt wooden fents some 2 m high; on the inside a which ran a wide bench, that [redacted] was subdivided by wooden partitions into [redacted] dressing-nooks - some 1oo of 'em I suppose. Nfront of them there lay gray flagstones, between which a few whisps a grass grew. The only larger area of lawn was in the SW=corner. Rite thru the middla the water ran a long narro wooden bridge with a railing;a very solid piece a carpentry that the life-guards wd sometimes walk back & forth on;(the wooden cabin,at the front,had big glass windo's all=round).";(but y kn see that from the sketch. Tanyrate it's here I came even z a small child):"With mother & sister : since boys under 6 were allo'd along;otherwise the times for swimming were strictly segregated by sex. And so, n the course a the years, I wanderd from the northwest corner (at the entrants) first thru the wading pool - the whole thing borderd by a wide stone curb;with stone steps leading from all sides down into the water,(at the back, n the section for swimmers,it was especially pompous,with steps at least 5 m wide !) ;then n the adjoining part, maybe 1.2o - 1.7o deep, I learnd t swim;(taught by my father);n finally, from when I was about 12 on, it was the Big Pool's turn. I'd go there then all by myself,(a/o with a school-chum, Pöcker), and when the sky was overcast;in the rain too : then the place & the water 'd often be totally empty, the rushes bent n the wind, and n the distants the gray expants a the fields & level meado's, no more houses, nothing - when there was no one t be seen, 's when I was always most content.";(which is still the case now.)

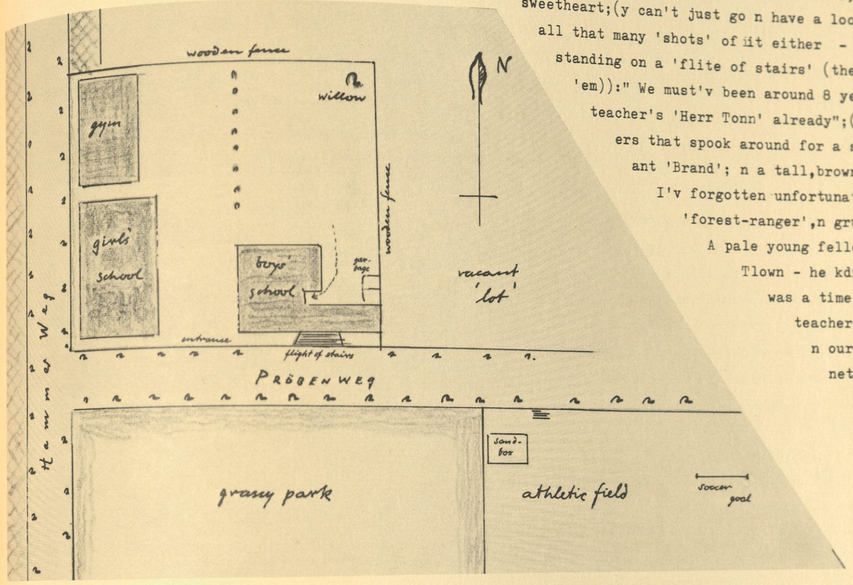


EUGEN (nodding as he thinks of those days when he too still skippt about on boyhood legs):" From which I assume y were n fact awfully loath t [redacted] go t school - despite the fact that y most surely always belongd t the 'Upper Five' ?"

A&O (yes; most=loath. I was,n ev'ry sents, your born autodidact):" I wd cry & kick z a child whenever my parents wanted t take us along t visit friends - whereas my sister 'd be hopping [redacted] at the hall door all dresst & ready t go a quarter of n hour beforehand :'Aren't We going yet ? Aren't We going yet ?!' - ?"

MARTINA (considering):" That must'v been some sho, too : the Two a You tgether ! Where does that leave heredity; or the theories bas't on milieu?(sometime one really ought t...)";(She falls silent, yawns;(and nudges AE with her elbo - : for Grete has just disappeard into the shed, where the moped... -))

A&O (n We both even went t the same grade school):" The one at the corner a Pröbenweg=&=Hammerweg. There were 3 good-siz'd buildings there, tho : the east one for the boys. The one on the west corner for the girls. And behind 'em the great=big gym. The schoolyard was small;n divided in two by a ro a poor little harasst trees : the lf (=west) side for the girls; the rt for the boys. Both'd stream in from the street passing between the two school buildings; then the sheep (on the lf) wd separate themselves from the goats (on the rt). At the end a recess We wd run back into theclassrooms thru the rear entrants...";('d be easiest if I'd sketch it for y. -(?): because not a single stone still stands, hasn't for many years,



sweetheart;(y can't just go n have a look at it; & there can't be all that many 'shots' of it either - here : our whole class is standing on a 'flite of stairs' (the front ones, just a hint of 'em)):" We must'v been around 8 years old then;because the teacher's 'Herr Tonn' already";(before him come 2 or 3 others that spook around for a short time : a very unpleasant 'Brand'; n a tall,brown-haird, mild man whose name I'v forgotten unfortunat'ly). Onev 'em lookt like a 'forest-ranger',n grumbl'd & talkt like one too. A pale young fello told us the story a Tlaus Tlown - he kdn't pronounts his 'K's'. It was a time when there was a shortage a teachers n gen'ral : thother class n our grade even had a fat brunette woman who'd come t the rescue during the war n was still put up with for some time afterwards,til there were enough men again.-?):"Oh, ours was still a very sad plite,my child. We had t write on slates for n abnormally long time : because there simply wasn't any paper, no note-books. N then when we did begin t use pen'n'ink, it was on the edges of old notebooks from older=former pupils. Very often 'school was closed on account of the cold', because the rooms kdn't be heated...?";(you'v found me, have you ?(The boy rite belo the teacher.)We were wearing our Sunday best;since We'd been told that a photographer 'd be coming the next day):" So I was wearing a knit=jacket..."

ANN'EV' (murmurs):" Wine colord. Trimmd in lite gray. : Go on."

A&O (confirmative):" I kd still provide the names of about a dozen of 'em : Anthony,('My mother's a whore'); Albert, (who told us about the little erotic games he playd with 2 girl=cousins that were the same age he was); Hans Wieprecht,(who ate his nose=pickings;while telling us about his parents' 'intercourse' : how it'd 'given out' on his father, n He had contínu'd then using his finger); Edgar Peters,(Who deserves a chapter all t himself); lateron,(after We'd taken a test for 'higher education' when we were 1o years old,(we took it n the grade school on Hübbesweg by the way - I kn still see scenes from that day,along with a good many details, clearly before me)), a half dozen of 'em went with me t the Brekelbaums Park Secondary School : Herman Pöcker,Wilhelm Elfers,Helmuth Heitmann,Kurt Lindenberg, 'Pille' Bergmann, Herbert Methe (the latter was the son of a well-to-do coal=dealer;who once brought n imments German=shepherd t class with him;it lay absolutely still on the teacher's podium the whole hour long. He ownd n exceedingly fine brass pencil=sharp'ner that I wd'v lov'd t 'v swppt him for. He was small;a pale face with distinct features;n had a rough, unusually deep alto voice,(like a Marlene Dietrich transmuted into a male)). - The streets were lov'ly n summer : borderd by high green trees. Since the schoolyard was very narro & overcrowded, the athletic field serv'd z the place for us t play 'rounders' - n those days we didn't even know any other games;(in secondary school, too, it was always just 'rounders').

EUGEN (calmly):" Prob'ly had more t do with a shortage of balls : almost certainly wasn't any leather t be had n the first years after the war. Mite also be due t the fact that you=folks in Hanseatic regions 'r more English oriented, n the direction a 'cricket' : y know 'bats man' and 'runs'. So you enterd grade school at Easter [redacted] a '2o n then secondary school at Easter a '24 ? " (On the basis a that, those were the first labyrinthine'big-building=worlds' a your life.)

A&O (the very=first labyrinth was up=stairs,in the attic of our tenement, the maze a the storage=cubicles. But you'r rite there):" My 3 schools. Then 2 train stations. 1 fact'ry. Barracks - our lives, afterall,'r divided between those two sorts a buildings : the private home; n on thother hand the big-building=worlds.";(other details from those years ? Oh,'t's getting t be too much z it is! -):"A winter with n enormous amount a sno;when we built ourselves igloos,rite on the streets : regular domes a sno that we kd crawl into ! -(?):No; not the chronicl'd winter a '17 when the Alster froze over;this was one lateron./'Lantern-parades' were still common n Hamburg then;(n prob'ly have something t do with my luna=cy)/ Collecting 'choc'late=cards',";(which has come back into fashion again,ever since the Munich Olympix. N those days it was)"Each series

with 6 cards to it -(:n if y were 'missing' 1 of 'em : what horse-swapping !)- two brands above all : GARTMANN; I remember the 'volcanoes' t this day ('Cotopaxi';I was missing number 6, some bluegray Icelandic 'jokul' or other,for one hellevalong time !), 'Thru Africa by Car',(the most sought after one here was where the car was pursu'd by the Ilfen !), 'American Antiquities',('Stone Cistern', I was really astounded !); the 'albums' were [redacted] fiery=red & gold. The other brand was STOLLWERK - the pictures peculiarly coarse & hard, with precise lines & strong colors, but remarkably effective : 'Constellations',(always with a little verse - 4=liner?), I kn[redacted] still see 'Aquarius'; or another series : a man lying on his back at the foot of a tree, struck by lightning;(I traded it off once t the aforesaid Hans Wieprecht; in His apartment, in the kitchen,(I just had t have a look at that mother a his !)) / My contacts with 'culture' : almost none at home. Our house=library consisted of around 3o volumes;almost all of it kitsch. Among the children's books the 'Flibbertigibbet' (by the DEHMEL's); n then the 'Fairy-Tale Book' of AMÉLIE GODIN : if I kd only get my hands on that again sometime ! Otherwise, Bong's 'LENAU' (in one thick=red volume); SIMROCK's 'Lay of the Amelung';JULES VERNE. During the last years n Hamburg,when I was 13=14 or so, I began then t buy Reclam editions for myself : 'Faust', n whatever other cheap items I kd find n the rummage box of a small bookshop on the Hammerlandstrasse.";(other titles : BONDE,'Under the Northern Lights'.My sister read the endless series a 'Littlest Chick' books,'Dolly Darling', 'The Boarding School in the Woods' by Else Hoffmann. KARL MAY didn't come til lateron,n then by way a my father : we bought a few volumes when Karlstadt sold off the editions printed on cheap paper during the war,(at a mark a piece or so). 'A Stroll Round the World' by smart-alecky RICHARD KATZ. GULAM RASSUL GALWAN,'Leading Caravans for the Sahibs' On the whole I kn safely say:"As a child I never once had a worthwhile book n my hands. I saw no pictures,(only lateron when we sub=scrib'd t the 'Satchel',a magazine club : there were a few illustrations sometimes in 'Youth' or 'At Home').I heard no substantial music - only after 'radio' was invented, and 'NORAG' wd at times broadcast something - but the only thing my father was crazy about were 'marches'; for my mother 'waltzes' n at best the litest of operettas. Even then We seldom heard anything of it;'cause y can't use a 'detector' for a loudspeaker; and Pappa & Mamma had the earphones on. But ne'ertheless : sometimes a tag-end of n op'ra did fall my way.";(So y kn see that there's no way y kd speak of a 'pyramid of my existents'.)

EUGEN (asks Martina to go get a bottla fire-water out of the cellar):"'t seems t me t be a likely opportunity - 1 a the 3 days n the year when no one's paying much attention to Us - (?)-:oh,sweetheart, 'harmful' ! Let me honor y (yet once again) with a 'maxim for living' : 'Do what you will, you shall rue it.' : pour it into a tea-pot, n bring 2 cups along, too. -uh="(to A&O again):" Wd y answer a question for me ?"

A&O (shrugging his shoulders : depends on the question):" Try me."

EUGEN (slo'ly folding the dirty rag so that the (relativ'ly) clean side ends up on top):" The personalities of your parents were sort of - : father egotistical & devilmaycare; mother ? -"

A&O (pulling down the corners of his mouth a bit):"Sensitive=resentfull & a gossip-mong'ring=schemer. -"((?): the 'intellectual superior a the two' ?):" My father without a doubt. Basicly a smart cookie;but most cruelly handicappt by fate. Even under more fav'rable external conditions, however, it wd hardly 'v been sufficient for any sort of intellectual eminents - he was too much the sensual= & hedonist for that; in no way prepar'd t sacrifice even 1 whit of his comfort for some 'posterity' or other,(not t speak a working unnotic't for decades, diligent z a puritan, unconcernd with 'success' or 'publicity') : he wanted t 'live & be gay'! - only both in non=com style. He lackt the stamina, and perseverents.";(Húh-uh; 'Lofty goals', had they even been capable a spotting them, wdn't'v impresst either a my parents):"Their 'crowd' corresponded perfectly : cop=colleagues, dumb and horny; with their better halves, horny & dumb : Frau Schneecloth (nicknam'd 'Our Mascott'); Ulitzka (a wrestler and incredible feeder; z the evening progresst all the men'd set all the women on their laps ;mania these collegial=pairs swappt wives on a regular=monthly basis; not a one (m. nor f.) was worth much.(Were some fabulous fam'lies among 'em; prob'ly the most int'resting Amandus & Antoinette Wixförtgen - the names alone 'r programmatic;their fates & deeds wd 'v filld a book a short-stories):" N my parents weren't the top a the heap; sure z arsenic is lethal."

EUGEN (thankfully patting M's hand : ! -):" Fine; let's drink a little poison t that.";(he pours himself some,(from the innocent-looking teapot) -:?-: M' Oh ! : well-done good girl. - Those 'r the 'friends' then):" In Hamburg=itself y had no real relatives - :where were the nearest ones located ?"

A&O (for those days and the modus transportandi):" Happily at great distances.- The closest (in spatial terms) in Berlin : Aunt Emma (Hagen) : small, rotund, & dreadfully horny. Did she ever carry on with her husband,('Uncle Ernst',musician;a particularly pneumatic type,who kd fart a lamp out), up n the attic !,did things that blessed HIRSCHFELD himself kdn't 'v got it all down fast enough. But they weren't our 'destination';but rather always just a stop-off-point, / on the way t Silesia where there were 3 possible locations : Halbau; Lauban; and Liegnitz.";(In the spring a '15 (when I was better than a year old), 't'is said I was in Berlin with my mother. In the summer a '17 n Liegnitz - I remember nothing a those two trips):" in December '17 z I lay at death's-door with diphtheria - there was a terrible scene with my father -"(I don't dare think of it,even now;drive y crazy : what a bastard ! (Let's get back t the trips instead.))" I'd like t say aheada time that the lovliest part of it - or put better : the most impressive ! - was always the trip=itself :in a milk-train;4th class,(=compartment for trav'lers with heavy=loads =a room about 3 x 5 m;on both short ends a small bonehard bench;and then around 2o - 3o people in there !). And the trip went on & on !! : hour-long stops in Ludwigslust,or Hagenow=Land til the cars glo'd white-parcht n the afternoon sun;(or those inside shudderd their way thru the half-moon nites -(in 'The Resettled; scenes 6-8, 'r some micro reminiscences a those trips)) : it took 14 t 16 hours just for the stretch Hamburg=Berlin ! We usually left around 3 o'clock n the afternoon -(the train 'originated' in Altona,but even there the crush was dreadful : a half hour before the train appeard there were people surrounded by their baggage already standing 3,4 ranks deep at the platform edge ! In Hamburg,at the main station, [redacted] it was useless t think of getting a place.) - then the race a pictures=in=flite wd begin;from which n incredible amount a small detail 's so=sharply engrav'd n my mem'ry. :Those minute-long=intersections of human lives ! Once 2 young people were standing rite up next t me, z far as Reinbek : a tall-gro'n couple, in sandals, royalty in loden, with open collars,& blond hair;lo conversation;she speaks the words 'girls' hostel...';'t's over 5o years ago now,if they'r still alive they must be 75=8o,what madness.";(or):" The traim rumbles on, hour after hour, thru pine forests : I star'd into those green armies til I was half crazy !;I wanted t imprint all of it on my mind, ev'ry pillo a heather, ev'ry forest path, ev'ry road where cappt & capless faces stood behind the barrier waiting for me t pass by.-"

(:'IN THE CARRIAGE :
Horses, too, invigorated,
pull the heavy load with zest,
for they've been rejuvenated
by the hope of evening rest./
Just as they accept their fate to
haul you on - so let them haul;
just beyond this vale await you
home and bed - not far at all./
Silv'ry moonlight softly pouring
down on fields mysterious
lends the horses wings for soaring -
each the shade of Pegasus,/
and the coach so heavy laden
seems a tower of misty cloud
inside which sit spectres made in
Hades, dark and grey and bowed.
Does my shade not parallel those
sitting ghostly here with me ?
Only deep in knees and elbows
can I sense vitality.
Far away an owl's haranguing
while a human shadow tags

close behind us, sometimes hanging
on,but oftentimes he lags./
He seems less inclined to pilfer
baggage from the baggage mow,
than to shove us up the hill ! for
that's a problem just right now./
Is he someone tired of tramping,
hoping thus to catch a ride,
clinging there for dear life, clamping
on til destination's spied ?/
When the angry driver cracks his
whip, he beats a quick retreat.
Moments later : hear the thwacks, 'tis
naught but fall of padding feet./
Of my children one sat staring
out into the shadowed night
till his eyes,all sight foreswearing,
closed in slumber,closed most tight./
Prop him up then to one side so
there's no chance he'll take a fall!
heaping pillows I've supplied, oh
what a cozy nest for all;/
patiently like sheep they enter
into this nocturnal cage !
Sleep is patience's augmenter
just as wisdom's served by age./
Sitting back to back two brothers,
while a third's on father's knee;
she who's pressed against the others
shows the greatest charity :/
'tis their mother gently holding,
cradling soft her youngest son,
e'er so tender him enfolding
that no jolt may wake or stun;/
likewise stuffs each crack and cranny
so that but a chink remains.
Old man moon, 'tis through that span he
smiles on us and warms our veins./
This monotony in cab, it
rocks her likewise to her rest;
whether pace of snail or rabbit,
getting there will be the best!
Let not bumps disturb your trances,
nor the rattling coach offend,
may your dreams be sweet romances
til the jolt of journey's end...'
RÜCKERT;(I really do like him alot.))

EUGEN (nodding):" Something quite special, forward motion from inside a train compartment,(n not at all comparable with that from inside a car)...(?): Why, for example, the standing=at=the=windo, my dear; so that the scenes don't come at you from the front,z they do n a car[redacted],but slip by you sidewards; not=being=able=to=stop;(n much more)." (to A&O):" I came thru Liegnitz once, after the Polish campaign - not that I 'know' the town particularly; just:'the castle' n so."

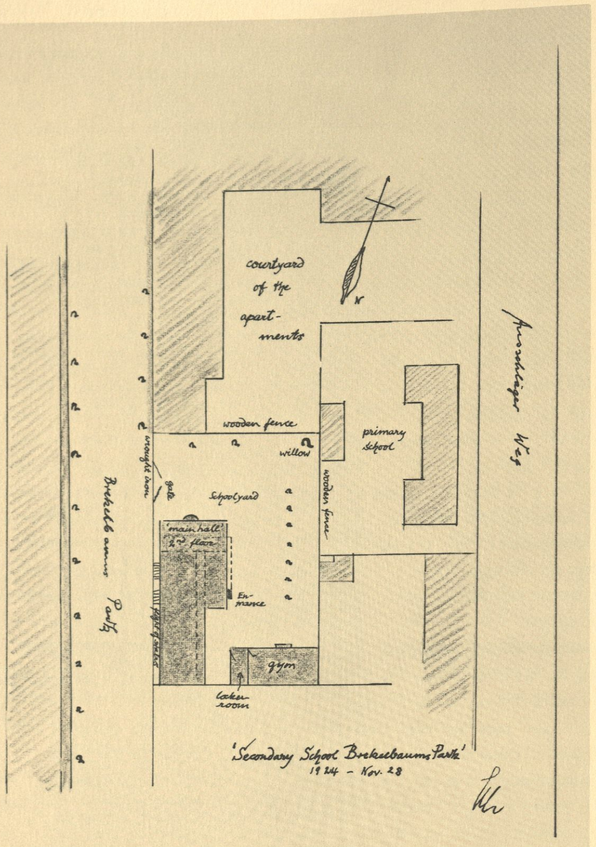
A&O (that's rite where it was):" My uncle liv'd on Piastenstrasse; separated from the castle by a square planted with tall trees. In the castle itself was the 'seat of government'-(ie the administrative offices a the district)- where my uncle workt : I was once n the castle courtyard myself, & n the cellars too. But the truly 'sharply-defin'd scenes' 'r quite diff'rent ones : the hot Silesian summer sun, that burnd down onto the balcony, and on that balcony were pelargonia n bloom the likes a which I'v never seen since !,nothing but shimm'ring green & red ! Trains ran past directly behind the house by the way,(that ought t make it a lot easier t locate on a city map;I havn't got one unfortunat'ly)/Twas on the aforesaid square (with the tall trees),criss-crosst by meandering paths, that I wd play with my (somewhat older) cousin Heinz -(he was killd n the war; n those days he was a fat kid with no imagination)- and I actually was able t galvanize him into joining in : in the overnite burial of a cigar=box (=small fort, with a meagre garrison a tin-soldiers)at the foot of one a the tree=giants ;n I painted the scene for him :how people n their ignorants'd walk over=past it;the way those posted at the watch 'd feel, the lo'subterranean drumming & clanking of the 'all arme !' - he kd only reply phlegmatic'ly that it'd be stolen;(but the next morning it was still there n fact)./Nearby was 'Pandorfer Lake',where We went for 1 whole day,(n met up with the worst sunburns of our lives)./A railroad embankment appears, with its curious flora./ My grandmother 'd come back there again too -(during the first years a my childhood she had infested our place n Hamburg;& kept on so'ing discord til my father threw her out)- n now she was living with 'old Hagen',(ie with the father of Aunt Emma's husband;a railroad man who'd been put out t side-tracks)/In someone's back yard we playd 'circus';cousin Heinz was the director & animal trainer;n I was the pet=lion 'Barry'; a half dozen other kids joind in with us;I kn see - suddenly I once again kd describe sketch ! that whole neighborhood now - how I was calld t the fore n how I raisd myself up growling & spitting, n pawd menacingly - I kn see a robust little blonde there,with pigtails,merry & laughing... :?"

(:'A sharp pain in his left hand which was hanging at his side interrupted Huldbrand's speech at this point,& caused him to direct his glance at the painful spot :? - Undine had set her pearly teeth hard into his finger,& looked the while so gloomy & vexed...& whispered everso softly:'You deserved that.'.Then she covered her face;& the knight returned to his tale, but strangely bewildered & pensive:...')

MARTINA (who's been watching nods in satisfaction):" That's rite : you old faithless soul you ! ";(that y wd even tell us a thing like that ! Out with it !): "When was the first time n your life y saw a female breast ?"(Was it this 'blonde' y just mentiond maybe ?: why wd y 'v calld her 'roBust' otherwise ?, if y didn't cast a leering glants at hers ?!).

A&O (the expression was inaccurate;I shd 'v said 'buxom'.(Must I answer your indelicate question ? 'I must !' Well then)):" The first must'v been that a my mother;(altho, if I remember correctly, I was re-educated with the 'bottle' no later than at the age a 14 days). The second that a my grandmother - I wd 'v been 3;n she was washing herself at the 'wash-stone' ('t's what the kitchen=sink was calld;cf floorplan), bar'd t the waist.(I had a fever -I was often taken very easily with a very high fever-[redacted] n was lying on the old gray moth-eaten sofa n the kitchen; may be why the contours a the scene 'r so abnormally sharp). The third was that a my cousine Grete n Halbau;I was 14;n at the local swimming=pool one of her straps came undone (or slippt off her shoulder ?), so that I was provided with a view of 1 breast,(n a course I star'd at it something terrible, from 1o m away)" ;(after that - ohmy,at least for 1o long years, not a one[redacted]. - But may I switch over again to...)"That is,if you'r still not tir'd of all this ?"(Trips in '26 and '28 t Lauban & Halbau).

MARTINA (Well;we'v still got about 1o minutes time):" N so then y enterd secondary school, rite ? Tell us about=thát."
(Young lads in secondary schools still int'rest Us even nowadays.)



was located about 10-15 minutes west of our apartment house - Usually We went down the Eiffestrasse (Hermann Pöcker & Hans Riebesehl & I); We kd just z well 'v us'd the Hammerlandstrasse; but that's where the trolly ran and there was a lot a noise & traffic;(altho it's where the aforementiond 'Frapanic Gardens' were t be found - but We didn't have anything t do with them.)

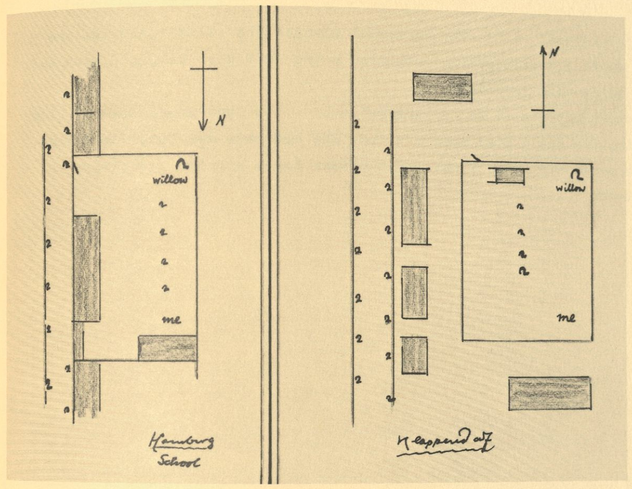
A&O (so back t Hamburg's 'Magic Fleete' again ? okay):" I went t the Brekelbaumspark Secondary School from Easter a '24 on; that is t say,til November '28;" (when, after my father died, we left the city - I was enrolld n the secondary school in the town we mov'd to til graduation):" My father - may hanseatic earth weigh litely on him,the old Silesian - 'd already threatend me ahead a time,(n lateron,at brief intervals,ever & again) :'Just z soon as I have t pay the first penny a tuition, out y come!'. Well,even back then there was 'Assistants for Gifted Students',(tho not t be compar'd with the madness practic't nowadays); by which the top 5 students n each class - & n those days we all sat exactly in our 'places', with the 'primus' way back on the rt - didn't have t pay tuition if they were needy;and came by their school-books gratis z well, since the more well-off students were urg'd t donate their old books when they mov'd on t the next=upper class - naturally a good mania such copies, having been n service afterall for many years,consisted a nothing but loose & filthy leaves. But what matter : my Lord & Papa never needed t sacrifice 1 penny of his booze=money, [redacted] never needed t buy me 1 textbook."(N may I note rite here & now that my father's attitude was the one epidemic among his co-workers: Don't ever let the kids learn moren their parents : they 'll look down on y then !' andsoforth...?)

for OLMERS (Who's listend in for a moment; lets out an annoyd bleat):"Sure ! A course We lookt down on 'em ! But not because they kdn't speak foreign languages or whatever -(that reasonable we were,n then some !)-but because they carryd on like a bunch a scalded sows!"(Ev'ry child regards his parents z demi=gods at first : but the lords & ladies dedivinize themselves,all on their own!)

A&O (only too true,sad t say;but):" I kn see that grayblack stone building clearly before me -(in summer with a green shimmer on it : from the tall trees on both sides a the street);(You'v got the groundplan there). Names a teachers : Dr.Helwig (our homeroom=teacher:German,history,geography)/Dr.Förster English/Dr.Möbius (a small brown-haird,restraind=patient man) Spanish,(textbook DERNEHL=LAUDAN,'Lectura Española'/Music [redacted] Propst (a little gallbladder who kd fly into a rage when We'd try our luck at musical notation)/his brother,a gym teacher/the most impressive figure n the minor subjects,our drawing teacher BRU(H)NS - only later did we learn that he was a biologist too,n was one a the illustrators of 'Schmeil=Norrenberg' (ie our textbook). Only medium-siz'd;but sturdy gray-haird, with a rumbling=growling voice,(n a most peculiar way of accenting his words : he 'd been n Persia for many years, y see, & accented the last syllable n the oddest fashion). The man us'd a whole year t drum perspective into us !; but even with all the goodwill n the world y had t capitulate when tward the end he dealt with things like : constructing a picture of a spiral staircase as seen in a mirror that's hung off-center ! - Tss,a character,if there ever was one;(it's how I always pictur'd SCHOPENHAUER lateron !).";((?): We students in our green velvet caps,with diff'rent colord ribbons):"At that time it was the custom ev'rywhere, n ev'ry school,for the boys t wear billd-caps a that sort : each school had its own colors,n y kd recognize at once 'where' the lad-n-question 'went'";(I'll spare us the 'names of students' for tday;some of 'em 'r still alive perhaps;but a whole lot 'r dead by now - most of 'em killd n the war :Klaus Jens(with his 1.9o the tallest); Wilhelm Elfers (who sometimes walkt with us partway t school;he liv'd on Hübbesweg); Ernst Neudahl (who also was 'primus' once). - One more cultural curiosity):" One teacher, Dr.Michaelsen, lik't t solve crossword-puzzles (a new invention at the time) with the class; y see the BEMBERG company (=silk;hosiery) had come up with n advertising campaign : whereby Whoever maild in a whole series a these crossword=puzzles,printed on multicolord cardboard, kd end up winning a pair a stockings."; (The schoolyard was important a course):"Apart from recess=rush-hour -(afterwards We had t line up by class;the upper ones by the door;then the order'd be given,& 'the bigger boys',who had the longest way up t the top floor,stormd ahead;the other classes, in strict order, rite behind them : your English style : perfect decorum,but did it ever go fast !) - it serv'd z our athletic field : 2 'rounder' diamonds;the weaker=worse team on the narro'er=shorter rt-hand side a that ro a trees; the 'first team' t the lf of 'em. The yard was so small however that a good hitter kd drive the ball clear into the courtyard a

the apartment houses behind - then the game came to a 'standstill' for z long as it took for Someone t climb over that high wooden fents n fetch the ball. (If we needed t train on a large genuine athletic field,We'd go either t the one on the Wendenstrasse,t the South; or otherwise t Hammer Park. A third one, nearer to us, on Grevenweg,was practic'ly only us'd n winter z n ice-skating rink;& in summer [redacted],if it hadn't raind all that much;since it was very lo ground - was [redacted] actually nothing but another 'lot',which is t say a vacant construction site.). - The 'gym' had a flat roof,(made of strange 'stubbly' concrete, o'ergro'n with humble moss)...";(I'd really rather stop here; the wealth a particulars is getting too great -(altho that's when it first begins t get 'plastic' : the school excursions/The 'Golden Book' we had t put tgether for English class : a little octave notebook with quotations,songs,idioms (mostly those a Dr.Förster), & that still occur t me t this day : just recently I opend up the 'Oxford Dict. of Quotations',n read (my eyes straying randomly) under GLOVER= KINDE'I do like to be beside the seaside' - one a the boys (who had a visitor from England at his house) brought that into class n 1925, n I still [redacted] know it by heart,(altho we said 'sit' insteadev 'be')/Or the 'school festivities', 1 or 2 times a year maybe;where of n evening parents 'd sit jam-packt n the main=hall;n We'd do our artistic=trix : sing songs, (once I was 1 a the 2 solo voices contra chorus, tgether with one 'Hinze'); or put on the 'Broken Pitcher'./'t's a shame I can't find the group photographs of our class at the moment;more names & anecdotes 'd be sure t come t me then./Or my first 'op're' : our class was given 2 free tickets -(& behold Someone appears!: Steckmeister got the 2nd one)- unfortunat'ly it was 'Fidelio';I mean, nothing kd 'v been much more inappropriate at our age)./ Wait : this wd int'rest Olmers...)

A&O (to him):" Recently I have twice been able to investigate : how the 'metamorphoses' n dreams, the transitions from one set a scenery t the next, 'r apparently motivated; and 1 of the reasons, remarkably enough, is : the similarity a the groundplans !...(?): 'remarkable' inasmuch z it wd never 'v occurrd t me consciously;I latcht onto it the first time solely because I'd made a quick rough sketch a the situation n order t record my dreamings - & t my own great amazement I discoverd(n then follo'd it up later with a whole series a reasons=why) that the way localities flo into one another is,n a deeper sents, actually completely natural, [redacted] & is hidden= veild purely by the diff'rences in 'scenery & props' (t use the theatrical terms).(Once it 'd been calld t my attention, I was able to confirm it then - we'r prob'ly even dealing with a 'rule' here;by which what first appears arbitrary is transformd into comforting logic)"; (so listen; n look at these two groundplans while y do; (I'll leave out the 'plot' a the dreams for the most part)):" The 'convincing similarities' rest on the follo'ing points : 1.)in both, a street with trees on the lf /2.) 'I' am standing n the lo'er rt=hand corner both



times./ 3.) Both of them 'r 'courtyards' hemmd in by buildings./ 4.)In each case 1 willo tree stands at the top=rt./ 5.) In each at the top=lf a gate=doorway./6.) the lf one is a 'schoolyard : a school girl has just enterd the yard on the rt,(who 'd just enrolld n a new school !). /7.) in Hbg. at the bt=rt, the 'gym' - replac't by a big barn on my other piece a property,n we'v often said that that barn'd make a splendid hall for gymnastix=&=sports !/ 8.) 'Rounders' was playd frequently n both yards - in our case the 'hitting' 's done with rackets & a birdie./ 9.) Both yards 'r divided by a ro of fruit-trees./ 1o.) The name a the Hamburg street is 'Brekelbaums Park' - the lot on the rt is a'little park'; n the name 'Brekelbaum' has more than 1 thing n common with the man who owns the house top=lf : 'Bokelmann'."

OLMERS (with tense lips gatherd quickly to a pucker):" Which means ? - : if y had sho'n me photographs, ie depictions of three-dimensions! - : the similarity wd 'v been perceivable only with great difficulty;n fact, not always present even t your eye [redacted] - when reduc't t 2 dimensions however..."(he falls silent;and rubs his chin:...-)

A&O (oh my;y move rite away into deep waters -(actually tho into shallo)):" I wd neither 'v recogniz'd nor acceded to the affinity a settings without the mediation a these rough-sketcht groundplans - at best only after bothersome research in my scenic=mem'ry.";(a bevy of questions arises at once a course):" to wit:'Which determination is the more rigorous ? - that achiev'd by three-dimensional depictions,(which, however, veil the groundplan) ?M Or by the [redacted] map=drawing with its somehow 'more mathematical' effect ?'. - Or :'Which personality=level actually discoverd what is afterall a basicly astonishing similarity ?';(the subcon a course is said t be morer less n charge a the choice a background; but on thother hand appears incapable of constructing abstractions such z 'groundplans', t say nothing of bringing them to n approximate congruents !). - Or:'Are we dealing with 'careless trial=suggestions' by the subcon; tgether with a 'hesitantly granted approval' by thother two levels ?';"(that in any case the linkage of dream=scenes can follo from this principle, is for me a certainty - reinforc't by the (still more curious)second instants;(I'll sho it t y when the opportunity presents itself.))

OLMERS (nodding broodingly):" Amazing enough. ('ll have t look thru the literature sometime; in the 'Interpretation of Dreams' itself... - no; prob'ly nothing n there about it.)";(the swapping a north & south is prob'ly meaningless - at least z far as proving they'r both the same picture goes...(?): Well; n Hamburg it was a 'boys'=school; n Your dream,(if I'v fixt

the details properly n my mem'ry), a school'girl' appeard - which kd p'r'aps mean n 'inverted school', kd it not ? - He bleats obnoxiously):" Well; here We'll let fall the veil of Christian Charity..."

A&O (would GOd Your conscients were even 'proximat'ly z pure. Besides):"That suggests t me a whole new chain of associations : the girl n this instants 'd been in Hamburg just recently : in the Op'rA,(went there from school). It was, however, 'Magic Flute'."

OLMERS (breaking out in laughter):" Well now 'O&A's Magic Flute' ! : What more do y want, my dear ! -";(:I'm going, I'm going already. uh=):" What time'll it be dark t'day ? ";(the sky is gradually becoming overcast).

EUGEN (y kn figure that out for yourself actually, 'Doctor Omniscients'):" Equinox was on the 23rd; ergo the sun'll set t'day at, well, let's say '5 til 6'."

(He watches : as Olmers shobbles off. / Ann'Ev' who holds expressive gray eyes on A&O's for 1 sec./
Martina, too, stands up; and hastily pulls A&O [redacted] off to one side...

A&O (follo'ing on legs gro'n somewhat stiff):" Where do y get all your impatients from ? -"

MARTINA (zealfully):" Oh A&O, help ! : keep the Major's attention diverted, please ! - (?):Why, so We kn get rid a the dames without His noticing it. Have y got anything that'd keep him totally engrosst ?"

A&O (Wellnow,'s it n absolutely sure=thing that Grete...?):" Wdn't be 'bad' that's for sure; for Him - for Us.";(but 'Asta' too' ?):" And who's gonna manoeuvre the household here then ?"('That's been taken care of' ? : I sure wd like t know a few more particulars a/o specifics first.)

(His eyes lite up, however, of a sudden :! -/so that Martina at once (sympathetic'ly) grabs his hand :
'I know what you'r thinking !'. But for rite now -)

MARTINA: "Have y got anything ?! -"

A&O (wêlll;I'd originally intended t give it t him at Christmas - (?):why sure;what else):" The illustrated edition of 'Artist's Novel'; in 1 volume, 1500 pages thick : with small but int'resting variations n the text when compar'd with the 'Collected Works'.";(so that if it simply has t be; but I do it with reluctants...)

MARTINA (pulling him,tempestuously, along with her into the house):" We - Ann'Ev' & I - 'r just gonna take a quick shower."(I'll have a real heart t heart talk with her again, for her t stay here : n that She shd come see You,rite=afterwards):" N now I'v got one more item for You, z well - : a grèat=big favor t ask ! (Oh please don't say 'no' !)";(thru the door,over her shoulder, once again to Eugen):" -be rite ba=ack ! -"

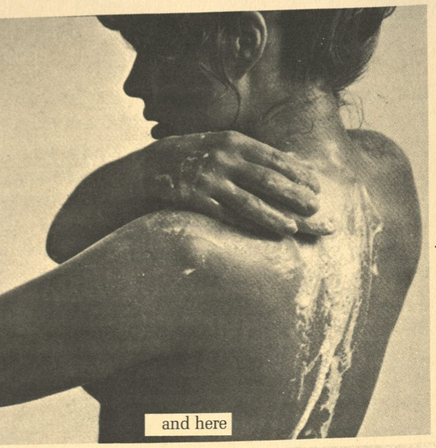
Scene 44

(Bathroom on the second floor of the house : toiletpaper=holder with built-in radio,('good reception on AM');terrycloth towels in popular pastels; Martina's bewitching vestments, filld with sweet fraygrants;balls of soap pink and yello. In the shallo shower basin -dark wine=red presst tiles,with white pointing - 2 smooth creatures, saponifizing each other, so that it's handy-dandy sev'ral times over : parselain rears ('slap on the derri'); long legs with wide patterns of foam;juicy-white sponges trav'ling between Hindustan & the exotic Urient, snailroading, greatest of hand=wonders)

MARTINA (tender & full of enamorous trix):" Wash my back, n I'll wash yours, that'll make Us [redacted] pretty maids.";(she soaps around, using excentric motions/poses, under Ann'Ev's arms. Admiring):" A most happily contrivd little wrinkle !" (:n now Me : with the same sponge ! -):" Lookie there -";(she rejoices in her shado which declares a faultless form).

ANN'EV' (gives her a fleeting touch upon her breasts with the sponge : Secret Signs ! - Fills it anew with suds. And makes her smell sweet between the hemispheres; the subtle enigmires,('the cleanest of them [redacted] are slimy')):"Do y sents it, too, when the forbidden wishes a men gather about you ! What does your mutsch feel & say ? ";(tss;ought t be briter litebulbs in here;(or, even better, n adjustable one, that kd be turnd higher or lo'er : y shd be able t spot ev'ry freckle!))

MARTINA ('Mutsch' is this=thing here, isn't it ? (She raises it like an invisible shirt :? - ahyes,thought so : by the sound of it)):" The creature 's beginning to take liberties ! Let me take a siesta n the bathtub, n it demands its afternoon frivolities. When I lie n bed of n ev'ning, & marvel at the moon,(or at that which both genius and baboon have in common),the fatuity starts making its demands -";(she threatens herself down belo):" on accounta You I'v exuded more sweat than is rite & proper !"(N 'v had t go t the john : 't's a sport that overruns the primary trackts. Well, I'v garnerd quite a lot a (s)insite by now):" I know the male member is found in 2 aggregate=states z it were.";(curious[redacted],a folding=tail like that.Tss,that 'love' shd be a red toadstool !;(or a bleumourantblue one) - she laughs):" One time we built a life-size snow'man on the schoolgrounds. N the next day Lilo brought a carrot along - n I mean one a the grèat=big ones : n ALETE ! - & stuck it in up=front - : the little kids from the lo'er classes just wdn't leave off looking at him.";(n then the téachers ! (who 'r n charge during recess)):" Miss Gersdorff -('s the youngest)- acted z if she didn't see it. But then, during the next class, We watcht thru the windo : how our directrix roard=on outside -(one a your mildewd misses, y know : yello gray & pink=tinted,(the former outside, the latter underneath))- n took a hold of it, and wanted t pull it out. (Ermengarde



said rite off: 'y kn tell by thát grip it's not the first time She's had something like that n her hand, either !'.) But meanwhile it'd frozen solid. N was apparently too thick t break off - She tuggl'd around at it for a good quarter of n hour! - ('v seldom laught so hard)- : kickt it with her foot :'!' - We were n English just then; n Doctor Jäger was reading 'long stood Sir Bedivere',(n didn't dare look outside; 'cause His was standing long,too) - I mean, that's a class I'll remember [redacted] n the next millennium !";(obedient to the bidding, she raises her arms; (ie at first just the lf one: -)

ANN'EV' (trav'ling o'er her pensiv'ly -('My breasts were once that shy of hands too'))" How'r you n sports actually ? -(?): Y kn never get enough gymnastiques : aborts babies.";(but then you'v never nookyd yet :sho me your fiddle - :? - ahyes;pretty):" If your boyfriend only knew the knick-snacks intended for him,which up t now He's only known from tales told by his buddies,from magazine illustrations,& po/foo llutionary dreams - why, He'd kiss a wreathlet round each breast !"

MARTINA (vivaciestly):"'m rite, am I not?, you think He's still n allround virgin, too ? - Oh, wdn't he be delicitch !;'m all=prickly up front even now !";(was that ever sweet a while ago !):"I wd'v lov'd t 'v leapt up n huggd Me for the tender way n which I held His divine arm n my hands - : don't y think so too, that if it'd been dark then He almost wd 'v given Me a kiss ?";(aahh,angels stand round my bed when I close my eyes of n evening; and All of 'em look like Martin):" I'm as absolutely certain I'll be His wife z I am of having t die someday. When I'm All=Eyes at nite now, No One is there who kn use 'em; but come that day ? : all anyone 'll be able t see is My lf ear & His rt one !"(She weeps for pure delite,and licks the tears from her cheeks.)

vie !";(n were He expert & quick a mind,He'd have t break into a shout : 'Here,I give you both !' - but He's much too shy & inexperienc't for that. - She rinses Martina's breasts off for her):"He'd have t squint for the radients ! It's perfectly clear t you therefore that you'r t devernalize Him; n with 1oo yd-dashing speed, before He has time even t think? You'r not just to ask Him for His hand; but simply t seize it for yourself !";(if You feel capable of such, then repeat loudly :'I do!')

MARTINA (ecstatic):" I dô !!! - I wd thro Myself=upon=Him, all expecktation to the fore : a purple dream wd rise up from Him ! thru all my nerves forebodings of deep transformations : with belly rais'd high I'd set out t meet this New Wonder; and like that undismayd maiden of Rome whisper my non dolet -"((?):oohhh,none a your 'wanton heat & giddy cunning'):" I'd smell as sweet z ever I could. - Oh Ann'Ev' : when once I am sitting atop Him, just z if on a chair that at the slitest pressure (or even sound!) assumes this or that form as the sitter may wish or require it - all the organs a my body rejoice at the thought. E'en now I think only of Him, whether standing or lying on one side : no bench shall be too hard for Me, no bathwater too hot : We 'd make love till We were sick as dogs ! Instead a falling asleep each nite, I'd faint away - ";(Her mouth gives birth to one notion after the other; she folds her hands behind a head thro'n back & laughing happily -)

ANN'EV' (urgently taking hold of both her nipples : Wake up now, Martina ! - she shakes them softly :````):" Wd it make it easier for y - (n it's certainly not all that simple,y know : with a bewilderd lad !) - if he were deliverd t y (z is the custom of a certain group n Brittany) sewn up n a fisherman's net ? Or with a blindfold over his eyes, and his hands tied behind his back ?";(the bride's given a knife : when she cuts thru the fetters for him, it means she's accepted him.(Or wd y rather have him tôtally=anesthetiz'd ? So y kn first look & feel your fill on him ? Stretch out over him for a trial=run : mania shy young lady has

such wishes;(n mania timid lad z well)):" 'r y prepar'd for the eventuality that He - (out a pure prudishness, deathly embarrassment plus insane love!)- mite default ?";(there 'r cases recorded,n literature, where the heart of a lad like him has burst asunder. [redacted](A beautiful death.) - (?): No; not 1 known case of a girl's !).

MARTINA (at first piqu't):" Tho afterall I was z white n the face as a pussycat's belly - because just now We knelt beside each other for everso long,presumably midst concordant thoughts & emotions;(n if it'd only been dark, We both wd 'v wept that we kdn't speak !).";(more anxiously):" 't wdn't be such n unpleasant package n the mail if I were t receive Him all tied up with string;n he'd first begin to awake,slo'ly, beneath my hands - I wd kneel before him,the tender masseuse, & first press his shins t my heart. My mouth 'd allow itself a thousand innocent liberties with 'HIM' : I'd feel a swelling expansion, a triumphant, wobbling, mobile creature -";(y have t remember,I only knew about 'You [redacted] think you're shoving & 'tis you who are shoved' from books up til now, too : on the one hand premonitions a the divisi= and weldability a souls, n on thother=parental hand knowledge a nothing but ramming & sweating in a dark bed, my belly alternately fire and ice): " Even Fridolinchen 's admitted it : that at the site of a pretty lad she immediat'ly senses greedy twitching of the perineum (n smother things too). And Abelchen 'd have us believe she's held one in her hand,and, 'mong other things, kisst it ...(?): aeh,very fuzzy partickulars : on the one hand 't was infinit'ly less fragrant; on thother it's perfume sirpasst all other odors;n she requir'd weeks a strictest self-mortification just t forget that taste.";(enthus'd once more):" But have him I must; or I'll wring/cry my little hands off/optics out ! (How I'd gloat over the announcement a My nuptials n the newspaper !) :He shall/I will be mine/his; bowelless to all others ! ".

ANN'EV' (wearily):" Y don't know that yet at present : 'pon Whom=All you may yet sit n the course a your life; whether male, female, or convertible..."

for MARTINA (passionat'ly interrupting Her):" That's simply not true !;(you'v only got that from those trampolygamists cross=the=way) : GOd created but 1 man and 1 woman !";(n by no means is that just My idea(l) : 'm positive Martin thinks the same way. Gushing):" Ahh, kd I but begin to unpack Him; mid kisses gro'ing ever fatter : My mouth 'd hold His mouth clos'd tite;(but in recompents His hands 'd speak t Me;n His feet 'd confess His intensions); til We'd Both be stark=naked ...(?):Nah;'fully-dresst' 's for the birds;(must be like 'sleeping in your clothes'):" Hah!wd I ever gla(n)dly let My virginity [redacted] phall into the hands a the thief !;(a good 2=3 times n hour !)[redacted]";(: Év'ry hour !).

ANN'EV'(with a wan smile):" Hold on, if y love your fello all thât much, come Christmas He won't even thro a shado."; ('t's n extravagants that p'r'aps one kn indulge in sometimes in girlish=dreams.(But She ne'ertheless chews on the knuckle of her lf index-finger. Darkly)):" Maybe you'll even be in luck : 't's only young boys and old men who love insanely. -" -

(And now They Both hold their breasts to the nozzle: .:: : ::. /(:'Not so hot; my con'plexion's too subtle for that.'/ ((?):''t's normal t think All[redacted]= .:::: :::. other girls 'r uglier than you, anyway.')/(:'Pah, wrong again : Yóu'r much prettier ::::: ::::: than I am, Ann'Ev' !'[redacted];=Martina, gazing down at herself : ? -:'A little nook embraces their happiness !';('men's' I mean)./AE:'Whoever frumples in Your long hair, intends it for the short. N 'love', where does it lead to n the end ?: to Keeneces;filld by turns with tears & come that's come./They hold their feet under the spray :...,...)

ANN'EV' (rocking her wet=yello head gravely : Wellnow,'The Slo but Sure Way' ?):" You=Two'v really tortur'd each other long enough now. I'd say : the conversation=stage is t be omitted !"(Each knows all about the Other anyway : all the loneliness You'v both already undergone. You laid your finger on the back of His hand t'day. And what Sweet=nothings He mite have t say t You n the flesh 'r z yet unheard):" But it'd be a precarious notion t make such a shy creature have to earn himself a bosom inch by inch. Take my advice : OverWhelm him, and=t'day !";(just as, sadly t say, the secret behind all girlish success n gen'ral is :'Always open=wide at the rite moment !')

(They dry themselves off; one hairy sinner rubbing thother./While Ann'Ev' combs herself,sluggish & listlessly,-/ Martina quickly squats the splendor of her cheeks down on the white pooppot :-,-;:....(which swallo's all browns&yello's gurgreedily.(And then yello squirtings. And then white)). -She jumps up):-

MARTINA (tinkl'd pink):" Sô - now I'm scrubbd clean & sassy. -(?): just a bitta powder;(or do y think I ought t do my definitive/Venus creaming now ?) ";('course not; was just asking. But as for You):" Ann'Ev'; there's no help for it : I hâve t come back again t this matter a your shepherd, A&O !";(& You his shepherdess, AE : Your wonderfull brown body is your Ann 'Ev'er=dress):" Just think of it : the garden behind the house 'd be calld 'The Yeol? Poet's Grove' when our two poets 'd sit out there 'neath the trees !('cause Martin gave me a mannuscript : 't's fantastic ! something about a litehouse !).";(skitish):" Mite it not be better if Yôu gave it to Him (=A&O) ? : He'd be sure t read it thèn !"(N a young poet nowadays simply has t have some encouragement & recommendations. Coaxing):" Oh, y know that full=well yourself : He sits there among his books, like his own silhouette,and whispers with You !"

ANN'EV' (cross):"'s He suppos'd t be n arbitraitor ?";(those old codgers ! :'r inexperienc't,vain useless specialists; what wd They know ? (N all the same seduce tout le monde !). Why, y kn see how their souls flee from them : like with this Olmers;Who only knows his Ø's,& deadlycold frog=fing'rings. Indignant):" I'm n need a None of Him !"

MARTINA (but 1 little word of intercession from You 'd be sûch a help t Us - t Martin & Me ! - N above all else):"Y have t make a mitey differentiation there : A&O's gray-haird reveries 'r still rite respectable. While the Major expresses himself a bit more carnally. And old Olmers is a repugnants & molestus, t be sure;n ev'ry black=brown=blond curlyheaded maid is forc't t shudder when he wheezes like a locomotive that's been put out t pasture.";(Quite rite : a kiss from the Major tastes by turns a roast beef red-cabbage & tobacco'n'grog.('m curious about Martin's : when I quaff his mouth for the first time.[redacted] 'Tis t be hop't Í taste good t Him all=over too!). But so that We don't stray from our topic):" Y can't seriously have anything against Him.";(just think back on yestereve; when We were standing nfrontev His windo !) him;but in 1o years' time he's n icy 7o; and I'd be n my early 3o's : for starters !"

ANN'EV' (peevish):" I kn have a great many things against him. And You shd hear 'em, too : it grieves me to grieve

MARTINA (eagerly):" Contradiction ! Day before yesterday y said you'v only a short time t live;(just like Him):n that

there'd also be a war soon anyway !";(which is also why I'm n such a hurry with Martin, afterall. - Spritely):" Ann'Ev' - : I'd bet my electric jacket -(you know; the one that, if your eyes 'r well-rested, gives off little yello'y sparks at nite)- you'd make the most wonderfull couple ! He'd sing Your praises til the angels 'd be jealous ! He'd bear You in his hands ; You=Two as specimens of your own exotic species : You'd have it sô good here !";(Not t mention Me ! Just think of a cold winter morning : the sky veind red & blue like a marble tablet; with Us on sleds whizzing by;thru radiant floods of sNo(ah) - ohh, Ann'Ev'):" Up ! & at Him ! Corazón !"

ANN'EV' (Do y think that just because I'v been giving Yóu courage,Yóu'v got t give Mé some now ? - defiant):" I don't like Him. I'd demand : that He shd 'v lov'd me before He ever knew Me !";(or wait. I'v attacht the wrong strings):" He ought t have already lov'd Me before I was even born !"

MARTINA(gently;after 3 seconds):" You taught me that :'Those who would their love secrete, thro stones at each other in the street' And didn't y see that yourself ? : the way You=Two'v been next t one another for centuries now,in that old picturé ? You'r contradicting yourself n the most confidents=inspiring fashion.-";(very serious & dreamy):"I'd like so much t wheedle life into turning over a new page,for Us All. But now I just have t keep on thinking about how : if ev'rything works out with Martin -(which one can't be all that sure of just yet;(but we'll have t rehaul the whole organ around here anyhow))- I'd be lying upstairs with Him then - at nite I'd give Him My hand so He kd play with it -n I'd have the feeling : that at the same time You were giving Yours to A&O too...";(She takes a breath,deep & quiv'ring): "We'd have the finest & most curious books read aloud to us n winter -(last year it was 'Countess Delores'; and 'Oswalt',(there's a very funny educated raven n that one);or the 'Breaking of the Storm' by SPIELHAGEN). And n March the bushes behind the house,there 'r some little willo's among 'em, get nice thick yello pussy's on 'em : n when y tap on 'em:..."

ANN'EV' (reluctantly confirming):" Dusting the little lambs. -(?): Aeh; rain doesn't bother Me; when it makes a splash of itself, n the gutters run - I'v always lov'd t listen in.";(n y needn't worry about Your boyfriend):" I'v taken my mesures. (N if his mother's not all=that ghastly n kn give fair-t-middling service z a housekeeper - well;if it doesn't work with friendly persuasion, then with les meances.)";(no big mercitations;save 'em for later when it's all workt out.)

MARTINA ('d rather have the soul rippt rite out a my body - than give Hím up !):" Just the kissing n mouth=licking alone!: [redacted] 'opneth wyde myne lippes !'";('t's what 'the heighest godes amy' requests. - If only we kn spook off that female, Grete!):" 'The wickedness of a wife changeth her appearance, and darkens her face like a sack.' (SIRACH). The way that bitch has maltreated Me & the Major : she ought t burn n Hell foreverfor it !";(so You 'd say=uh -(she points)):" Creamings & perfumings nôt just yet ?"(Tell me tho when it's time ? (aahh,if You'd help me then p'r'aps : 'm not cladin such a fine fragrants, y see. N in the excitement I kd very possibly put retarding=powder where slip-p'ry=oils 'r prescrib'd... -);she hides her face in Ann'Ev's breasts. Softly=shyly): "Say ; - : kn a boy tell/see if a girl's ever rubbd herself off ? -(?):Oh not exactly 'my darling sin'; but nonetheless.";(I us't t be afraid without a lite;later=on, after I'd learnd t do It, I sought out lov'ly darkness. -(?): oh,sometimes I go for weeks without doing it;n then allatonce things 'r fritefully chang'd. (We held n onanism=debate n our class once - (?):naturally with no teacher(m. nor f.) present- with Eremburge and Abelchen z the discussion leaders, since they were the most experienc't...(?):well practickly=Ev'ryone;(Some of 'em even mutually). N there were actually 2 groups : Those who do it ev'ry day; & the 'quarterly=rubbers'. And the wildest thing was : We'd all thought that z soon as y had a steady boyfriend, it'd stop all by itself - poppycock ! All the girls who went [redacted] with a boy, (a good 5=6 of 'em it was), told all : that didn't suffice; they went rite on doing it on the side. N what 'd been observ'd among older sisters or cousins; among mothers, even grandmothers !, it knew no end : sev'ral reported how they'd watcht their parents doing youknowwhat; n when afterwards daddy got up t go wash up, mommy did it with her finger another 1ce=or=2ce. Ahwell; but t get back t Me now)):" Do y think he kd see that my features 'v already been chang'd somehow ?;'v gotten 'witherd' or whatever ?";(p'r'aps when I'v got my Martin, I kn make a giant=size resolution.)

(:'that mikel unclene uryne renneth fro thee alle houre'?/:'t's best t have n ever=ready sponge on hand;that y kn use systematic'ly t wash between your legs whenever y 'v gone t the john. -(?):M=m.'Most men don't develop n appetite for thôse smells til old age - just look at Olmers.')

ANN'EV'(Who's nodded absent-mindedly):" At least for the first 4 weeks. Cause with such a completely inexperienc't=hot-to-trotter : that'll curl your pubic=hair, sweetheart ! -(?):it'll gro real=fast now; just wait'n'see. "

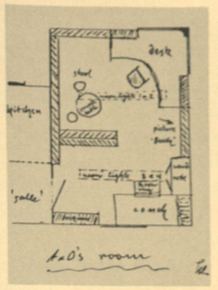
(They each lay an arm over the other's shoulders as they step out. /(Martina briskly fetches the large [redacted] envelope from Her room -('Close it nice=&=tite again...')-)/Then they walk,cheerfully wrappt up anew in each other, down the stairs, into the kitchen;(a bath makes one thirsty) -

MARTINA:" I'll fix us a lo-sugar drink; for staying slim -";(:little tray;glasses & spoons; raspberry juice, Schweppes ('bitter lemon') : water out of the deep=well...)

ANN'EV' (meanwhile):"I'd like t write one more short letter - but I havn't got a timbre; you'll have t tally all this up at some point...(?): Noo, not slick=white paper : with [redacted] lines;(or little boxes). - (?): N what if I were t say : a farewell=letter for A&O; the coldest beeyèa ever written in Europe !";(savag'ly):" Well what 'm I suppos'd t do, n your opinion ? Run=in=there, n, with my nose no moren thru the door, thro myself round his neck ?!";(She defiantly sniffs air up her nose. Grabs the tray;and strides forth,out of the room - stumbles, however, at the threshold :! - so that glasses & spoons tinkle britely...)

MARTINA (intent):" - z if the house 'd toasted with You - :!"

Scene 45



(A&O's room./He stands there, his hands in the pockets of a (lite-weight) darkgreen [redacted] summer jacket; He stares vacantly, slo'ly, all about him : books;in the windo the green countryside;Bosch;books. /In CONTESSA's the 'Banquet', the round=table of elemental spirits;à la 'Holetschkagasse', very int'resting - one cannot, in fact, invent anything new.(A 'girlfriend with a wooden leg', in SCHMIDT's 'The Resettled' - the impertinent depravity a that charlatan consists n fact in his juxtaposition of words that imply completely impossible operations of mind and body alike !)- and, lo!, old man SCHILLING already us'd it in 'Leander's Wanderings' ! (Which is t say : the situation back then was similar; with those endless wars of 1792 - 1815; so that it is perhaps a possible=recurrent motif âfterall - hm.)) /Poets, the old tom-catalysts, in a car - [redacted] the latest mutation a Pegasus. ('The adjective: enemy of the nouun' as KREUDER once proclaimd : firstly, he got it from HEMINGWAY,(Who didn't understand a thing about literature,either); secondly it originated with VOLTAIRE; n thirdly, it's baloney : what don't y find for magnificent ajectivations in JOYCE;(who, one wd think,simply must 'v known FISCHART,(if that weren't next t impossible))./He takes the step to his desk - :!;(foot caught on the runner again ! (Whether it really mite not be better t use these 'carpet=squares'...as footapestry ...s'pos'd t be warmer too))- and gives his pencil a turn :funny, how I can't stand this flashy=sparkling gold=lett'ring.(Very cool dull=quiet colors 'd be much nicer...'v already tried rubbing 'em off with sandpaper...:that I have t turn it over is,of course, a compulsion;('ll analyze that sometime when I get the chants))./A 'Brandw=Heath' already occurs in ADELUNG,(ii,1062) - 2oo years from now our present language 'll sound like - à, I'd be satisfyd with even that : like RABENER./ 'Name=codes' : in the 'Lay of the Amelung'ii,(='Dietleib',123):'Schwarzschild, the Chief Jew at Court' - Rothschild of course. Shake your head most over SPIELHAGEN; Who frexample simply uses 'Uselin & Wolldom' for 'Usedom & Wollin'; or the fishing scenes on 'Nedur', i.e., 'Ruden Island'./'I earn my fate with my pen' I often us't t say - which JEAN PAUL for his part expresst thusly :'the waggish propensity of fate,the which I have ofttimes observed, to pattern the plan of my life from that of the scenes in my outlandish tales';(13=276) - on the one hand it sounds mystic=profound; in reality, however, it's actually banal : since n fact we'r often dealing with the author's wishes,and ergo what we have here is a latent tendency tward self-fulfillment.(Altho at times some quite silly details...I wrote once in a book about how a parakeet lost its way & flew into my garden : 4 years later that's precisely what happend (something quite improbable here in this village); moreover, it even came t rest on exactly the same rowan tree I 'd imagin'd ! -('AutumnBlossomes' : what 'll that be like when the old pigeonhol'd trash of 'Miscellaneous Writings' begins; the postHumus of the respected writer ?)/ And once again 'my heart is restless within me';(may well 'v been afflicted with angina pectoris, too, the Gentleman from Tagaste) - reread WIELAND's 'Euthanasia' sometime;(not just a great man,but a brave one too; which that ape SINTENIS snivels about in his 'Elpizon' as 'the latest utterance of the most famous of our G -erman writers still living, who has coldbloodedly renounced Athanasia - one might ask, why ? - and instead merely desires Euthanasia : oh if only this old man had kept his opinion to himself and, at grave's edge so to speak, not desired to make it public ! What has he accomplished thereby ? Frivolity, of which we have no present lack ![redacted]')./ : one ought t 'v said something about TEUBNER : the 'Silver Swan'; the 'Sorrows of the Young Motz'; 'Marhanna,or the Pilgrims from Yemen' - at one time I had a collection of them all;but gradually came t have my scruples whether at 6o one kd be just to a man of 29 ? (Probably not;better keep hands-off.) / ? - noisy at my door ? (Her dustygray feet : in my dream a while ago I...flew all day thru uninhabited towns, greeting people n French... - ?):

A&O (face slitely wrinkl'd-up, to the door):" Yes, please - ?"

MARTINA (comes waggling in; in one hand a towel,('and smother things',but that can't be seen as of yet)): "Say, A&O - uh=may I hang Ann'Ev's towel over the back a this chair here ?;(just for a moment) -";(she drapes it alluringly : -,-. - (? beneath it a large envelope ?) - but first she puts both hands behind her back so that it vanishes. Mchm. uh=):"The world just keeps rolling strangely along, don't it? And, 'm quite aware [redacted] : you'r always short & sour in your dealings with recent literature;(or even handle it with a very special silents.) -";(She has come closer,affectionate to all appearances. And pats His cheek: -,- insistent):" Say. You have t shave, n quick. -(?):No; rite now !";(I mean it for your own good. I wanted t give y something, too -)

A&O (You'v broacht sev'ral topics at once there):" Certainly; the earth puts 2 1/2 million kilometers behind it ev'ry day,(all the while doing its one=normal total somersault); but why does Your Roy.Terrestianess suddenly find that 'strange' t'day ?"; (that meanwhile [redacted] it looks like the rag=basket of a paper-miller's wido mite be considerd more portentous.- What was the second now ? - Ahhah):" Yes, modern verbidrudge : on all sides people 'r sô=tir'd a hi-brow literature ! Publishers & publicks alike cry out 'Vivat trivial=literature' -(at one time We calld it,more succinctly,'kitsch')- n Whoever can not (or will not) produce such excrement, shd choose another profession."; (he kn translate, a course, if it just has t be books - this is offerd you by n old,almost invisible writer,the mention of whom was once not inglorious, who's also written his half hundredweight a books maybe,& whose income for decades was onev the lo'est n the land. - Number 3):"You wanted t hear the singing of my shaver ?"(You'v already fingerd me with n expertette's hand - well okay. (He pushes the button : hummhumm - During the humming)):" And finally you announc't yet another gift for me -";(Just one moment - only want t... change the plug. And your present, then):"Can I accept without sinning ? -"

(:'In our day all things press to the fore ;too many men wish to study;too many want to be dævotees of letters !...They are the most unfortunate of all,and,judging by our times,their number must of needs grow from year to year.A craftsman,a man of business ,is assuredly the more useful man midst so many unreasonable smatterers & daubers of letters...with such terrible competition and such a great throng of unworthies, respect for men of letters must diminish,and perhaps a time may come when they will

MARTINA (Wêll):"But what if some young person were n fact to appear - a real genius -";(the envelope appears infront of her tummy -)

A&O (full of suspicion):" 'r we dealing here with a problema,(as the Patriarch in 'Nathan' puts it); or...";(uh=do y realize what goes along with Genius ?):" well, that he's plain cantankerous & hard-working...-(?) :Hah,have yóu ever known a really industrious individual who was blithe & charming at the same time ? N especially if you'r stuck n the middlev one a your own massive books;that inevitably brings a certain loss of a sents of reality along with it...";(('What's that suppos'd t mean ?') Well,): "that for the most part the genius 'd forget about you then, too..."

MARTINA (sassy):" Not true atall ! He thinks & writes only of Me!"

A&O (dryly):"I wd only hope that your mode of expression is not the fruit of a (un)conscious bias n favor of any particular=individual.";(by the way,I kn recall a sober somebody aged 12 who at that time swore a most solemn, indeed inspir'd oath of silents concerning my person : does the name of the person-in-question come t your mind perchants ?)

starve. The world is sated with sciences, especially those of the word : it wishes to be amused.One must know how,by whatever means,to make oneself indispensible to such a world. O could you but hear the lament of the unfortunates, oft men of talent,crying here there & everywhere for their bread,moaning to one now in person now in letters - how you would be appalled !When you take a thick book catalogue in hand,consider, then, that hunger has written the greatest portion of these books,want has dictated them. When reading such endless words of abuse,revolutionary tracts,slanders on whole classes of society & officialdom;do but consider,Hunger has taught a great number of these dogs to bark,Ambition, Avarice,Envy,Want has taught them to yelp. They would murder father & friends were they edible; for they have chosen the unhappiest of crafts, w r i t i n g !,the earning of one's bread with pen and printer's ink !' HERDER)

MARTINA : " 'twas virtually Me=Myself=&=I that did it.";(but y don't even know any a the particulars yet):"If I were t say now : I 'd discoverd this in n old=old trunk ?,(Neither tion tic nor ary 'd know).";(gradually becoming ever more affectionate):" Yes; We'v known each other for a rather long time - since I was but a wee=thing in a T-shirt;who kd hide inside onev your pants=legs - n if I thought it wd make You happy, why I'd walk t the ends a the world;or t Hannover at the very least -";(She starts to sniffle...)

A&O (Suresure; n it won't be 3 years from now n you'll 'v come fully of age & frivolity. More serious):"Martina; - You yourself 'v expedited mail from my readers, afterall, by the [bask]etload. Manuscripts, too : You know that n the first place I havn't the time for reading...(?): okay; if y like, more correctly 'hadn't'. But secondly: I simply don't consider myself cómpetent for other generations."(Not for anything contemporary,if y want t put it that way : 'my period' is the 2o's=3o's. And n terms a literature, 'm at most willing t pass judgment on a book from between 173o and 193o - whatever lies outside those borders, 'm uncertain about):"N it's not atall a pretext. So dry your [redacted] woebegone=goodfornothing eyes; n give the manuscript back t your girlfriend.";(Y notice, I said 'girl-...'; n that, my sprycious, is calld'tact').

MARTINA (dramatic'ly):" You'r refusing your Martinele her small request ?!"(That I shd live t see this !-Well, then the time has come that, n the face of your arbitrary actions, limits be...)

(She runs to the door; opens it; and disappears. / She kn be heard outside, speaking passionat'ly :''m trembling ! : quick !'./ - / Ann'Ev' enters; with a bewilderd pair of eyes; a tiny bouquet in her rt hand;(in her lf the envelope once more): - /((outside, in the corner of the windo'pane,there appears the upper=rt quadrant of Martina's face : ?...))/He looks at her passionat'= & tenderly, and says to Her with his eyes 'I'm very fond of You !' -)

ANN'EV' (lets herself,slo'ly, down in a tangle : tendrild=litebrown, triangular=finite Yello=locks. /Painfully, He kneels down be[fore side] Her;on the same heartpounding level./ She, after a while, -):" You'v got t say it first. -";(She tugs timidly (sweetly) at [redacted] her toes...)

A&O ((the dearest word from a dearest mouth) : Here, at my assignment's end, I hardly dare it):" I had truly & totally forgotten that there are such things as eyes.(mouth, hair, and shoulders.)"

ANN'EV' (Her yello hair rejoices;her shoulders rejoice : you'r [my the]=one !):" Do y love Ann'Ev' ?"

A&O (I'v never lov'd real girls til now - always just those I'v áreamt-of, imagin'd):" Yes; I love You.";(and now I'm ridiculous,am I not ? (Look, Martina 's grinning already.))

ANN'EV' (raises her head : rite here & now you'r t bring me a kiss as punishment ! /He lays his mouth, shyly, upon Hers./ She relishes the way He trembles):" If y 'd kiss my eyes clos'd ? : then I wd let the breath whisper from my nose. And my shoulders wd talk t yours."

(They Each count Their love on the Other's fingers./ She opens her upper bliss to Him.He holds Ann'Ev's heart in the hollo of his hand : as the most precious of gems - ('I know I'm terribly foolish !'))

ANN'EV' (take the other one too):" For the first time I know why I have them.";(She coos something to herself:'In My tranquil world of wedding : oh mý oh mý oh mý oh mý !'. - She sho's Him her nether bliss : -):" You may see Me dresst - no one has ever seen Ann'Ev' cloth'd before !";(muffl'd up to my chin, ankles'n'wrists : for You I'll do it !).

A&O (I know that it's contrary to all probability - n if y want,I won't even put the question,either):"Will y stay..."

ANN'EV' (With a strange rapid gesture holding his mouth clos'd : ! -. Then;hollo'ly):" 'm afraid, - You 'r going t have t converse with that empty chair.";(quickly):" I don't know ábsolute=precisely yet !"

A&O (resignd):" My whole life=long I'v convers't with that empty chair.";(his hands set Her free, cautiously, carefully -,-)

ANN'EV' (pulling them energetic'ly back around her again : she knots his fingers behind Her back,('sô=o!'). Listen now):" Do me the favor, n read this=here, one time thru, with speed & concentration. And then tell Us - Martina & Me - your honest opinion : whether the lad's gifted. -(?): Psst; y have t do what Ann'Ev' tells you : She wants t take care of you.";(Maybe of Us even. - ?):" You'll have 'time' t do it rite now : 'My People' must be governd ev'ry now & again.";((?): all=our next moves as a group depend on... - Her glants evades his somewhat... - She notices the magic=fruit, on the desk ? She gets up at once,restless, embrac't by his arms):"Oh A&O, something has t be done about this ! -";(She pulls him along with her, over=to it -.)

A&O (his hand lies so hopelessly lite round her hip,/that,reproachfully, She presses it more titely to Her : !/):" Do yóu know its characteristics ?";(if you'd eat it : youth lasting for centuries ? (Like the girl n the picture there ?)) here is more like a seed. I'd suggest We plant it rite away;(so that it doesn't shrivel up,or get damag'd):c'mon; let's do it tgether - "

(From among sev'ral pots, she chooses a small turquoise one. He brings a bo'l of earth. A large bo'lfull of water. She bends down over the little vessel;with soundlessly murmuring lips. Her fingers mix some earth & humus. -(He ladles the mirror=image of her breast in his hand, and drinks from it.)-

ANN'EV' ([delited toucht]):" Darling ! - ";(Her fingers prepare a small hollo. /Carefully=inconcert,they lay the magic seed into its bed:-/ the earth on top. And water it):" Y kn keep it here with you."

A&O (softly):" No.(I shall die soon.) - You shd take it with yóu. N plant it in open country, in Tasmania or wherever : in the National Park of the New Society.";(he smiles [redacted] wretchedly)

MARTINA (tumbling in at the door):" Quick quick ! -"

ANN'EV' (indignant):"Don't make so much tapazh ! - What is it now ?"

MARTINA (gasping for breath):" Crânes ! Cranes - oh : a thousand of 'em ! -"

(She flies out again. The two of them follo her afterall :? /-/: UNBELIEVABLE !!! Overhead,lo in the sky, a dozen giant circumflexes, in each at least 1oo birds, that with loud squawks press tgether in layers, slo'ly turn moving onwards./ Eugen, the binox at his eyes - lets them fall now and calls to A&O :'As a rough guess, fifteen hundred ! Has never happend before !'. He lifts the glasses again, and revels in the fabulous site : like in the middle-ages, good god ! -)

A&O (beside AE, both heads thro'n back. - ('What's it mean' ?)):" Nothing good. ";(sort of between his teeth, so that

EUGEN (the field-glasses still above his nose, answers for A&O):" That winter's coming, my dear child. And with full steam ahead : up thataway,n the North, a cold=front must 'v broken thru that's driving the entire crane population before it : n 24 hours (at most !) we kn figure on sno. -";(to A&O):" Best check out the furnace for lateron,wdn't y say ?"

(And across=the=way as well, on the hillahay, the entire population has leapt to its feet : ecstatic screams ! Pointing with arms, canes, pricks : ! "The sign ! THE SIGN !!! "./Martina has workt her way around to AE's free side : '?' -

ANN'EV' (slo'= & affectionat'ly twisting her way out of A&O's arm : -):"N now you'll please read what I'v given you -"

(They look into each other's eyes - for such a long time, and in such a way : for such a long time ! - /til Martina, brite with excitement, lays her hands tgether=, and then puts them to her lf collarbone : adds her chin -(ev'rything's gonna work out allrite now !))

xvii. Act

Scene 46

(Table on the terrace. / The oaks shimmer and rustle. Twig=fingers mov'd by the wind. In the sky, runes : white signs of unrest./ At the table Eugen; Who, mov'd by joy, compares the texts : of the illustrated 'Artists Novel' with that of the 'Collected Works'..., - :

EUGEN (mutt'ring):" 'course fiddl'd around with the spelling again... -(?): 2 variants up t now that 'd be worth talking about. - What 'r the 10afers roar & raging about now ?";(?'Planning a ride o'er the pond'? - He shakes his head):" She 'd be a damnsite too yello for me."

(Does He mean Ann'Ev' maybe ? / Nor does A&O give him an answer : tir'd stiff limbs. A head gone empty. A heart gone to smash. (Variant : a stale old impotentius;absoloonatic;(Y only didn't notice 'cause y were standing in awe.) - ?- :? - 'PHAROS, or Concerning the Power of Poets'. 16 pages,closely written; (fortunat'ly typed; long-hand wd really 'v been...). : how late is it ? (Lay your watch alongside. In 3o=4o minutes one really ought t...:ahhåh ! - (stoppt; or just z possibly,forgot t...

A&O (to Eugen): " Kd y give me the exact time please. - "; (15=11 hours ? - uh=huh -)

EUGEN :" According t your FREUD, however, 'weariness of life, death=wishes', isn't that so ?"

OLMERS (Who's sat down to join them as'senex tertius'):"KOTZEBUE knew all about that already;Whose 'Knitting Needles' begins with the 'old servant' holding his master's watch t his ear :' - and hasn't even been wound ? - tut,tut; then the workings of the soul aren't running right either.'";(those old rascals were all much better than the philologists & critics 'd have Us believe. He bleats a laugh):"I recently found where ARNIM writes about a woman & her old-gray bridegroom, n with no further ado :'She presented him with a pair of first-class rubbers.'. - (?): what do y mean by that ? if I loosen the blouse of a maid who's fainted,it's 'senile lust'; if I sit still n do nothing, then it's 'unfeeling passivity'."

Eugen (rambling on):" N y actually want to accompany these descalzos for a piece ? tss; all these Pandora's=boxes have at least one (if not sev'ral !) false=bottoms.";(åhwèll : time hurts all things. At the weary least y mite tell us One thing): "How we'r suppos'd t act when they send us their demand for 1o,ooo marks; n z token a their earnest enclose onev your ears ?";(bytheway, it's a much older method than y mite think : SPIELHAGEN wrote a novella entitl'd 'Mesmerism', the ransom=hungry Italian bandits in it 'd been using that method rite along. -(?): z far as I remember : 1896. - To A&O):" What y got there? A manuscript from a budding author ? ";(remonstrating):"I mean all these new 'concrete' items nauseate me, in form & content alike : either they'r Phalli impudici from the foot a Parnassus;or declamations from the mires of Marxism,at

but good for accomp'nying a guitar that's badly out a tune -";(shaking his head):"It sometimes leads one t think that all these attempts originate with people who have no acquaintants with literature whatever, n who'v had to invent each & ev'ry genre from scratch, z it were. - Do y really want t read that ? ";(what's it calld ?)

OLMERS (casting a fleeting glants):" 'PHALLOS' : on the Sea of Life. - (?):Noo, Your Impotentship. I don't care t listen in. - That is t say...";(he looks at his watch -(his, therefore, has not come to a stop)- I have to attend the admission=ceremony;over on the island,'Rites of Initiation' - well):"mite spare 15 minutes. (But don't read licketycut again!)"

'PHAROS', or Concerning the Power of Poets'

March 13th. He threw me this notebook today;it has been 16 days now since I dared ask him. I had already grown so apathetic. It's so small, too : what if I have to vegetate here for years on end ? - afterall, I'm still young; so that I can hold out for 4o=5o years at least ! (Haha ! - don't think about it ! (But I want to think; I must force myself to think; I must!) / The air is white-hot; far above a distant layer of clouds is drifting, as if made of silver flakes.

March 15th. He hit me again ! - I... - oh,my whole body is quivering. / We were on the beach;and he snarled for me to go fetch him a net. I was incensed at the rude way he said it and pretended not to hear.Then he just turned his head to me; and when I gathered up the courage to tell him he might very well avail himself of a different tone of voice, he was at my side in a single bound,and hit me in the face so hard I fell to the ground. / I could not move, I was so ashamed and angry. Ashamed : that a man could be so bestial. Angry: oh, I ought to have leapt to my feet and thrashed him ! -(He would more than likely have beat me to death. Would have been better !). / What a coward I am ! - I must kill him. It can't be done by force; therefore cunning. (Nevertheless I shall exercise every day with heavy stones as well.) / The brute ! - he is forcing me to act just as brutally;(humiliating).

March 16th I had to fish all day long. I shall pretend obedience,(Goethe as a young man said 'obeisance'). And caught 3 fish. / The beach is so dazzling white, like a limed wall : when the sun is at the meridian, it is impossible to be outdoors ! / As I was spreading the nets out to dry this afternoon, a few more planks and a large piece of one of the row boats from our ship came floating by. They hung fast on the farthest end of the island until dusk;till the tide rose and carried them whirling along with it, to the South. (There appears to be a light current flowing by us here. - :'Letters in bottles' ?? - A good idea perhaps !).I am apparently the only survivor;(though 'survival' is a good one considering this slave existence). ---/ Night : he's walking back and forth upstairs; always back and forth. He talks as well,but with a change in his voice. (1 time I risked opening the heavy iron door ever so softly,and listened to him up there : ? - He was lamenting with labored rancorous sighs:'Oh Organtin; Organtin my nephew -'. Then came a few whispered, disconnected words which,however, I could not understand.) / Awake again : it's eerie down here;(and there are still voices upstairs). The coils of rope and cord hanging indistinctly in the round room, like garlands of seaweed, or the pendulant tentacles of primal monsters; the barrels burly and dark. / I have been watching through the one tiny barred window; but the moon still has not arrived yet. - : but does one ever see stars here ! They hang like heavy fragrant golden lamps in the warm blue,(lamplifying).

March 17th. My life preserver is still lying on the beach;bleached out, torn, a mere shred. 3o days ago today -(31 ?; it's possible I'm 1 day off !)- I landed here; ie I saw and felt nothing other than the abrasive sand that almost scoured the skin off my face, that's how far up on shore the wave threw me. And He was already there then too;and heaved me up like a bundle. The dreadful scenes of the two preceding days -(I'm curious whether now that I've mentioned them they'll appear in my dreams; up till now I've been able to force them out of my thoughts)- had left me distraught and I was exhausted, although at the same time as alert as a sea=changeling, so that at once I saw he was playing with the idea of killing me ! / How I do hate the tyrrant ! -(mustn't think of that continually.) - His physical powers border on the incredible : recently he came downstairs;lifted one of the larger barrels to one side,(a small heavy iron door behind it);and disappeared for several minutes. When he had gone again I tried in vain to budge the bulgy monster so much as 1 finger's breadth : and He had lifted it without visible effort ! (Practice this evening with that small anchor - don't forget.) / I sat on the other end of the island for a few hours;(it's about 1oo m long and 2o-3o wide;a craggy dune, actually a mere speck. But the foundation seems to be solid rock; otherwise they wouldn't have built a lighthouse here). The tower itself -about 25 m high; at the bottom 15 m Ø, with gigantic butresses jutting out (to break the waves ?) at the base; then it tapers off in a lovely curving arc to a diameter of about 8m (at a height of 3/5);then comes the slight projection of a cornice some 3 m high;and only then atop of that does one find the actual illuminating apparatus with its searchlights,(which by the way I have never seen in operation - an 'extinct' lighthouse ? (Like 'extinct volcano' - ingenious, but a bit uncanny), protected by the heavy pointed roof of corrugated iron. In the interior I am only familiar up till now with a portion of the stairs;and the one storage room where I sleep. /Dismal blue sky. (Not a cloud ! :I would rather have my heavens godless than cloudless !). Vainly held lookout again for a ship : one ought to be able to see much better from up top !;(I don't have the earth's radius here precisely in my head,('radius of curvature' ?) otherwise it ought to be easy to figure out - using a modified pythagorean). - There seems to be something far off in the northwest : cape ? island ? reef ?;when the weather is very clear it looks like a bright blurry point. - I don't even know where I am - somewhere southeast of Tutuila at any rate;because we had passed it two days before the accident. If one estimates how much farther we drifted after that ? - it could be 1,ooo km, if there wasn't a change in the wind ! (So that it's impossible to meditate one's way to a solution. And ask ? - I am not going to speak one more word to that barbarian !)

March 18th. Evening. Am tired;(a good, healthy tiredness). / We dove and fished in the coral reefs the whole day long. (He opened my door this morning and said:'We have to make a catch !'). I went mutely along;and we armed ourselves with bow and arrow, and a three-tined fish spear (!). Several times I had to fight off the temptation to shoot the dog down !;but if I hadn't hit him with a fatal shot first thing... He seemed so immense and muscular,as if chiseled out of yellow sandstone, that I sometimes thought the arrow would ricochet off him anyway. (Once when he had surfaced again and the water ran down out of his long blond beard, the bastard looked like Poseidon !). - Unforgettable that swirl of fish in the red hedges of coral; all colors : blue and gold and red=polka-dotted and =striped. And the inexpressible splendor of the sea roses and =anenomes !;how they would slowly open up,breathing and eddying, and the delicate white tendrils would play about the dark-red (cleanly ?) opened mouth;flowers under water.I have learned how to keep my eyes open when diving;(was at all events the most beautiful (one might well say the only !) sight I have seen here). / The day was stupendously hot;so that the little crystal-clear lagoon was veritably steaming,and the water was like a second atmosphere;(am already burned brown as Crusoe). - Toward evening the bright point in the NW again; clearer than ever : it appears to be a cape afterall;but at least 5o km away ! (Swim it ? - But the sharks !). / Night : a very large bright crescent of a moon woke me for a moment; whatever one picked up in one's hand was made of silver.

March 19th. Toward morning a knot of halfbad dreams. My whole body battered from yesterday's exertions./We went down into the storage rooms - these cellars beneath the tower appear to go rather deep;(the foundations must in fact reach down several meters into the rocky outcrop). They are large, bare rooms, almost totally dark;full of barrels and tin cans,tools and boards;even the deepest cellar still quite dry and cool. At one point I saw a kind of square hole in the concrete floor (crudely hewn into it),and a few thick planks carefully laid over it;(one could spot it right off,though;it appears to lead down even deeper;(strange thoughts : coupled with my mad host! -)) / While I was standing behind him -(He strode along the rows of containers,checking and tapping) I wrestled with the notion : of leaping up and slamming the iron doors behind me ! (Idiot that I am,however, I had paid no attention whether He had left the key in the door !) He wouldn't have died,not with those supplies;(more likely I would have). Or I would have gone mad imagining how he was prowling those subterranean rooms, howling and banging - horrible vision! (It takes stamina just to endure the mere idea of something like that : is there a great poet who has followed through on such an idea without swerving ? (What's the use in my being an expert in literature, then ? POE ? - don't know him well enough. But I want to think about it this evening - don't forget it.)) /Estimate the supplies to be good for 1o years. (But then, it could be 5 or 2o as well; I've no exact conception whatever.)

March 2oth. Lay the whole day in the same cranny. Figured out a kind of sundial from the shadow of the tower,and noted down a couple of points of reference. The weather was a bit overcast and hazy, and it seemed to be raining on Cape Unknown, Otherwise sultry air, with sporadic gusts of wind. / The lighthouse really appears to be no longer intact. Why else doesn't He light it of an evening ? (Or He doesn't want to !! - How long has he been here now ? I would guess he is 4o, or 45 but

it's hard to tell.) / In the evening, very frail smoky sheet lightning in the South. (There, far far below us, lie those immense fields of ice that James Ross discovered. - Strange Life !)

March 21st. I took a bath at the beach in the cool of the morning (getting a regular beard, curly and brownish); then He came down and looked around. His brow furrowed, his piercing eyes directed (right on through me, naturally) to the horizon. Then He lifted his hand and tested the direction of the wind. - (:the incongruity between exterior and interior ! He has a massive face,with deep blue eyes, and a high jovian brow beneath his full light blond hair. A pair of threadworn long blue-linen trousers;(amazingly narrow hips for those broad omnipotent shoulders) : besides, he treats me like a domestic animal one barely tolerates.) / He muttered,half to himself, half to the wind :'Foul weather -(when shall we Three meet again?)';(and with a flawless accent : is he an Englishman then? And the brute quotes Shakespeare !;(possibly without knowing it - insane.) / There are absolutely no insects or snakes on the island - no living creatures whatsoever;(at least I have seen none). / It clears off toward evening : cool blue evening sky, with two long white clouds in it (fine ! Means He hasn't the vaguest notion about the weather.) / Night: I wouldn't fall asleep,and stood at my little window : what a beauty of a moonlit night! It's hot down here; I knellt down on a coil of rope and watch how the clouds up there ride, slowly, through the moonlight. - A muddle of voices comes from overhead : girlish laughter, bell-like and silvery; the ponderous words of aged counsellors;the jokes and declamations of youths...:have I gone mad ?! There is no one else on this island ! (Or has He brought them up out of the depths ? - That damned hole in the island floor !!!) / I crouched back into my corner, and wrapped my shred of a blanket about me : it's been going on for hours now. If only I could fall asleep;(or wake up !). I think I have a fever; must be sick.

March 22nd. Slept very little;(but I don't seem to be sick afterall.(A wild dream by the way.)) / The morning was gray and frosty, and the Big Man inscrutable and imperious as ever. We caught 2 boxfish. He got 1 with his spear; I only saw how he raised his arm, the muscles tightened, and the shaft hissed into the water;(then he pulled it back out by the line). I have tried it today, too, probably 2o times or so : it's incredibly difficult to take the refraction of the water into account when one throws - each time a mis-hit either right in front of or right behind the fish.(Stupid compound 'mis-' and 'hit' - genuine man o' letters !). So the weather did turn bad afterall. / In the afternoon I rolled myself up in a ball. - Melancholy memories of school and university days, of books and reading rooms - if only I had (= had with me here !) Schiller or Dante, or even Hauff for that matter. Declaimed away a good half of the Robbers to myself;and found I could forget for a few hours.(Toward evening it gets downright cold !). / - Half night half morning : he thundered at my door, and then stormed on outside.(What can it be ? - A ship ?!)

March 23rd. It was still almost completely dark; the sea gray and opaque with dirty white crests of foam. He grabbed me by the arm and screamed:'Ropes and 2 pickaxes !'. I ran gasping for breath across the wet granular sand,(and fell down once running back). / He wound the rope around his torso; thrust the one pick deep into the ground, so that I could hold it fast,(the water rolling up over our knees); then he put the end of the rope in my hand, and, with the other pickaxe at his belt, waded laboriously out into the desolate surf. Once out there (about 2o m away from me) he struck hard at something a couple of times, and came wading out, moving backwards. A high wave almost threw him at my feet; but he did not let go of that handle and dragged a large crate onto the beach; which together we at once trundled back to the lighthouse. (So that debris from ships must come this way - I once saw a beam float by too.) Morning arrived gray and unfriendly, and the rough water lessened somewhat then. / The boards were terribly warped and rubbery; but not all that much water seemed to have seeped in. With an axe he pried at the lid till it gave way with a bang.The way those nails and hinges screeched and whistled. On top a few tools. I was so curious that I bent over it with him,(he seemed more approachable), and, though still wheezing somewhat from the exertion, I said:'Just like Robinson -'. He gave me a hostile look,(when He wants to,He has eyes like stones!),and then asked contemptuously:'What do you know about Robin -?',(made a short, peculiar pause after Robin,as if accustomed to thinking of the name only in this form;and then finally added):' - son.'. I answered as nonchalantly as I could muster:'Crusoe is the type of man, who, when left entirely dependent on himself, with only the simplest of resources creates an environment, a world, for himself.';(a foolish and doctrinaire definition;if only I had at least avoided the word 'type' - but confronted by his unexpected,and indeed somewhat peculiar question, no better formulation occurred to me right off). He stared me in the face;and laughed aloud with such scorn and rage that I regretted every word. Fortunately he immediately returned to working on the crate;but with such evil glances that I expected the worst - He muttered other things as well while throwing hammers and pliers aside in the sand,(but I could understand nothing of it). At the bottom of the crate was a kind of drawer that could be removed, with a few books in it. He screwed up his eyes and, despite the driving rain,sat himself down on the edge of the crate;and with a practiced hand looked through the volumes. (I say 'practiced' because he passed over the titles quite rapidly,and in most cases shook his head.) Most of them he cast into the sand as well; 4 of them he held for a while, paging through them as if hesitating;then he threw the smallest of them onto the pile as well. / With itching fingers I had watched and now could no longer hold myself back;I stood still and asked softly (shameful, oh oh !) and humbly:'May I keep 1 of them, - sir -?'. His eyes returned from somewhere far off; his hand stroked beneath his beard and He puffed mocking air from his nose -.- Then, as if already elsewhere again, he said:'Grab hold and carry upstairs!' He pointed at the books,and a long hand-telescope;while himself examining 2pairs of coarse sailor's pants, which He picked up and threw over his arm.Then He strode on ahead./The sun had broken through (between dark long strung-out clouds) and shone so cold and yellow on the masonry of the tower,that I froze just looking at it. (Strange light:the bright tower against the cobalt blue of the rainy sky !). /Evening: I have my books -there are 11 of them;a real library !- brought in from outside and carefully laid out to dry;(ie set them up with the pages all opened slightly like a fan);most of them only got their covers spotted in the rain,without marring the text./I was in his room for the first time today;(it is a large circular chamber,up in that projecting cornice;some 3 m high). I don't quite know where to start.All around run glass windows almost 2 m high,separated and supported by a few iron rods several centimeters thick.(Are there pictures on them??) Then a wide table (desk?);and a long shallow bookcase,crammed full. I saw no bed; there were also 2 small cupboards next to each other;but the window sills are completely empty. Off to one side a pile of blankets. I only got as far as the threshold, where He tore the things out of my hand, and slammed the door to. / As soon as the moon begins to shine, I want to start in reading. There is a lot of French, Hugo, Molière,Crébillon, and a few older English items (from about 1835=4o) - and he simply threw them in the sand ! / Night: awakened from a tangled dream -I was once again walking through an endless big dity, rainy evening,people hurrying by;till finally (as always) I entered a department store,and was shoved and pushed for hours on end through the harshly lighted aisles,on past the shiny jumble of displays;until finally I landed in a quiet nook filled with books. - ?-/A voice calls from above - Oh !! - - /I crouch in the cold bright of the moon (a large, quite cold and alien moon),a chill running over my body. / I can stand it no longer;the whole tower whispers in the oceanic night ;upstairs a swarming labyrinth of voices ! - And here I sit,the flat of my hands propped on the icy floor,in a round skiff, amid black infinity. -/ I raised myself up and crept to the door. Opened it softly. Out of the endless dark pit come whoops and rumbles and organ tones; the railing is a smooth iron snake. - It has washed me back up on the disk of my raft : o this moon of ice ! I crouch in its glassy light like the Last Human Being (or the First ?!).....

EUGEN (with a wave of a hand armd with Hackländer: ``-):" - what a racket again ! Ol' Master Eise naturally;tss, like a kraken in the syrtis - if only the Hellishpond 'd swallo 'em all !" -

(Ahyes;'Voices of Those Making (for) Water',(to put it mildly) :'Heave away : haul away ! Haul away, oh hear me sing : We are bound to South Australia !'/Egg, his apron tucked high, all 'Corsair for Love', ready to embark,(:'Vien dans ma tartane,belle Grecque à l'oeil noir !') : at the prow of the skiff a trampie with a staff in hand, to the top of which is affixt a fish-skeleton;behind him a cargo of Artymisses,long-shankt= sparrohawky-ey'd,(re=butting a poor young buck between them,til all his legs collapse beneath him). He ferries off, his rearend a whistling buoy./ Bath shar'd by angels & devils : they float back & forth across the pond;Their cold-wets seald with a large stopper of missypissy=mud,the wind blo'ing ever more circular patterns,(:'I'v got another sister under=water !');the Zeeridder,a tiny copper anchor in his rt ear-lobe,sports about like Herero & Leander both at once,and sniffing hippopotumously, he wallo's in his own private puddle of water./ :'Raise the aftersheet ! Hustle lads, reef in the top=masst, and let out the fuck=sail !/ - 'Whorey, and up she rises, early in the morning !'/ Christopherus Marwenne,a whorlet piggyback, strides thru the pond as if on stilts, a St.=Elmo's=Fire on his hat - his sweet burden, all good-for-nymphthing,sho's her

glist'ning hymen (?)...

EUGEN (shaking his head):" Guess we really ought t go take a look=see.";('Journey of King Jack of France to the brimming sea'):" Weren't You planning t go over t the island anyway, Olmers ?";('Palaker,an islet in the syrtis'; puffing, he works his way up):" Well, mite be a good thing : p'r'aps y 'll get your fill a your nudititties."

OLMERS (merrily):" Y kn never get your fill !";(just follo slo'ly after me : this trip is crowded with interest !)

(They proceed, at a most dignifyd pace, to the realm of ballrushes./ - ? - ? -:the pond rocks away in its bed rather morosely. Dead dragonflies,darkblue,float upon it. Bullpinches and spankies: lip-smacking elves, Eupatorium cunnybinum in their hair;sirenanders,stamping water along the twisting shores,with bare, wet fishtails./ Egg, already commandoing again :'Ah,C'mon, let's get the felucca floating : T hell with the fish,no lay-overs ! T'day ev'ryone must suckmit to his fate !'. And so into the shoreline=shrubb'ry full of stench, where passengettes crouch,lethargic fumes arise, algal faces,the long white bellies full of sloe-gin-fire, meer possibilities, talking of cul=holeing:'This way, my delicate cargo, that you may be ro'd o'er to yon glades : reeds for fluting, featherd fowl & eels will reward you on thother side. - Away we go,Gorge Fuck !' ('They rowed hard, and sung there=to, with hevelow an rumbaloo';a piece of pumice-stone floats after them.)/ It's into the branches along the pond : Eugen & A&O; thru scraggly little trees,each seeming to fear the other's shado,(:'T think he was allowd t chop all this down !')./- ?:a little star-net.Inside it a skiff.Inside it Ann'Ev'. Beside her my heart./The Heron of Oblivion. /Dirty breasts emerge alongside them,boggy ones;(:'Oh, entre Me !'. All 'Hell at Our Lady's Lake';(He wasn't out t do anything but tickle them under the gills, either !)) / There : the fello coming across the pond like a cobold :'wind=surfing' they call it. (The next Messiah 's suppos'd t come from the sea anyhow.)/And in fact pandemoanium from the 'wurmes gardyn' ! :'Holabar !';and the mirage becomes the pond;(Anyone left waiting behind at the least thro's a four-pound black stone at the boatman). Vendors & buyers swim here & there. Maiden=arms like red coral,('good for the tonnes lacche'), tamb'ring the water;(in the background all kinds of mythological RiffRaff of the High Seas) :now Egg=himself, practicing philanthropist of the first water, sets sail upon the pool in a leaky raft, neither dreads he the sailor's yarn, midst the thund'ring applause of the water-strider(ettes : 'cublang' in Luxemburgean, arounding him), which is answerd by the momentary islanders in such fashion that even Eugen's artill'rist's ears.../:'Travelers, who happen upon one of these terrible cypress swamps in the course of their journey through the mysterious primeval forests of America, tell how the light of day ceases to shine when one has ventured no more than fifty paces into it,how the monstrous trunks tower 5o feet high,ranked trunk on trunk,crown on crown,so that the swamp is most like an endless awning which not a single ray of sunlight can penetrate. There they watch the light falling aslant upon the shore's edge do battle with the twilight,writhe into the darkness,and pass at last into night. To the same extent that daylight wanes, the air in the swamp becomes thicker, more suffocating,ultimately tainted;what at the start were the bright blazing flames of their resin torches grow weaker and weaker, and finally drift before their eyes like so many will-o'-the-wisps. Suddenly a shot rings out - and from that moment no one can hear what the other says;for the tumult that breaks loose from all sides is so dreadful that it totallydeafens the strongest of constitutions ! Thousands,tens of thousands of alligators,bullfrogs, night-owls,ahingas,herons,that dwell in the slime or leafy canopy of the cypresses,now raise their voices, in bellows and groans,grow rebellious, and burst screaming from their lairs to surround the travelers, to fly against their faces. In vain do they draw their knives,hold their arms before their faces and eyes - theirs appears to be a lost cause amid the horrible riot of this atrocious world of animals.'(HACKLÄNDER,'Tales of a Weather Vane'.))

(:'The wind has shown us favor,each sail a full balloon,/and lightly on that wave there dances a merry moon/:on such a night jack-tar starts in with his favorite sport/(of telling how the star charts infallibly lead to port !//And how a starlit heaven's a promise of sailing smooth...' (SIMROCK)

EUGEN (shaking his head):" That's a kindev a troika : that breastidigitator, Egg there; then Friend Langfors angr,with his friteningly=authentic Bogey Man=equipment; n finally Your SemiPythia, who renders all the miracle men and women of the O= & NT superfluous."(Olmers, a course, 's only int'rested n the 11,ooo virgins,'that wikkednesse that there ycleped is beau gent' - a rite funny tale, by the way,when one examines it a bit more closely. When I see the way They'r poking around in the churnd-up gumbo there, it's LAWRENCE OLIPHANT ('The Russian Shores of the Black Sea') that comes t my mind -?):"Noo; at one time I studyd up on the Crimean=War,as part a my work. He describes the Sea of Asow the same way, too :' For four long days we forced our way through a thick substance, something like pea-soup, of which the water apprently consisted; literally plowed our way through the froth,moving all the while through every possible shade of green and yellow...it (the sea) is quiet and sluggish; now and again as a result of the light, changeable winds, we were well-nigh stuck fast in the pleasant puddle.'. - N what does it make you think of ?"

A&O (ahh; all sorts a stuff comes t mind n fact):" KETTMANN,'The Language of the Elbe Bargemen'. Or,(presumably provok't by BM), the whale that appeard in the Thames n 1658,(n which was regarded z n omen a Cromwell's death). A booklet I bought just recently,'Voyage sur la Mer du Monde' -(?):noo, catholicizing;but with a humorous map a the meandering vagaries of the journey twixt childhood and the Île du Bonheur;(1837;a good 2oo pages).";(and then):" that these half-hippies 'd all like t be sav'd : and not have t follo the road to its end; nor drown honestly with the rest, the cowards. How worthy of our respect old KLINGER is in contrast, in his 'Journey before the Flood'; where Mahal sullenly says of the ark :'I want no cabin on that boat !'";(and finally, then, of the passage EXODUS 33=3; where Mosche Jehovah says to his people:'I will not go up in the midst of thee; for thou art a stiffnecked people: lest I consume thee in the way.').

EUGEN (nodding callously):"Must 'v been quite a lov'ly tantrum-thro'er, too; like Pappa Kronos snacking away at his kids.";(but I'd suggest We go back now):" Does this lite'house=chose go on much=longer ?"

A&O (M=m):" We'v got 1 thirdev it behind us already."('ll see if I kn take it a bit faster... (altho,I did promise...))

March 24th Alone in the morning (ergo the Middle Man - haha !). Clear weather but wind clouds at high altitudes./I just came back from having to mop up his room with a bucket of water;(swept it first). I kept creeping near the books, trying to snatch a few titles. At first He didn't notice.But once when I crept and knelt in front of the rows for almost a whole minute,and was just about to raise my finger, He leapt over to me, dug his hand into my shoulder like a pair of pliers, and threw me back so that I fell crashing against the door. - Though half-stunned I at once started mopping again. My hands flew;so that even He watched me for a moment (amazed at my abasement !);and then laughed ever so derisively. - /Evening: dead & gone What does He have ? Hoffmann, Fouqué, Wieland, Holberg, Tieck - all of them men I hardly know at all;to a man blown away long ago!- plus countless pigskin volumes with curlycue writing on them. /My left arm is rather swollen, and hurts when I try to bend it too far,(well, I should care). / Night : beautiful rare-book dream,with a squall whistling in the

background,('I hear it sing in the wind')

March 25th. Leaden awakening : a havoc of a storm has burst upon us. Nearly the whole island vanished beneath the gray and foaming rumble. Water slapping as it falls and [redacted] then whips blistering by. It seems to be still rising. - At my window : the wind smacks me in the face with wet rags snapping loudly;(I'll try laying a few boards across it). /Alone in the whirring semidarkness : every few minutes the boards are blown back into the room;and now at each somewhat more persistent gust the water licks over the window sill. / He can't mean to leave me down here ! The whole floor is wet already;(but I can't fit the boards any tighter !). / The wind has set up a gruesome yowl,and it's sloshing in nastily now through the bars. - This is dreadful : I tried to take a look outside - the gray clefted flood is almost level with my eyes! (This can't go on !) - / He has brought me upstairs. (I had yelled,up the staircase. He came down;sprang over to the window and rammed a round barrel-lid into the opening;laid a few iron cross-bars over it;stuffed old sacks all around it;and slammed yet another wooden disc on top of that.) Then, without saying a word,he disdainfully took his leave;and tolerated my creeping after him. - /Toward evening : I have huddled down in the corner between the two cupboards.He has paid no more attention to me at all. Walks back, and forth. Evening is fading into the gray of wind and water. (:if it rises still further !?). He talks to himself and makes scant gestures with his hands. / The wood of the cupboards is beautiful;(as a child I could sit for hours on end looking at the mysterious grain of old wood, the way everything swirls round itself;and following wooded paths, I've often wandered in lands of innocence). / He has discovered me ! (I'm not sure : does He see me or not ?).But He has pulled a blue book from the bookcase and carries and caresses it in his hand. / When one looks into those eyes,a blue looks back like the bleak sky of early spring; aren't dry leaves rustling by outside ? - no,this is where I am ! - but it's like [redacted] slender stripes of snow that lie across a valley already growing green : I will not,will not enter that landscape turning blue !/The voice opens up like a blossom:'Early spring had burst upon the Ardennes...',brown buds rattle in the low underbrush - a hazelwood flute... / Deep night : night's deep - He staggers over to the pile of blankets,and throws himself onto them. The book is lying on the table. (If I were to stretch up ? -) - : blue linen;cheap gilt. FOUQUÉ. Magic Ring.

March 26th. Toward morning : He's sleeping; oh !/I'm shaking with many fevers. How He laughed and raged and strove and jeered in that heroic landscape ! Were there not knights here,and nesting eagles in forests of pine ?;moors and noble women ? /:I don't want to lecture anymore : what do I know of poetry ?! Behind it stands death ! (And life.) Ah, and what life !I haven't even lived yet; - I; - Albino !:'The knights silently waved him off with metallic hands' - metallic hands./ And outside the gurgling storm. When I claw my way up to the window, mountains of water stretch toward me. -/ so exhausted that I slept for an hour;He hasn't stirred yet. The magic book slumbers on the table,('The Great Spirit of the Sea ' - yes,indeed). I've got to look at something. Let's say : leaf through this atlas lying here. -/ One hour later: look at this; now that's interesting. (I want to deaden it with cold words; so I'll say 'attractive'. Or no : 'Quite charming' !, that's the word !) : Keep calm now. I have here an atlas ('Atlas Novus' is written on it,right); the simplest way is to make a note of each page,(I'm calm and collected, aren't I ?) - /: Page 1 :an astral map;yellow-white dots in the black velvet of the engraving,(several 'styles');'The sun, as seen from Cordoba Zone 5 h 243 - crazy ! (Yes,me!!). Plus thin veils of fog weaving with silver round a clump of stars - one's supposed to 'sense' 'infinity' of course; the rascal ! / Page 2 the solar system ? : a central fire,and a few little balls roundabout,(before a sparse background of stars. Nothing special.) / Page 3 : ah, voila la terre ! (Everything can be so nicely disparaged in French;it's sure to be spoken in hell.) The sphere hovers there , cradled in eddies of clouds;(well drawn,in white and blue). The dark sea;the wide yellow-green expanses of land;the river courses and the ridges of mountain ranges. Night lies over Asia already, the highest peaks of the Caucasus still blushing, and a malstrom of clouds hovers over the Baltic Sea. - It's really very strange, not a single name on the map, no borders - one has a feeling of floating. (Though everything is very precisely rendered.) - Ah : a crown of northern lights flutters above Boothia Felix. What's written beneath it ? :'A star' -I'll be damned ! -(I have looked at the page once again : it is a kind of superior creature alive and drifting here in space.) / Page 4 and following : Aha. Special maps. But the whole series done in this - hm,this style that produces 'astral feelings'. (I know it from older moon maps of the sort : always this spherical vaulting.) Always this play of clouds (wonderfully varied,by the way !);especially on this rather large=precise scale. (Fire flares up out of a volcano - 'h;childish - but not all that bad.) Now one sees forests and broad lilac-hued heaths;shadows of savage jagged mountains. - On one page the glow of a meteor rushing through the highest layers of the atmosphere. : at times a blanket of snow! - that's... :that's contrary to the idea and purpose of an atlas ! (Or just the opposite ? Alas, our ironing-board maps with their little names). / Page 41 and following : the moon. How it shines ! And those deep shadows in Erathostenes;('Lohrmann sections' comes to mind). That's a dangerous thing, putting stars so close to one another : estranged from earth. (But approximating the Universe !) Essentially only the logical copernican conclusion : the earth as but=One among many;(an atlas like this would drive churches wild !)/ Page 48 : Mars; he shines red and near. - But he can't know about that !;that much detail on such a precise map! (I'm cool and collected; at most my hands are trembling a bit - it is cool in here afterall.) /There are at least 5o large plates. (Start over once more ?) - I missed that before : 2 transverse sections of the earth -'as [redacted] conceived by the most important writers in the field'- on the one page a gigantic cavity,halfway round the earth: sparkling gases; an ocean. On the other the earth as a hollow ball, stars revolving inside. (Holberg and Jules Verne are listed as authorities.) :Whoever collects things like this...(a frightening suspicion : is He mad ?!) - I only want to lay the book aside. - / Just one more thing -(I was just about to try and fall asleep)- :there aren't any immense empty spaces under the earth like that! I am of course no specialist in the field;but I do most certainly know the term 'gravitational defects'. Hm;disturbing. /Evening is approaching : unrelenting the reign of water and wind. / He is awake. Wait it out. - Both ate a bite.(That one has to 'eat', always eat - disgusting). - Outside the water coils up against the windows. The rain had let up for a moment;but it's pouring down the pane again now. (Or is it seafoam ?, who knows.) The tower at any rate is swimming again as if in outer space. A place one finds in a dream. (What does 'skramasax' mean ? -I read it once,and I feel just like that word sounds, heathen and shrieking. (Must pull myself together;otherwise I'll come up with the craziest notions.Via 'infection'.('Concerning the Literary Meaning of the Attraction of Matter' : I wrote that once;your 'Hugdietrich=Wolfdietrich=Ortnit' - it spreadsfire. haha.)) / Sea-talks in the twilight :He stroked the air with his hand,and said :'The inorganic is purer than the organic - advantage of physical cosmography.'. I dared to answer:'But life ? Isn't it first by way of the eminently=organic that such a mode of reflection even becomes a possibility ? - indispensible basis ?';(I was actually trying to imitate his way of speaking - what a lackey I am !). /He laid his head to one side, and listened,as if to one of his internal voices. Then He said:'Life is distinct from the mind : not identical;too particular;-'. He was silent for a while; then he launched into the transcription :'In Fouqué's work life has lost its filth; in Dostoyevski's its purity. - Creations of the mind, put plainly 'fantasy',are the Supremely Divine in absolute form.' I was dubious:'Must I not have first seen a forest or a castle in real life before I can adapt it in fantasy? I mean seen amid the filth?: flowers grow from filth,too.' - He looked into the gaseous rushing waters:'Purity is not a product of filth;it flows to one side of and/or above it; it is neither qualified by nor linked causally to chaos.Mind came first...'. He stopped abruptly;then he named names :'Plato;Schopenhauer; -though poets are the consummation.'He took a deep breath and raised his head,his eyes shining; he called out brazenly and sonorously :'Cervantes !'. - I a voice was silent; defeated (for the moment !)by daring and the profundity of this rebuttal. (I understood of course : 'Cervantes' ?;with that He proved how one sees differently with other (if you will,with 'purer') eyes;how a windmill becomes a giant,a robbers' den a castle - no : how a robbers' den is a castle. Although I can't quite follow him -(how is that ?:I, I can't 'follow' ?!) Strange creature; but He must be wrong - I want Him to be wrong : how sullen,brutal,sick He is ! - /He lifted his forehead from the window -(:5 millimeters stood between him and storm and death : how easily We have accustomed Ourselves to glass panes ! Ultimately, We all, down to the last (wo)man, sit here in space as if inside tiny soap bubbles ('tinted skin' - pffft !) - if the fragile things burst,the primal=cold invades us)- He said earnestly/'Defoe was a great reporter;and Hoffmann a deformed god - oh,many of them have known it before and have said it in their books - Stifter,in the short pieces; Brentano in the Fairy Tales of the Rhine : Wieland !';He nodded happily. Quiet. /I have pressed my chin to the low windowsill.Water-demonics in the dusk : like hands whisking over the spray and indenting ever more dark surfaces.

March 27th. Night. As it fell we were out on the cornice : the storm ripped the very air out of one's mouth. It's nothing but a mixture of howling and seafoam now. - One cannot see a single meter ahead for blustering water and biting wind - everything is vapor and gray. (It must be like this in the nebula of Orion.) / Below again : He is growing restless, with wild eyes../For some time I have been crouching in my corner half-asleep - everything is getting muddled. Am I in a spaceship, lost in the universe, in the middle of one of those centuries-wide and tangled, gaseous snakes of Midgard ? Earth ? - existed at one time; am I not traveling with ancient eyes through most alien solitudes;a few tidy=fantastic small worlds beside me ? ('Are ideas capable of motion ?' - a question for Aristotle.) / It seems He's going to read again. (Those,then, were the 'voices' I heard before - what madness !)./ An old, small book; with a peculiarly darkening cover. 'Niels Klim'. (And I must come along again; down onto Nazar. Into that eerie light.) A long night and my eyes sting : I have seen so many peoples afterall; hah beyond mountains, and stone-speckled rivers. Discoursed with tree-men;and have a trip to the 'firmament' behind me - that does indeed tire one out ! (So do the repressive gestures of the Strong One.) - / All over.

March 28th. Morning : I am down below again, in my middle kingdom. -/When he had ceased casting his spell yesterday, I noticed that the wind had long since been struck dumb;and the flood appeared to have abated considerably, too. - By chance I happened to look out the window,and shouted !; for out there, way in the northeast, one could make out a ship contending with the waves. I jumped up; and waved foolishly with my arms;and yelled - while He,his eyes awakening now,seemed to take notice of my presence for the first time. I ran over to him,and grabbing hold of his arm I gasped:'Run upstairs; upstairs : the spotlights --!'He shook me off like a fly, so that I fell to the floor; but I lunged at him again anyway, and clawed at his shoulder, ready to use force -,- when I got a smashing blow from his fist in my face : !;He opened the door and kicked me down the stairs. - I have been biting into the ropes and raging : Dog ! Dog ! Is there no poison to be had for this dog ?! / I'm still laughing and twittering with rage : Kill ! - Kill !-- /Evening : the water is ebbing.

March 29th. The island floor gradually made its appearance again early this morning; pretty much as before, with sand and gravel. Seaweed strewn across it. (The island seems constantly to change its shape slightly.) /A bashful sun shone a bit in the afternoon,and it grew almost warm. The sky put itself in order again, here water there air;light cloudations in the awakening blue. The sea is still moving in rather heavy swells. / A long twilight.

March 3oth. The weather: white-hot splendor with swarming clouds;(much too good for the Dog). : Aha ! I have been ordered to come along fishing. (Have to earn my blows,you see.) - The water is steaming hot;but even at that it's cooler than this beach in hell,(where flakes of brine drizzle,come dime neve in Alpe senza vento - I guess Dante was here once too). / Then down in the depths bluish and cool;(struck me I was much like a figure on some Cretan marine=vase;gaped at by bright beasts through glassy seaweed). (Use his ignorance to humble him perhaps? :I'll give it a try,I will,playful and malicious. /Evening : no success !;(aeh, no luck for a contemptible worm like me : He can speak adequate Greek,(though his pronunciation is very curious - maybe as it onc was spoken on ancient Crete itself,where He picked it up;at any rate I strongly suspect him of it,haha). He said :'Come with me!' - :up in the tower he had a large-leafed notebook full of drawings -(may the devil take me just as he's already done : they [redacted] were ingenious reconstructions, nothing more !) - and with such a shameful wealth of detail -(eg scribes in a small open-air shop painting intricate 'grass-characters')-that He can never justify as long as he lives ! I courteously pretended to be delighted,(and was in part) and asked : where He had got all this? From reference books, Evans and so on ? He burst into shrill laughter; He replied to the effect :'Pick up an old vase-divinity in that damned emaciated hand of yours, and look at it, you fool !'. (An other of his irrational=cheap suggestions - but 'emaciated hand' is good of course !;very good in fact.) / We chatted on (sic !) about other items from antiquity. I echoed whatever his big mouth said: about ETA Hoffmann;and regretted that He had been dead for so long now;and one could no longer inquire about so many things.(Just to do him the favor; if he insists I'll address him as 'Your Tritonity' with no further ado !). - He passed his hand over his brow like someone awaking and stared at me wide-eyed. Then - dusk descending again already, and all the books [redacted] winking mockingly at me - He silently retreated, and pointed with his hand : to the door ! That hand stood like a dreadful white arrow among boulders of shadows that were not whispering : ! -(I cannot forget his eyes : never did man or animal look at me like that. Was it fear of my cold death-dealing phrase ?; or scorn and ghostly otherness ?). (I oughtn't to have said it aloud perhaps : but he is dead afterall !). / Night : up=down; up=down, (I really must learn to write 'it' ! - ? - Yes;they are still singing : it's the right time for it !) When I read this=here tomorrow, then I must have dreamt ! - /The night was somewhat turbulent, and like an evil spirit the wind came to my window anf jeered. Again and again, till I lay there awake. ((Tomorrow morning the word for it must be 'dreamt' ! - I'm warning me !)). It seemed to me I could hear footsteps outside on the beach, that were approaching the tower, small easy footsteps,silver-splashed - but I knew precisely what it was at once ! I opened the door '1 crack' (a new measuring unit for dreams;that's the way to do it),and only just stuck my head out into the waiting darkness. Upstairs the door opened,too, slowly but singing : then I heard how said footsteps,nimble and lovely, came round the turn in the staircase, and also saw the old gridded lantern he was carrying in his hand. - : A dwarfish slender man in a short black coat; above the white collar that mocking face with a mouth too long, narrow, tightly pressed and with large owl eyes looked at me - kept looking back at me all the while he climbed ! - mute and with a magical disdain - till my own scream threw me back against the cold receptive wall. -/-:?: 'Drig ! drig ! drig ! maître Lutter, tison d'enfer': From upstairs the chinking of goblets and two voices raised in song. They're carousing, those immortals, those omnipotencies in light ! Heaven above,stupor below. (1 blessing at least : I know what I am - hahaha !) / My head under the blanket : I'd like to be deaf ! / :and awake at last !!! -

March 31st. Awake. (If only it could always be day.) -

April 2nd. - : T R I U M P H ! ! ! - Oh ! Now ! / Here with the finest white paper; and the ink merry with gall. Haha. - Just how Loki must have laughed when Baldur... confound the notion ! : Quiet !!). / Is He moving about ? - No. (But I am! Now I am the Master, and I want to stretch and breathe free !).....

(He (=A&O) lets the page fall - : ? / Eugen follo's his glants - : ! - / Olmers appears : nude; a wreath of amulets about his hips; over one shoulder a branch laden with ripe apples. - At his hand Babilonia : cauliflowerets like white gills bound behind her ears; a small bouquet of sundry colorful weeds in her rear; Frowline Proudfut, half wenchlet half wasteland : -)

Eugen (sourly surpris'd):" Oh, spare me !";(n not even The Bishop's Jaegers):"I mean that belongs among the prophecies of Nostradamus : a chap with a nose=gay in his bottom=hole ! Hey fello, did they exchange You for somebody else ?!"

Olmers (bleating joyfully):" Nudists=United, my dear : worshippers a the planet Mors arse. When between Babilonia's legs I feel much, like the Penix=bird : nothing but res-erections !";(at the induction=ceremonies just now I almost had n ejaculation ! Y kn call me Testikles from here on out : they carry on over there like on Trist on the Cunny):" Look at that - "

(Maidens run past : bra made of grapefruit=rinds; a christmastree ornament is tied, way=down, in her long= hair. Tulips of Tomfoolery : She embellances 2 tomatoes on her head, in her lap a late-blooming thistle; Her there,bent-over, from the shadier side of the Garden of Eden, with that large plexiglass funnel,(filcht from the kitchen), for a hat. Many hasten by with smok't trout in their hands. One old bachelor,transvestittic,busting with pears of pride,(his penis tuckt inside a banana peel). BM, Wan wand'ring majestickly, a pumpkin on his head. Two : She,long hair clear down over her butt,(twirld softly into a gauzy pigtail), a lemon tied to its tip,(which is thus forever dangling at her pretty crotch); He, a long hyacinth in his member, laughs at Her thru a little branch of alder-leaves.Wrinkly indian-hummering with mossy beards round the knaughty-holes. A hubbub like in the syrtes at the time of the millennium : pair-rasites & epifites. Primal aromas agape,the longer the better. One fello who stores up his winds in goatskin bags (=Aeolus), accusses his neighboar of triorchitis. : when giant=ladies stumble !;(nothing but a strawhat over her rear; upfront a patch o'ergro'n with stubble testifies to the existents of moist ground belo. Wickedly burnisht glans on phalli that,remarkably enough,have been lac't tite, a very somber-hued pipit, Ev'ryone sweats as best he can, Ev'rything whispers twitters and instructs. Trees swaying above a canoefull of devils,(reeds still quite green, trees in a pied shimmer for a few seconds). Even those Who (by accident) are silent, present 'living pictures' as best they can : Historia Fucorum; poletry billing & cooing; the negress emerges from the bottom of the Pond-o'-the-Blesst, a dark-colord flora,blo'ing her own nose.)

OLMERS(To the Little One - Who approaches him coyly on her hands,while waving surety with her feet;(likewise allowing her hotly imbib'd rear to be fondl'd;her fav'rite instrument the bagpipes) -):" Oh,let witherd Nature in peace for 1 moment. -";(to A&O):"Hopefully you havn't forgotten that pietism is notorious for it's adoption of chiliastic hopes : your

beloved 'Felsenburg Island' is practic'ly nothing but a lov'ly dream in clerical collar & cuffs, all about 'earthly paradise + the millennial kingdom' !... ?"

for EUGEN (Who has let his fist slam down on the table):" Lord, man, I can't even look at You - there was a time when y were too weak t drive a nail into a board;n now you'r on those long=skinny legs a yours day & nite ! ";(well, at least the whole a Klappendorf kn now convints itself a the fact that yours is a long=thin, pink=&=brown-splotchy one. Tss; holds his own with these circumcellions,(cf GIBBON, Chp.21) - ?): "Listen, a goodly portion a your notorious 'vandalism' is t be credited t precisely those pious scoundrels - (?): maybe forrite now; but they'r already irreligious in a thoro'ly religious way : They'r always simply replacing one set a compulsive=acts with another."

(typical,how Marxism lies its way around such manifestations, & right off wants to subsume them under respectable precommunist phenomena:'These Donatist peasants assembled in formidable gangs on the edge of the Getulian desert,and readily exchanged the habits of labour for a life of idleness and rapine. The leaders of the Circumcellions assumed the title of Captains of the Saints;their pricipal weapon was a huge and weighty club,which they termed an'Israelite'. At first their depredations were coloured by the plea of necessity;but they soon indulged without control their intemperance and avarice,burnt the villages which they had plundered,and reigned the licentious tyrants of the open country...tortured with the most refined and wanton barbarity./...But the rage of the Donatists was inflamed by a frenzy of a very extra ordinary kind,which...cannot surely be paralleled in any country or in any age.Many of these fanatics were possessed with the horror of life,and the desire of martyrdom. Sometimes they rudely disturbed the festivals & profaned the temples of paganism,with the design of exciting the most zealous of the idolaters to revenge the insulted honour of their gods. They sometimes forced their way into the courts of justice,and compelled the affrighted judge to give orders for their immediate execution. They frequently stopped travellers on the public highways, and obliged them to inflict the stroke of martyrdom,by the promise of a reward,if they consented,and by the threat of instant death,if they refused to grant so singular a favour. When they were disappointed of every other resource,they announced the day on which,in the presence of their friends and brothers,they should cast themselves headlong from some lofty rock'etc.)

OLMERS (casually):"Human=condition, my dear; human=condition. Just like the writer who won't let his heroic=couple come to a real embrace pays for it with cancerous gro'ths n his subconscious, while his books just teem with the wartiest sexoid constructions. aeh= -";(He points at the manuscript with his chin):" Which sort does He belong to ?";(or havn't y made up your mind yet ?)

A&O (dewy=chaste, Your Prick / a/oHoliness - he's only just 18 or so): " To the 'Mind=Gamers ' it appears. - By the way,'v discoverd n extremely important passage (that says almost too much) : in ANTHONY TROLLOPE..."

(:'I will mention here another habit,which had grown upon me from still earlier years -which I myself often regarded with dismay when I thought of the hours devoted to it;but which,I suppose,must have tended to make me what I have been. As an boy,even as a child,I was thrown much upon myself. I have explained,when speaking of my schooldays,how it came to pass that other boys would not play with me.I was therefore alone,and had to form my plays within myself.Play of some kind was necessary to me then,as it has always been.Study was not my bent,and I could not please myself by being all idle.Thus it came to pass, that I was always going about with some castle in the air firmly built within my mind.Nor were these efforts in architecture spasmodic,or subject to constant change from day to day : for weeks,for month, if I remember rightly from year to year,I would carry on the same tale,binding myself down to certain laws,to certain proportions and proprieties and unities. Nothing impossible was ever introduced, - nor even anything which, from outward circumstances,would seem to be violently improbable.I myself was of course my own hero;such is a necessity of castle=building. But I never became a King or a Duke, - much less when my height and personal appearance were fixed could I be an Antinous,or six feet high; I never was a learned man,nor even a philosopher.But I was a very clever person;and beautiful young women used to be fond of me.And I strove to be kind of heart,and open of hand,and noble in Thought,despising mean things;and altogether I was a very much better fellow than I have ever succeeded in being since.This had been the occupation of my life for 6 or seven years before I went to the post=office,and was by no means abandoned when I commenced my work.There can,I imagine,hardly be a more dangerous mental practice;but I have often doubted whether,had it not been my practice,I should ever have written a novel. I learned in this way to maintain an interest in a fictitious story;to dwell on an work created by my own imagination;and to live in a world altogether outside the world of my own material life. In after years I have done the same,-with this difference,that I have discarded the hero of my early dreams,and have been able to lay my own identity aside.'TROLLOPE,'Autobiography',chapt.iii)

OLMERS (breaking in):" The guy with his crack=pot 'Allotment=Method' ? Who systematic'ly wrote his 250 words per quarter-hour,(n that for 3h ev'ry single day) ? Who divided his novels up into little packages so he was finisht rite on the day of his deadline - n the next day was already starting another novel ?"

A&O (confirmative):" That's the One. (Whereby the most remarkable thing is that he, by his own admission, had no 'exact plan,no plot'; n says himself that at the start he never knew how 'it would come out' n the end.)But for his 'castles in the air' simply insert 'Extended Mind=Games' - n We have arriv'd at a most int'resting bit of theory; namely : that those who are impassiond mind-gamers from early youth 'r likely t be writers later on.";(the BRONTE's;'Orplid'; KARL MAY too;their number 'd be considerably larger than one mite think. Here with Trollope tho)" This apt perception that this sort a thing is good schooling, even discipline for the fantasy; indeed, prob'ly the prerequisite for this particular occupation !";(?):Olmers, You needn't tell me that there 'r also a number of other,naive confessions included n this downrite classic of a locus besides.)

OLMERS ('ll only say this much):" That the English verbal=substants employd here allows for the most audacious inf'rences. ";(but I'v got t go back over t the island for another 5 minutes :'C'mon,Sweetheart'. - He departs,shaking his head & mutt'ring):" Int'resting customs, int'resting customs..."

EUGEN :" The way He marches off with Her!";(There's not n actor,n were he the blessed Gründgens in person, who'd come up with a stage=trick like that.):"Well let's read on. So he kn get outev his litehouse."(How much 'v we still got ? 5 pages ?(Well, we'll make it thru them, too.)- And the author's n acquaintants a Martina's,y say ?):" She really ought t have a better sents of ev'ry=day detail, nicely observ'd and fresh=&=prettily put - just think a the introduction,(ah, what 'm I saying, 'introduction':the whole story !) of 'Pyrotechnist Wortmann'. That=stuff-";(he points to the manuscript in A&O's hand : !-):" 's nothing but the purest occidental bombast and verbal-faddle; rite ? "(Well, read on.)

...We were on the beach -(luxurious rest; while he groans - yesyes !) - fishing of course;and we already had 6 large zebra fish lying out on the beach in the liquid-white air : when I saw HIM ! He was drifting expectantly with blinking eyes in the coral timberwork;a good 3 m long,and black as vengeance. I called to him with a stone, and he came,his spikey-edged fins flapping softly,a manta ray. /He saw him too and started;but the demon shot forward out onto the beach with half his body,and yawned- wow,the way those two devils hopped about one another, the Black and the White : Go ahead, devour each other ! Devour Each Other ! - But still I had no luck -(I'll write it nice and quiet,so He doesn't notice)- He threw a thick plank over the tail=arrow,and a rope over the surging cloak of fins,so that he could no longer jerk himself up.I held the

loop and pushed with all my might against the sand beneath my feet; while He turned his back on me and looked for his axe./ He leered at me,quivering and insistent,with a gigantic grinning mouth and eyes rolled yellow,and bit lewdly into the sand, proffering himself. / So I let him go !! - /His skin-like wings flapping, he jerked himself up and stood snorting in the air (it was just like in the Inferno now : the black-mawed spectre on the seething purling sand of hell), then,coiling himself up,he struck with his sting of thorns! - His opponent whipped around, and,with incredible speed and white arms wheeling,thrust his axe into that mantling embrace :! I had been flung to one side and lay in the abrading sand, and only heard the full snapping crack as the sea-satan's back was broken./ The White Devil let his axe fall,in strange slow motion, as if the air were made of glass;and only now as I looked beyond the black rag still lying there twitching did I see the sting from the manta's tail sticking out as long as your hand from his left thigh ! Strangely oblivious to what I had done, I crept over to him; and with gestures offered to pull out the spike. He gave me a hectic,quite vacant glance, his brow furrowed, (and I sensed He knew nothing - haha ! (Wonder if I'll give him water when He moans ? - Don't know yet. -)) / I was seized, however, with massive horror as he pulled his old knife from his belt and, gritting his teeth, began to bore a hole in the opposite side of his thigh. - (Only in time did it occur to me that otherwise he would never have been able to remove the barbed stump of it : He had to shove it clear through;the spike had thrust itself almost the whole way through the flesh.) I watched with hellish interest how, with face gone white, he pulled it out, (using his whole fist toward the end), and threw it onto the beach;there was a great deal of blood. He limped into the water,very cautiously,and washed out the frightful wound. Then He came staggering back; trudged toward the tower;and collapsed, practically on his own threshold. /Evening : Slept a little. - He's getting red spots on his face : bit of fever,huh ? (I'd rather not soil my 'emaciated hands'. - Oh,is that still me talking ?!).-/ I think I ought not be up here : just as soon as I pick something up in my hand,I fall under the spell. (Better give him water,though - (superstitious?))./I opened up a large portfolio,and looked at the sketches : were they supposed to be pictures of gods ? One of them, a seated Zeus, looked like Goethe,(Phidias). Another one, in a tight unflowing robe, leaned against an evil column : high forehead, a raven on his shoulder. (Many others,too, a whole populace.) /I keep on thinking of that raven=god - that face...seen it somewhere... .(Perhaps as an illustration ?).

April 3rd. I had always thought that a wide piece of stone-work or sheet-iron extended around the top of the rotunda; but this morning when I pulled on a rope,curtains slid back and exposed the whole upper segment of the cornice. I leapt up and cried on high; for I was surrounded by the most marvelous stained-glass. There, where the sun was just rising, lay a broad laughing valley, across which there flowed a river, rushing softly (I'm sure), its banks wooded,and with solitary cliffs blushing in the sun,rosy and naked. Then a quiet midday field of grain, a path leading on by it. An evening lake, above which light fog wafts;a young boy on the shore,with a little boat in his hand,who looks mutely into the near distance floating before him. A bluish and silvery glimmering night as well;wide stretches of forest in the moonlight, and a bright empty city high in the highlands. :and all of it melting together, sans margin,sans boundary. /I have adjusted field glasses to their highest magnification,and examine it more closely : knights' castles above steep cliffs,children playing,scholars writing;a girl. - Have pondered much over these pictures.They contradict our notion of 'framing';(even our 'Modernists' still use the four-jointed Midgard snake). One could (must ?) invent totally different 'Perimeters for Pictures';subsiding in shady woodlands,so that the 'central picture' would represent only the bright focus. (Like a map :where in point of fact the most interesting places overrun the borders !). / This tower ought to be called 'The Whole World' ! / (Give him some wine afterall. And make a new bandage.) /Evening: the moon has mounted up out of the sea and is standing just behind the night=sector: I can see wide bluish pillared halls;about a table bathed in red sit knights,beards shining. Ships,transfused by brightest moonlight,speed before the cold nightwind across the seas : sleeping figures in armor on the white-lacquered decks, eagles fleeing above them. / Toward midnight : I had closed the curtains and read for a long time. In the 'Martian Data' - a mad piece of work ! (Manuscript of course : He treats Lasswitz the way our philologists have worked over 'Homer'. So he provides an index;identifies the plants;describes the trappings;using Lasswitz's report He determines... (I have stared for a good 5 minutes now at that word 'report' that I just used - was it an accident,or am I already so far gone myself that I no longer...)./ I have thought it through once more - (I'll give him some water first - no,wait : wine !) / It isn't just that he makes a mockery of the microscopic work of our scholars,as I assumed at first -(what do I mean 'our'; when here I dissertated ad nauseam about 1 poem from Schillings 'Cyclamen' !)- for every poet is truly 'here',timeless and holy. It is a curious (but a most profound !) idea, when I consider that in the same way 'Aristippus',or 'Bleakhouse', or - (hush :one comes closest to 'one's own' poet : have I grasped it ?! I don't know; or do I ?). /It was at this hour that I often used to hear the voices above me; He would never let me in here then : Did He drink ? - Or did He simply leave the window open : then the moon shone across this table, and the wind ran about the house, laden with old tales. (Twice now I have intentionally sat myself down here : is it the method of madness ?; or does it yield the proudest mastery of the soul, that can embrace worlds,sweet and wild worlds ?). Sleep.

April 4th. He began to sing in a very thin childlike voice; - (didn't understand him). Toward morning He raised his head restlessly, and storted in whispering. With eyes wide-open, that wanted to see so much,for hours on end. / Read in a 'home-made' Jules Verne,'Voyage au Centre de la Terre';large manuscript in four languages; each appears to be another version,(no mere translation!),with beautiful and strange textual variants. The method of illustration was something totally novel (at least for me) : like 'copper intaglio' with the brownest of shadings and silvery highlights. The path through the shafts,good water welling up, and the old-fashioned costumes of the wanderers - I looked into those faces, unswerving in their descent into a distant land. -/ :How quickly one tends to forget, however ! But I will not forget : He did whip me like a dog afterall ! (Many a time !) : I'll pay him back for that; blow for blow ! The best thing would be a whip,or a strap for the vulgar bastard - and with it triumph most comforting : justice always wins out : ah oui,justice ! Haha !). - But first he shall entertain me,'Revenge as Work of Art'...?... : ah go on; here with the first best book, and stick it in his big paw : read Thou some matter for me, my son ! - (Make myself nice and comfortable at the table for the durance - is there another storm brewing out there ?, let it.) / Wait ! Have I perhaps handed him another one of his hellish bludgeons ? I have ? (I must be mad !, me the 'revenge-artist' !) No, no !! : You shouldn't.../...too late ; they're coming already, the multitudes. The black-cloaked wind springs in at the door, whistling : isn't He wearing an old brite-colored doublet now ? Is the brimming sea aroaring ? Am I sinking like a bad stone in cent'ries evanescent ? :Hand the book over to me : the book to me : to me - ... - : Just look at that : a dark - lovely - water...

Some day or other : I can't say. (And down below again, in the snare of ropes). / He read, day and night,like someone sick with thirst,drinking his way to health, like a demon - ah, like many demons: and like a god - ah, like many gods ! / With jubilation in his voice at the end. Then He leapt up -,- / And I - well,here I sit below again;ah oui : justice !)

The next day : nothing stirring up top. (Is he dead perhaps ? - Hm.) / Lovely weather;(a good sign for me ?).

The next day : everything is still; Heaven and Earth and He. / Only I had never heard those names :'Engelshofen' I think it was, right ?; but 'Sehfeld'... . That was something more than a dream-like state -(silly term; I don't know, what can I call it ?)- it isn't 'life' either;(for I have never lived like that before ! What a weakling I am !). - 'H,and there I was in Rodaun centuries ago now,and in the sunken halls : My thanks to you, Great White Vitzliputzli !: the best of thanks, Friend - Devil ! / I don't dare risk reading back over the descriptions of my early days here, for fear I might recognze at last that I have been mad for some time now !

One day : He's alive ! /He came down the stairs -(pale,dear Friend,a bit pale !)- and we went fishing. /As in the merry month of March -(I figure it was probably March ?)- well, let's assume so. / Evening : He has a remarkable lot to say to me,speaking rapidly and awfully clever,so that with this poor brain of mine I often cannot follow him.(But his leg is still wrapped tight in bandages - :bleeding through them ?) Themes of older German poetry : Parcival,Erec,Iwein,Tristan;above all the Nibelungen.(For several days now I've labored under loss of concentration,childish feeble-mindedness): and so I looked at him with stupid eyes,and nodded to him inanely and gratified: yes;I would have liked to see'knights' for ever so long now ! (How fine - yes,indeed, a satanically fine remark, whose helpless scorn He could not even sense - he hardly ever listens to me;(afterall I'm naught but a splinter of a star,creeping round the sun of him, spewn out by him : must go wherever He pulls me,(and it is much,much more onerous to wander through time than through space... I shall leave all parentheses open, like empty drawers inside my hollow head : go ahead, let the worthless gapers yawn wide my wretchedness, go on, let them... stopped to look at an interesting brick in the wall -(the wildest, tiniest highlands are up there;jagged mountain grit,that flings its shadows;rough, desert-red plains) - and I finally turn my head away : it is evening,and the dusk dances about me

Next day : I often fall asleep sitting up. (That is to say : not precisely 'asleep',no.) But when of a morning I have

like a clumsy gray animal : Caliban - hey hey - Ca=Caliban...) /Sometimes I attempt to approach the wall,clattering : ?! - but the Nibelungen do not come to lukewarm slimy me -'phlegma kai chole'-(look here, I'm still trembling, see !)

Then : a lot of nibelunging;He is getting more and more excited. (The bandage was dirty, and drenched yellow at the wound;that will never do - I at least want to see the knights first ! -(:'Ah,gentlemen,this=uh egoism...). After much long drowsy consideration I've given my madness the epithet 'malignant';(seek, and ye shall find; plus 'bien heureux les pauvres qui le sont en esprit' : he's still fluent in French,too, the Big Man is !) / This afternoon he came down here; took one of the round (sic ! as if there were square ones as well !) barrel lids;and, chatting nervously with me (:yes, such is our intercourse now !(His way of thanking me for letting him live ? Hm)), began to nail a few straps on it; while, greedy and uncomprehending,I looked into his shining face,out of which the words sprang like silver balls. / I understood him at once ! (Not what He said - that was like the purring of thunder,or the rush of water, an alien sound.) : but the shield ! Along the rough edge of which He hammered shimmering ornamental scars with a heavy knife, till they merged into one another again; 'again' is a 'cyclic word': invent other word=classifications). / Sly fox that I am : a shield ! But I just gave an asinine and cunning laugh and tossed him evasive,toadying questions,with the bizarre skill of a feeble-minded somnambulant : He has to suggest it himself ! (I am fully aware that : if He wants, I must come along;but I want to torment him (and me),useless- ly and for no reason,simply so that I can observe how my existence still fills time. I still want to sense myself; and if only as resistance, as gravitation - isn't there a fairy-tale about an image in a mirror that has lost its body ?)./Toward evening it occurred to me : there ought to be books with reading=instructions along the wide margin -(one indicates 'allegro' and 'furioso' in musical scores afterall)- something like : 'At this point one is to wallow in a pile of wet golden autumn leaves'. 'At this point one is to crumble a piece of tree bark with one's lips'. 'May only be read beside a woodland stream in the rain, standing, leaning against a tree'. 'In wet clothes after a walk in a storm'. 'At some spot filled with old unpleasant memories'. 'Wading over good gravelly soil'. 'At this point one is to light a candle'. 'Must be spoken much too loud !'. - Haha; He's never come up with anything like that yet !(But then I'm surely only 1 of his echoes.)

Morning : The shield is finished !;(sometimes it seems to me now to be made of dusky iron with a silver border)./We want to act out the Nibelungen -(I'd like to play Alberich. Or the dragon - woe should He still be rotting on the beach ! Horrible !). As he climbed back up to his room,the stairs shook beneath his metallic feet.

Next day :I've made myself a helmet, haha ! Out of scraps of wood and cardboard : my helmet ! (I have a helmet too now, you see. I'll show it to him. Creep to him : aaah, my helmet -)./ I can't go on; I'm choked by a convulsive sob...

In the evening : his leg - wonder if it's healed ? / A dreadful storm has come up, like a dragon upon sultry yellow- silk earth. Fire trumpets in the air. (Still below. But I'm waiting now.Helmet on. Till He calls.) / Act One - haha ! / He stands at the window,gruesomely large in a loose cloak for braving the storm;with shield and spear,and throws shattering verses at me like birds from a bow. (Meanwhile I dance fog=dances in the wooded valley and sing awkwardly - ?:how ought I, gawkish and graceless,call my elf? -:Ancient Whisperer,fine and free: why hast Thou deserted me ? - When cometh Thine echo here - ? '' Tap and tap - hark to the dales of the wood, sulking - ho : she cometh not -/ Exit.-/ Incessant lightning. And He throws his spear at me,(just as pallid dwarves were rolling the pieces of gold through the halls of Kriemhilda's nocturnal palace. And He,Hagen Tronie,leaning against the window to the wind,watched the murky hunch-backed procession). (But You'll aim for me again,won't you ? - wait !!) But must enter at once;puffing and squirming;with poisonous fire from those swollen eyes : ! - (there : dead yet once more !) / Now now;I'll not miss You,either -(if only I still had the Black One here : can I perhaps be him myself?!)- yes,do but drink from out that whispering brook : the wind of your death already whistles above you. / Now : and the spear goes in ! - ? - what's that ? : You stagger ? - How pale... /: SIEGFRIED !!! - In the shrieking night : as He leapt up; and flung his shield at me - my breath sprang from a breast blown to bits -. / He is stiff already. And looks - at=what ? / The dirty rag on his leg ripped open, and it boiled noble and purple out of that spike=wound. Then He collapsed. / His marble hand is like arctic ice; I wander lost along the walls: if night were to come right now?! : I can't handle that; alone with him, a god, stung by a larva like me ! / Who will strangle me in time to the music ? And feet running madly to the door - / I want to bind myself on a plank - on past the grinning Black One - on the sea, to the [redacted] emaciated men. -/ I want to run through the cities like a torch : oh do read on ! read on ...'.

* * *

(A&O methodic'ly lays the few pages back together again. Collates them once more./Meanwhile, cattycorner, at the entrants to the pond, veild only by the fickle curtain of flimsy willo branches, Martina and Ann'Ev' have been hesitating -

MARTINA (declaring solemnly):" Oh Ann'Ev', He 's so=nice : I heard him say :'Thanks so much,' to a bottle that'd given him water. - (?):Oh; not atall : We'v had winters here that were só mild that n January the clematis turnd green & the sno'drops came up... - Listen; what's that now ? -"

(The tone comes nearer thru the air -?- half musical=tone half mitey rushing of wings - ?!! : 2 great white birds row majestic'ly, rote on over the house. Close past the two girls. Describe a wide circle to the east -?-(and they then can be heard coming in for a landing somewhere out on one of the near-by fish ponds.)

MARTINA (rev'rently):" Say, a pair of swans ! -";(we'v never had that here before ! Once last summer we had a swarm a gulls n the field just behind the house,(even the oldest folks 'd never seen that before). But real swans):" Listen, if that's not a sign ! -"

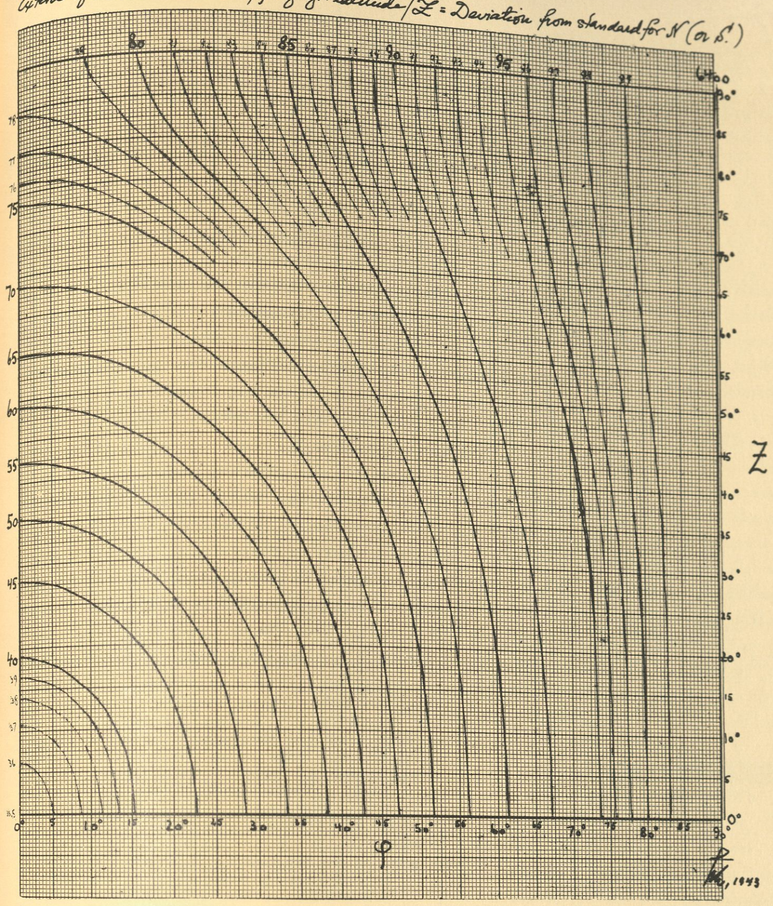
ANN'EV' (of what, do y suppose ? She makes watergray eyes, and laughs eerily tward the pond):" A stick a wood. An old apple stuck on it for a head. In n open cardboard box for a cradle : that'd be our child! -";(she tries to collect herself. She murmurs):" Wretched sky. (Same ol' song : when Ann'Ev' leaves, winter comes.)";(She laughs,half desperate):" What do y suppóse it means ? : Your Martin'll be the Swan a Klappendorf!";(n then y 'll have 2 such swan=singers on your back.)

but MARTINA (has only been list'ning distractedly - Suddenly, starting to tremble as if electrifyd):" Hey, he's just now laid the last page aside [redacted] ! - Oh cross your fingers. -";(or no):"Come with me, prettyplease : when he sees You... -"; (she tugs AE along tablewards; waggling nervously. - Ostensibly disint'rested):" Well ? Reading all done ? - 's there anything one kn say at this point ?";(feverish...)

OLMERS (Who has again listend in on the last sentences):" Strange booksellerish final recommendation :'Read on !'";(he breaks into a hearty bleat : Not a One of Us was prepar'd for that twist. I mean, I'd say):" A looney."

A&O (who's taking a second look at something):" Woe to Him who is not a 'looney' at age 17=18. - 't's possible by the way that I misread;(it's been typ't-over); p'ra'ps it reads 'lead on !' - altho that'd make for a far worse sents."

EUGEN(let's try vacillating;so that a variable illumination from many sides results):"I mean,as far z your kind a realism goes, dearest Olmers ? : I only welcome the fact there 'r no bastards of a Po-sterior sounding out from all sides."; (n case that's what you'r objecting to. But):"I too must really say : no substants ! Not the feeblest indication of artilleristix - I mean, what n incomp'rable opportunity finally for once t put a healthy little word in about measuring distances over the surface of the sea from elevated points: afterall there's ultimat'ly no more int'resting problem(nor one with more practical importants) for the expert. What wd'v become of us, n Norway, if that sort a thing hadn't been taken into account



at ev'ry single forward base ? Pah, [redacted] y havn't the faintest idea how well y had t know that wretched little instrument,(its defects a graduation & eccentricity) ! Or when I mention the term 'terrestrial refraction' : stupidity laughs;but it makes n expert shudder. Or the way the radius a curvature of our dear [redacted] ol' earth varies : not just with the geographical latitude,húh=uh;but also according t the direction one's taking a line on! -(?):wêll; this particular ρ fluctuates between 6335 and 6400 kilometers ;that's a two-digit diff'rents you'll note: here;Who doesn't believe me-?"; (he pulls a diagram out of one of his folders : ! -/but Ev'ryone passes/)

except A&O(who inspects it,politely,for a moment):" Tho you explaind t Us once before:'Siting long distances over water is t be avoided'";((?):I know;trick a the trade for shore batt'ries):"Sure, you wd 'v introduc't a small cannon; plus sev'ral pleasant excurses on methods a siting in HACKLÄNDER...(?)";(energetic'ly): Stuff & nonsents : for you,all that's mercifully coverd up by the dispersion error ! - But that'd be your well-considerd final=opinion then ?"

(While Eugen & Olmers,too,shrug their shoulders again,/he watches Martina,/who's almost crying she's so upset & angry;She whimpers: 'Your heart's thick z grease...')

A&O (deliberat'ly;(yes, a bit sad)):"I see this 'read on !' as uncommonly astute : literature 's more necessary t him than the Lord God. Moreover, he appears t have been stranded n a spot (=in an environment) where one kn go neither for= nor backwards : there he comes into a wildness and a land of intricate passages, presenting no dangers only for the dream=imprisond. The tempo & diction 'r All that's Possible for one so young.";(Naturally no 'Loris';but then He never amounted t anything lateron anyway.)

(:'Years as they roll cut all our pleasures short : our pleasant mirth,our loves,our wine,our sport - and then they stretch their power,and crush at last even the power of singing of the past.')

MARTINA (thro's herself at him,/(so that he gets to feel Ev'rything!)/overjoyd):" Oh A&O ! Do y think He'll amount t something ?!";(she dances over to AE - giddy to Eugen as well - and back to A&O again):" Kn I pass that on t Him, A&O ? : that y consider him t be - uh=talented ?"

A&O (gravely):" Won't mean anything t him -";(with pointed irony):" He hasn't the vaguest Who I am - Or does he ?!"

MARTINA (blushing):"Not exactly - altho - 't's only natural that (on the train, too, sometimes) your - that is, your double's - name has come up..."

ANN'EV' (intervening):" Y have t put it diff'rently. -";(to A&O):" Does He deserve encouragement ? He does ?";(bong. But, more important still):"Wd y be willing t lend Him a little guidants ?"('m asking now : do it.('ll tell y 'why' later.) To M again):" So, so far so good for that. Now c'mon." (To A&O, melancholy=tender):" Thank You."

(She pulls Martina along with her, tward the house. When they'r out of list'ning distants -)

ANN'EV': "Okay. Now all we'v got t do is get a good close=look at this 'mother'. If that works out,(n be it nothing but middling=t=middling) even approximat'ly z well ? - : you'll have your Box by this evening... -";(smiling, she looks at Martina :?:!. - Then, in earnest):" 'm gonna make some phonecalls now, okay ? - kn y help me find the numéros ? -(?): a camionneur : We need 2 (if possible even 3 !) large semis, and pronto !"

MARTINA (crestfallen):" ?! - ";(Her hand in AE's, she stumbles into the 'salle'... -)

Scene 47

(The 3 oldsters at the table, as before - only that Olmers has been oblig'd at least to wrap one of his dustgray librarian=smocks about him. He recounts the latest proceedings on the island -)

OLMERS : "...wav'd his cudgel after the extinct Tasmanian fashion,n sang til the very branches started humming : Arse-bishop, surrounded by arseangels."(Accompanyd by the bristl-croaking echo a the shahlallahs & nebulonesses ! : the 'Zuñi Frog Festival' 's nothing n comparison. -(?)):" Plus Gen'ral Day of Justice and/or Reward on Rohrstrupp,(which is how they bap-tiz'd the island : said it sounded dignifyd & Danish - I had suggested 'Mellonta';but that was noted down for later:down=under there'r sure t be hundreds a localities z yet unnam'd). - One sinner,his hands tied behind his back, was naild to a pine tree by the earlobe; n then they tickl'd his nose with hairs that'd been pluckt from his own beard, til ... ?"

EUGEN (nauseated, interrupting him):" What a revolting notion ! - lick me on the Styx. "

OLMERS (titillated):" The noviciates were passt around for the riding - a downrite 'all-embracing' affair,(the lit=urgical 'Screw=Against=the=Rotation=of=the=Earth' bytheby;til the elm simply pourd its witherd leaves down on 'em). Trials of Manhood : One fello had t 'cut off an ounce',z they call it;(hell, did he ever bumboozle her!). Another one had t trans-fuck that little birch-bench with 'Miss Finn' -(?): feeds on moss dippt in fish-oil,(n beats off with the end of a hawser). The 'exchange a faces' among couples who intend t stay tgether for a longer period a time - : just look at Me !"

EUGEN (disgusted):" What 'm I suppos'd t discover that's so special about You ? ";('A resemblants t Babilonia' ?): " Ohgod ! - Go on."(Or y kn shut up, too;you'r perfectly ad libidumb.)

OLMERS (recalling):" One fello got '5o baptisms' as a punishment./'Wig=trimming time' (on grass-free grounds;by stag-nant waters): the stark naked hyperPoraeerinettes demanding topeements from each other, mostly lo'-down; t supplify the pubic hair studding those holes like wild coastlines./ Ingenious devices for fancy=capers; bordelling situations a the humin soul. /Then came the circumcizing -(?): oh no : like a big [redacted] pencil-sharp'ner,(Egg's invention naturally): y stick it in up=front;a girl turns the crank at the rear...(?):Bosh ! The doctor's in attendents. Dippt in vinegar=concentrate rite away : Whoever's unpeterbd enough after that t carry on summery arts, or cunversations a the sort one hears by ponds, 's considerd a real vagabounder. (Actually,tward the end,he's sup-pos'd t break a round earthen crock a curdl'd milk;but there was none on=hand today - make up for it z soon as Hobart's behind us.)/ BM had a public bowel movement -(?): well, like when a whale has diarrhoea. (His egg 's t be translated t the southern skies by the way). Then ev'ryone was seated for a cuncil : the men in a tail=or's squat,(their prix stretcht=out before them;thother=thing behind n the sand)...(?):noo; the laydies formd a circle a their own, plumpt sexistents; n a loathsome dappl'd=drink went around,(that the men weren't even allowd t taste !)."

(:'In demo mêre sint uunderlihu uuihtir,diu hêizzent sirenae und onocentauri. Sirenae sint méremanniu unde sint uuíbe gélih únzin zé démo nábilin,dannan ûf uogele unde mugen uile scono sinen. So si gesehint an demo mere uarin,so si-nen sio vilo scono,unzin si des uunnisamin lídes so gelustigot uuerdin,daz siu inslafin. So das mermanni daz gesihit,so uerdez in,unde bíri git sih. An diu bezênet ez den fíánt,der des mannis muot spénit ze den uueriltlihen lusten. Tér ónocentausrus, er ist halb man halb ésil, unde bézeichinet dídir zufualtic sint in ir zú-non un in iro hêrzon,unde daz pílide dés réhtis habin,un ez doh an ir uuerchin niht eruullint.')

A&O (who has actually 'lent an ear'):" Is it a matter a pure tomfoolery ? Or did y have the impression a 'Customs Evolving' ? ";(t be frank, I can't envision all that much under the rubric a 'Cultic Stomping of Thorns' - doesn't it All add up (over & over again) t these prodigal sons' being able t whisk their broom-riders 1 more time ?)" Bakunin..."

OLMERS (What, 'Bakunin'?! They'r prophets themselves !):" No; Egg took a stand between both circles, n gave a fiery speech, full a precepts for that Better Land :'Onward ! weigh the anchor : naked let us flee, so that all cumbrous burdens are left lying on this cumbrous continent : let us flee to the Pacific Ocean, to the happy isles !'. He unrolld the group's regimental banner, the'Porcupine in a Soap Bubble'; he sho'd them a letter fallen from heaven, and read aloud from it :'Nor is it to be reckoned against you as sin that all good things in these latitudes are wasted while evil remains :but should you, though still possessing the power to flee, remain to be wasted : that would be sin !'. Then (very artfully !) He came t discuss the promis't Sandswitch Islands, in saltriest Pussynesia : the most ravishing wildernasses,larg'ly unnam'd z of yet; where vulv's comb and centicephallis flourish :'a fresh wind bellies the sails; and from afar twinkle islands which nourish all their inhabitants (human and bestial) without toil' -(here the ladies applauded enthusiastickly with their tits;& the gentlemen tuggd along in time at their foreskins; He made such a deep bow a gratitude that I feard He wd topple over, n continu'd):'where in amorous variation green leaves eternally play, swaying through one's thoughts and out across the surface of the sea. Where no possessions dispossess us; where no status is boringly static; where each man takes that he may once more be robbed; where everything chams and nothing chains; where man and woman alike are wandering citizens of life : as long as the air sparkles at midday : and the emu whines in the desert : and the new=moon shimmers in the west !'".

(Details ? Huts ? : of straw and flotsam. /Procreation in the shado of the moon when the sun's in eclipse -(:'Ah, that's why he was asking about that a while ago !')- out on the moor, on which there never lies a shado of an earthly object - only that of clouds;or of the moon;or mine own,when I scamper o'er it ! /He pointed to Marwenne : his member will emerge like a mast from out of the darkness of the future before Us; and there's only one watchword for 'accidents' :'One man dies; another is conceiv'd !'/Then once more

songs of Sinep the Bearded (also the bard,or be=hard). /An inquiry about 'sea=water=tite rubbers' was wood down,by both circles ! (Just the foreskin alone is an unutterable bother to a body !) They now watcht cuntentedly as mania a genital awakend - stritcht itself - arose ! -)

OLMERS :" The which Egg -(who bytheby is descended on his mother's side from the commissary of the Emperor of Trabi-sond)- did not fail t greet at once as a Good Omen -";(with determination):" Say what you will - but I'v always toyd with the thought of a trip around the world anyway : I'm gonna give it a try; I'm joining up ! -(?): Why, when We'r just among Ourselves, shd We lay a de-lewsive veneer o'er this pow'rfull instinkt ? Specially you, Eugun, you who pull out your feeld glasses (said t be very strong,they are) the moment y spot a pretty maid, believing herself alone...(?): well sure I have my telescope up on the roof : observing mankind for the love a mankind;(if only I were far enough along t be able t figure out what they'r saying from the lip movements !) - noo,but havn't We,n I mean All of Us,studyd the sexualizing effect a flo'ing water often enough, by way a that little brook down=yonder ? Even the smallest folk, 3=4 year-olds, simply must pee into it,thru the railing on the bridge !;(especially when boys & girls 'r tgether : They strip, n what a treat it is !) Many's the time now my scope, which does not lie, has brought those lasses, Stumpf's kids from across the way, to within 3 yds a me without their knowing it : the way They, in broadest daylite, lift their little dresses clear up t their chins; and, belly thrust forward, doing a pretty straddle-step, piss snaky lines [redacted] onto the whitegray dust a the bridge !,(look ma,standing, no hands !). Or the little boys, when nothing more kd be got out a their pricklets, started spitting into it z n ersatz. One summer day I saw the fattest 14=year=old girl in all Klappendorf pull her shirt=up pants=down and pee over the edge a the brook into the water,(and no small quenti-ty, either). Young couples n love : who, standing side by side & lolling over the railing, spat,untiringly, into that tiny torrent : oral=ejaculations, mon vieux ! A 2o=year-old man stood on the bridge, his back to the railing;a pretty 16=year=old girl came riding by on her bike, slo'ly. They smil'd & greeted one another. He watcht her ride off - n suddenly turnd round; and gave a mitey spit into the water ! The impulse is unbelievable !: I'v seen cyclists spit while riding by. An older couple, (He 65,she 5o), leaing there beside each other;and in long drops : he slobberd away ! A fat blond woman, (a wedding-guest t boot;who therefore was subliminally thinking a nothing but bridal-nights anyhow), had t try it - n in the attempt spat into her own full bosom !, screecht, and hankerchiefing away at it...";(he breaks off. And peers down along the road, tward the West : ? -):" Isn't that them heading this way again ? - ";(a wedding-procession, I mean ? -)

(:'the chalkwhite road winds its way thru the valley and then on between the swelling green hills,like the white ribbon on a smooth, tight-fitting green bodice' (KORN=FEGER))

(:'But henceforth Allah the Highest hath established matrimony for propagation of salvation - both for wicked passion's subjugation - and to insure your proliferation. He saith : Hear, o my people, We have fashioned you as male & female, that your nakedness might be concealed - and have made of you tribes and nations, that your diversity might be revealed. - Here now we have Abu Derraj - Wellaj Ben Cherraj - Raider, Son of Evader, - Son of Upbraider - master of an unabashéd brow, - fears no living man,he vows , - the worthy,the free, - refused he cannot be, nor will he yield to flattery - his own way in this world he's made - and is jack of every trade;he desires this bloom of your race, - to be the bridegroom of her grace, - Kambas, - Bint Ebi Ambas, - Wendalind, - daughter of Singing Wind, - for he has heard of her dexterity - and undaunting industry, - of her generosity, - incorruptibility and of her celerity - and offers as his bridal gifts a purse and a carafe, - a robe and a staff...';RÜCKERT)

Scene 48

('Concerning Autumnal Worlds in Literature' : in the West the sun runs to blood;(and is carv'd by the clouds there into curious figures : a fiery streak; a red tun; a tomato snack;once even a puzzle-piece of tri= and assorted other =angles). In the same direction the 'swimming=hole' stares a bloodshot eye; around it the glo'ing semidefoliage. /Along the road portraits of trees. The soild heap of the potato= pit gray-violet,(with yello spikes of straw inbetween); above it the evening proceedings of rooks. / The minimediterranean full of sighs;(frog & snake splashing); windgray foam along the island already ? / From the E the unpleasant strategic creepings of sev'ral dusks : clouds with pendulous bellies,(the foremost trimmd in yello), thick gray scudymatrons & their cumuladies. High and dreadfull behind them pinnacles of what look like (ice)bergs. - On the whole, tho, still fair to muddling)

EUGEN (softly):" The 18th child of a tawer not particularly blesst with riches; He's a much sought-after house=painter, who was a barber at one time - (?):on the contrary; n that neighborhood it's the youngest who inherits the farm."

OLMERS (nodding):" sporadic'ly wide-spread :'Borough-english'. Found on the lo'er=Rhine too. -(?):Many suspect it was a result a the jus primae noctis;others see it as pre=Aryan.";(among Mongolians too, t some extent./N it's where the English 'Hans in Kelder' seems t belong;(one finds 'Johnny in the Cellar' in German novels from around 18oo z well)).

A&O (it's good We can't hear Their opinions about Us): "Which head here is peeping out the silliest from under its gray hair : 'v We still got little flower=necks maybe ?"(He who wd know who he is, shd abuse 3 of his neighbors,n he'll be filld in soon enough.)

: WEDDING PROCESSION ON TROLL'HOGEN : My, but were they on their way, Ev'rything in the territory that kd be armd with pike and purse ! Phallistines and Abdenites; poussers-by in twos and two-by-twos; Toms & Banise. /First the October= bride,mobiliz'd in white,from lacy bonnet to stilted hooves; (bridal shoes shd have yello souls;shoemaker dyes them with curcuma) : with spectacles and veil, vaguely attractive, she begins to weep just the sweetest Bit,dream-walking im the Myrtle-wood, a green candle in her hand. (Altho with a navel so unfetterd that,if such signs don't deceive,He's already hugging 2 creatures in 1 now ?) She looks back homewards brashfully - the 2 slitely tipsy pagettes who are carrying the train have just rais'd it sportiv'ly so high that one almosst sees her rear.../He quite in black, his tie wound in the modern gordian knot;(his auburn brigand's beard seems to have strayd by chants into that harmless face);he lo's cunt-fessions to her,beaming with bliss and balld empty, (and so bedtoxicated that he sees all her charms double : 2 Øs, 4 titts, more arms & legs than Sleipnir,melius est nubere quam uri;(& the time will come soon enough for the big marital= duett:'Oh if only I'd been born sooner,or you later !' - for

OLMERS (tss, those fello's look so much alike it's like a sheet a stamps):"The 2nd son's the most accomplisht poacher & arsonist for miles around; thother daughter's a whore, who still stands like a wall at trick 3o - allrite by me : happy He Who finds joy in his children ! ";('t's said that at one time she rockt sev'ral kids t death, [redacted] n guzzl'd the milk from her titts herself : now she puts on a nun=act; n her last sigh 'll be for her cats.)

EUGEN (shrugging):"'Who drives fat oxen,should himself be fat' - We learnd that lesson from reviewing recruits : one half a mankind is conceiv'd during sleep, the other during a jag.";(a secret report once made the rounds with Us :that the breeding of humans was being intentionally negglected : otherwise they'd get t be too difficult t rule.)

OLMERS (snigg'ring thru his nose):" Not bad atall;something to that. If EMERSON'd known thése hinterlanders,he more likely wd 'v hit on n 'under=soul'.";(how did HEMMERLIN,'de nobilitate' put it?):"'It would be well if from time to time, every 5o years or so, the peasants' houses & barns were destroyed.' -(?):Now,Eugen,do y think Someone who knew the sort wd describe 'em like that pages on end for no reason? -";(had a keen eye,did AUERBACH;ought t be read alot more :'cause they'll never change,I mean really change n a way that deserves t be calld change !).

(:'The little house there is where WernerMäuerless lives :a jolly runaway sort of fellow who'd perjure himself 3 times over for 1 pint of wine;has nary a bite to eat,& every day God sends serves his wife a good thrashing. She's a hussy to boot;one day she goes to the mayor &accuses her husband,'and this is how he beat me !' she screams,& beats herself about the mouth till the blood flows - then Bachmüller (he was the mayor then)says,'Go home and wash up;You've a temper yourself,too.'WernerMäuerless beat their only child, a daughter, to within an inch of her life. He's also been in prison for perjury;& now his main joy in life is that the whole village has perjured itself :they all swore,you see,to uphold the previous government,& that's just fine;the whole world must go to rack & ruin before it ever can get any better!';(AUERBACH)

A&O (resignedly):" A farmer can't even conceive a the mere existents a the arts ! The profession of 'Writer' is so far distant from their conception a the world that they'd greet him with peals a laughter & scorn if the mailman didn't bring some money t the house from time t time - they figure it comes from some kinda supernatural / subterranean cunning;for nothing goes more against their grain than t put out money for printed paper : I know n ollady over n the village who thrasht her grandson when he bought himself a book!"

EUGEN (shrugging):" Isn't that t be found already in friend LUCIAN ?:'If you would ruin a pond, let papyrus grow; if you would ruin a people, let books into the land.'. -:'d y know that gal sitting behind the wheel who just drove by ?"

OLMERS: "I have never'known' a woman while she was sitting behind the wheel. - (?):Culmeyer's wife,from Geckenholz? Who had her hair dyed n frizzl'd by lightning ? n indefatigable whistle=blo'er;whose vocabulary consists a nothing but '0 yah' : she'll let him have it!";('Horns as a symbol of power' : of your neighbor. To A&O):"What 'r You thinking about ?";(a pennis for your thoughts).

A&O (nothing atall. (Or,t be honest,only the 1st of 2 trains a thought)):" It occurrd t me how our strange word= formations will baffle future philologists. -(?):well what do y think :this is '.....ichtat.....papo.....' ?";(forget it, y won't come up with it. My second notion was,n now I'm lying t you):" The way bats orient themselves at nite by sound & echo -(?):yes dolphins too, prob'ly - but I'm thinking now

the moment however he's a regular fool for titts. / And she= who begat them follo's behind blubb'ring : naught but pretty tender-hearted folk, who fart at the table, wreathlets of warts at their noses,omnivores & plantigrades, contented sloth well-deserv'd darkness,(& just enough sents that they need not be steerd per se with a bridle). - Ladies first : the one mother heavy with age, kind because she's superstitious, snuffles an imments handkerchief full,(for she's a snuff-user). The other mother with witherd guts, two vague flattend-out nixies in her blouse, gnawing on boukorice,(& at the site of the house crosses herself from one ear to the other : 'You've been seen by 2 evil eyes :I know 3 eviler ones up in paradise : the Father's,the Son's, & the Holy Ghost's'(=magic formula to ward off the evil=eye;in SPINDLER)). - The fathers, esq., both members of sev'ral unlearned societies, leaden faces,(except where the violet rustspots of alcoholism have set in),inspir'd by the nasty hootch from old Üchtflieger's heirloom jugs,an ungainly round=dance of blissful souls (muthylated spirits :'Better the church-steeple topples than the schnapps glass !')/Wedding=processors : the forest-ranger,who knows the whole animal & human poopulation by their droppings;('tis said he has a will-o'-the-wisp;that he pays to lite his way home from the pub). /:'dydo,Herr Zaplutus.';(the richest farmer; who's been drunk out of pure joy for the last 1o years,ever since his wife died - a peach of a fello !)/ Tame and wild meat, ranCellid, plastic countrywomen sally forth, bosoms bello'ing. The perfect stranger, whisp'ring white-hot clichés, shado'd menacingly by his ribulls. Maids,turn'd bottles,call aloud for corks ! : one merry slattern, robust & dumpmy as a badger, directs her wind=bridegroom behind the pond :any ass kn read & write !;(they'r already standing in the bushes, the tongue of each in thother's gullet,& dryfuck the clothes piece by piece off their bodies !)/The nudengale of Mrwda,(a long and boney lass, her mouth full of fuck=lore,curls like wood-shavings,her maxidress of a yello ogl'd material),follo's her leader in his fed'ral German lion's-skin(the broad bo at the part in his hair betrays the lad from Lachenhorst) to the north,to the stand of young pines./Tribocker and Neckermann's daughter, heavily rigd out : the Meadow=lady, stilting on [redacted] prodigious heels,(tho they still don' keep her from falling.Beside her the long,the lecherous pendriver,(some municipule bureaulet or other,'fescal matters' or whatever),who's whizpring impeachy remarques to her under her chin./A sno'white 8=year-old,with an electric button in her ear : 2 balloons in her lf hand,(which at the same time holds a bar of choc'late) - but was,nonetheless,such a simpathetic=animal-lover(& nearsited besides),that she pickt up a coalblack bit of dog turd from the road & set it into the grass, taking it for a slug./ Cunnygundle,the typical G.I.'s girl,(=already big-boobd at 15),led by a military lo'er=down ,who assur'd her that he had up to 2oo flyers & divers as well under his command,and then,taking her white neck in his hands,pincht her in the underbrush :? She,sulky:'she was going with a sergeant'. But he,hotblooded:'Don't care if you'r engag'd t the whole German army !' /A drunkard,regarding a thistle: in a piece of raiment that,when regarded from portside,lookt like a tailcoat,on automatic legs, gro'in in his mitt,('Who knows what village he escap't from.') But prob'ly just an inknockulous villesoph;and now the farmer and the farmer's shado,attending the hincompomp,pric gone a flopper, (glad his wife's not there):'It is maintained by some people : that children begat in adultery ought nevertheless to look like the husband of the adulteress,altho they be not his children;because during coition [redacted] adultresses are ever thinking of the husband & hoping that he might not come and surprise them.For the same reason the children begat by the husband ought to look like the adulterer(altho they be not his children),since the adultress,during carnal intercourse with her husband,has no one but her lover in her thoughts, (porque la mujer adultera,estando en el acto carnal con su marido,siempre est contemplando en la figura de su amigo)!' HUARTE.May that helicopter go to hell ! /The junkman & his son: Both drunk; both bwoozing [redacted] the lost contours of a woman,(and all Three over & over)riven behind the bushes by instant attacks of sea-sickness!)He with an emptymouth yelld 'Capitalist=pig' at passers-by,(ergo belongd to those myriads,who are held erect like children in their red leadstrings);as a finale,however,they did agree [redacted] on LUTHER's Wedding=song:'Your wife shall be your jewel fine,like grapes rich and ripe on the vine.And your children round her chair,like olive trees fresh and fair!'/ (?) : is in no way confirmd to a few illtemperd Germans,this assessment of countryfolk;one should compare, e.g., JOHN EARLE of York;who includes the 'Plain Country Fellow' among his [redacted] 'Characters:'...his conversation is among beasts,and his tallons none of the shortest.He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly,and speaks Gee and Hee better than English.His mind is not much distracted with objects;but if a good fat cowe come in his way,he stands dumbe and astonish

of people : of the blind; DIDEROT tells of a blind man who knew if any object,animate or inanimate ,stood in his path,whether the street in which he was walking was a dead or open ended one. He was an excellent bowler;n if one put him in the middle of a strange room,he knew at once whether it was large or small,n kd satisfactorily specify its shape as well."

(NICOLAS SAUNDERSON,referents to whom one is forever coming across, kd distinguish between the genuine & counterfeit pieces in a pile of antique coins better than an expert numismatist./When he lookt out into the garden he kd tell whether the sun was coverd by a cloud or not./If an object was held close to his face [redacted] he sens't it at once. And on a breezeless day he perceiv'd trees as he walkt past them./He kd determine the size of a room & specify his distants from the wall by the echo. If,after a considerable time,he were again led thru a pav'd hall he had walkt thru but once before,he kd determine his location by the sound./He kd even distinguish whether the fencing around a garden consisted of solid planks or single stakes./ He selected the colors for his clothing himself,& wd unhesitatingly discover all greens, a color he could not endure.)

OLMERS: " Nice sidestepping; very fine.(But now y kn cough up those 'disreputable thoughts'). - recently I saw that uh=gendarme, by the by, sitting in the '7 Tables', nfronta his full beer glass : which he kept on stroking up & down with his hand... (?):why, masturbatorial notions !";(the glass is wet round smooth thick rigid; contents urine-colord; foam on the top, a symbol of semen at the same time,'Sweetie,I know what you'r thinking !' - he breaks off : ? -):" What's that coming thére ? Aren't those the two little trixies from this morning ?;who 'r in the same class z Martina ?";(the one's the druggist's daughter, isn't she ?;the little dumbpy one - (well,Nobody ever botherdt jack-off on Her account, either !))

ed,and though his haste bee never so great,will fixe here halfe an hours contemplation. His dinner is his other worke, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour;he is a terrible fastner on a piece of beefe,and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religon is a part of his copyhold,which hee takes from his land=lord,and referres it wholly to his discretion.He comes to church in his best clothes ,and sits there with his neighbours,where he is capable only of two prayers,for raines and fair weather.After service he walkes very solemnly with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dauncing of his parish.His compliment is a good thumpe on the back;and his salutation commonly a blunt curse. His feet never stinke so unbecomingly,as when he cleaves the ground with hard scraping...he thinks Noahs Flood the greatest plague that ever was,not because it drowned the world,but spoyl'd the grasse...'etc./More couple(r)s, spinning slo'ly in circles of sensation,giving each other sweat instructions,(& the work of clever clampdestine hands) /Loud-colord gladrags,(sho'ing genuine=rural lack of taste) :old Alguacil (endemoniado) with his 4 daughters;(from whom his house gets its name 'The 8 Bottombuns'),when not on duty superstitious to excess : his hot-water bottles may be filld with nothing but heated cherry-stones;to ward off gout 14 (or 21) chestnuts (of the red-blooming variety however) are to be carryd in one's pants' pockets, and 1 thro'n away ev'ry day); for fear of impotents he wore a ring made of 4 metals (steel copper silver gold-doublé), in the manner of Lulli Ars.(Love's irresistable spell : when the woman rolls naked in wheat from which buns are bak't & fed to her chosen victim.) / The grave-diggeress, short & squat,brunette (ie flesh somewhat yello'ish,her beardlets heavyblack) :said to have been very much against tobacco in her youth - til her husband convinc't her : a man can truly fullfill his marital duties only after the enjoyment of his pipe - since then she tamps &brings him one pipe after the other.(Literally screwd himself a hernia, did old Ehric. -(?): nó, doesn't 'do' anything;just keeps himself occupyd with the rear=cheex of his women. Comes walking along gravely, with his glass walkingstick;only crosses a bridge when Someone of a diff'rent religion comes along :'Satan can't have any pow'r over 2 religions at the same time' !/So;they'r all gone by for now. (But'll be back again rite away;(or, when they've made one go-round, they'll be diff'rent people afterwards...))

Scene 49

(Clouds, they too arrang'd now like migrating birds;(tho the cro's stand out in nice contrast to them !)/At the little garden=gate Martina,(in a (apparently cheap) litegray smocklet;around her neck a small scarf,whose pattern was christend 'laburnum in the fog' by the catalogue); beside her Ann'Ev' : she's made an incision in the middla her New Blanket (for sticking her head thru), plus slits on both sides for her arms - ergo a kind of poncho; still nothing on her feet. /They'r debating -)

MARTINA : "...I threw my reflection a kiss with my hand;(which the reflection,observing the superioritia the original,amicably returnd) - in my opinion : half tart=green striplingette, half frank sensuality."(Aah,when my breasts 'r cradl'd in his hands at last/first : 'll let Him kiss me t little pieces & then some ! Titely entwin'd in one another We shall trundle down the slope a the future, into the pond of eturnity !):"N any case, there I stood; & fell sighlent again;n then, using Martin's voice,beggd me t hug me still titer. - : wonder if I shd fly t him rite off, naked down t my shoes ?;or 'm I too incredibly plain for that ?"

ANN'EV' (kisses her on her broad foolish mouth):"Don't vex yourself about that yet;(may=be the situation 'll turn out completely diff'rent).";(n plain edible you are, of course : totally edible n fact):"Much too good for some unshaven male= mouth. Go about clad z simply as possible. And keep that little lamp burning beside your bed."

MARTINA ('unshaven'?'ll never allow him that):"n even that's better at least than some stinky cloud of a beard. - But just the lamp on my nitestand ? n with Me in a cavalier=squat p'r'aps ? - sure; we'd thro a fantastic deep shado -";(but : ah,that thanks t your wonderfull direction & solicitude I kn even think my way thru such details :On my=own I was completely in the dark/ert ! - (?): What ?):" I shd practice bringing him water in my mouth ?!";(enchanting notion,'ll grant;but...)

ANN'EV'(don't waste time asking questions):"You'v perceiv'd for yourself what a rapturous scene it'd produce.-";(she points with her chin tward the road):" Who's that coming ?"(Mais non;'t's definit'ly not more a the polkadampsels. - ? -)

(the noise of a moped approaches./Martina ducks her head a little, scouting : ? - 'Wêllnow ? has something happend ?' ;(it's Fridoline & Abelchen - y know, the Girls from this morning)./ Who are already hopping out of the saddle and luggage rack respectiv'ly :-;-;-)

ABELCHEN (my=my !; that'll truss me in two here shortly !):"?My (little) sister's bra;(mine's kaputt). - So,We made it : n now it kn rain cannonballs if it wants !, no road's too pot-hol'd for Us t come sweetly, empathetic'ly reciprocating with demonstrations a kind= & sister=liness. (And I n particular rejoice at each opportunity that enables me t turn my back on my parental home - /(to a question Ann'Ev' puts : ?)/ with affected irony):" 's my father 'living' ? : He's still adultering ! (A wicked man,Who harasses both young'n'old.) And of veritable four-legged ignorants... (?): coachman : mounts a horse like a genuine centaur. Candidate for spontaneous combustion -";(like n DICKENS recently, do y remember that, Ilo ?) " - nicknam'd 'the Funnel' by his friends (n I mean they'r not t be drunk under the table, either : has such a fiery breath he kn lite a candle with it.(At this hour a the day now he's only just the tumbler filld with noblest three-star brandy.)." ;(when I kn find no rest atall of a nite, I think a my parents : at which notion, such is my experients, I'd rather fall asleep ev'ry time. -(?): Listen,when,after long & joyous separation, they 'r united again ? - : y have t have seen that yourself !):" He thro's a stone thru the windo with such vigor that Mommy knows rite=off her spouse 's on his way home, n immediat'ly looses her coArselet -(?):noo; always at nite : all games 'r by the lite of a wan tallo=candle bent with afflction - He at once gives it his awl,(cap'ring & diddling being foreign t his nature);n so they find good mutual mammalian sordisfaction - Her piercing scream,when it comes-: another job finisht ! N what does such posterity(slapdasht tgether in the dark, where one recognizes neither hair nor head/ear) look like then ? -";(She gives a funny=melancholy wave of her hand down over her body : ! 'We are Seventeen'. -?):"Ahh, 'm just giving my tongue a little exercise;(at home 'm like a deafmute speaking t herself only n her sleep)."; (she tries a little sip of pond=fog; and then pulls a face : -)

FRIDOLINE (aw c'mon n let me finally...):" Guess what, Kimmig has just up n died ! -";(explaining to Ann'Ev'): " A teacher : a kinda transparent elderly virgin. -(?):at one time religion & Latin. But was a 'subber' z well : when one a the others got sick,(or otherwise missing n action), she taught the class : ev'ry conceivable art & scients in alphabetical disorder;even math.'(n afterwards then y always came up with some useless long rear=digit number.)

MARTINA (unt'rested):" What y don't meet in Carnaby Street. -";(recalling):" do y still remember how we embarasst her that time with that passage from HORACE ? : where he loses it in a dream ? And the defuncta talkt her way out of it,'that's a very dark & controversial matter' -";(shaking her head):" tss; n now She's lying where she'll get eaten up ! (Well, she's prob'ly gone t live with GOd.)

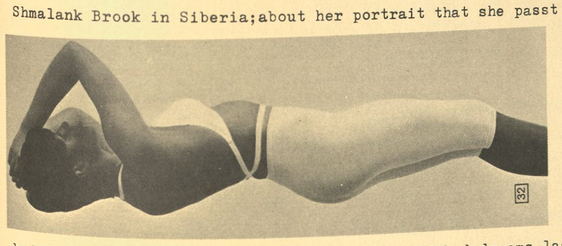
ABELCHEN (interrupting):" If she didn't get lost along the way : n my opinion she was as perfect a Christian=bitch z éver went for the passtor's big,pinkblue=&=semirigid beer-glans. -";(to AE):" a Beauteous Soul,in mis'rable lodgings : with the backbone a the blessed -(id est, she had a humpback like Dolly Mac Izzard !) - so learnéd she stank;all her ideas wagging their way tward a 'Phd' : she was too tite t buy herself something t wear; but let the date for the school-inspecktor be set,out she'd whiz at once n that everlasting bolero a hers,t the curl=maker ! (Well, she'll do no more miracles now.) "

FRIDOLINE (virtuous):" Y know what she always said when somebody died :'Whatever heaven takes, remains with Us !' ?"

ABELCHEN: " God forbid ! -(?): Noo; they said she collapst on the sidewalk nfront of a store : no sick=bed, no pain, what stinking good luck !";(wellthen at least the wicked wont a the dying was avoided, where they extort the nastiest promises from the survivors. - She giggles : the cemetary [redacted] n this case lies rite next t the athletic field, y know):" We saw a funeral once where the whole passel a mourners got hards-on : but We girls were really 'training' too,enough t make our apples really flip-flop !";(but what 'm I going on about : here We are doing 15 rounds with Johnny Mors;while [redacted] n your Spelunca di Dido over=there they'r playing on the most=tartiest [redacted] instruments ? - sanctimoniously to Fridolinchen):" Shall We tell her ? -";(she sends a long=sympathetic glants Martina's way : ! -)

MARTINA (at once,(her face beaming with jealousy)):" Ah, You vigilantease of morals & bearers of tales ! - 'v got more important things t believe !"

ABELCHEN (deliberate : fine with me.):" I shall then report nothing whatever about the tall strawberry-blond fisheress of men -(the same one I think I mentiond this morning) : nor about her necklace,with gems such z one finds only along the Shmalank Brook in Siberia;about her portrait that she passt around : almost nude,with a parakeet on her rt index finger -";



(confidential):" Listen, she had on lingerie beneath that maxidress : unbearable ! Longpants & a bra - I mean,what skulldugsery : the made-t-order undergarment !; with n open=back - I saw it acskindentally as she handed him a little bo'l a fortifying noodle=salad à la KNOP,(or was it mérely barest celery ?) : She sure knows how ! The perfect Hamburgeress,from the lo'=cuntry : Messylina was basic simplicity n compairison t Hér.";('Elektrine' I think 's the first name):" She stuck a 'fucksia' in his button-hole;while saying quite loudly :'She'd had dreams last nite of a lad not unlike Him.'."(The boy who works part-time n the hardware store -(y remember,don't y ? : the Guy n the druid=look,(sack-clothes;flo'ing hair at head & beard);won 8th place at the Gifhorn Pop=festival,thát stuck-up !)-;"He contended he'd even seen how they'd drunk tgether from a loving-cup - and, z is well-known,it's seldom that one's sents a duty is enhanc't by being tipsy. - But I [redacted] 'd better cut my arctic intimations short;'ll tell y more come Estomihi. I'll hold my peace about glantses such z 'v ne'er been seen before,(they'r especially arousing,y know !); hold my peace about the oversiz'd autumn-leaf=colord hat she'd pulld down at a rakish angle. Conceal from y how she really 'clampt' onto him -('take a walk' she calld it)-,stinking clever the way her hands hung onto Him like clothespins : into the Woods of Quiet Paths,('Love in a Maze', n order t watch the 'heavenly bodies'...(She falls

silent,content; gloats for a wee while over Martina (who visibly suffers the torments of the damnd);and then,with a despicably runbridl'd tongue, goes on)):" 'Periculum in mora', as We students of Latin say : My constant fear is that she'll give his wings a coupla clips back behind Kronsberg with all its many trees - now, p'r'aps at this very secunt, th(in)e angel is phalling...-";(clairvoyeurant):" I see Her, playing with the chilly fello as she goes, her hand in hairs, how She leads Him up n especially high & slippreek mount, n sho's Him all the pump & glory of this world : She takes Him by the head and kisses Him, til He screams -";(as if half=awakend : was that not a scream moving over the land ?! As before):" Her external colors delude the dazzl'd tyro : her lips red; her lashes tickly black;the sly thing tells Him the vinyl of her false bosom is elastic fullness,arous'd as He is by beer & celibration - with a falt'ring voice He speaks to her hairs & t those frizzles the likes a which he's never seen before : her bitch's hand steels the despondant fello - may well be She's long known how much He weighs;(she will kindle a flame in his hard,that shall take him years to get rid of) -";(wickedly consoling):" Well, you'll have no trouble recognizing by the slouching gait, the dull bugg'd-out eyes, the dirty knees (a/o butt), the stains round his fly, whether or no the bloom be gone,"(just so z not t let the subjunctive get dusty. - Sure, what 'd be impossible about that ?):"How do yóu love Him then, húh ? : platonic'ly ?:or more=uh..."

(:'Let her breasts satisfy thee at all times,and be thou ravished always with her love !';PROVERBS OF SOL., 5=19))

FRIDOLINCHEN (whose honest little heart kn stand it no longer):" Martina, She's lying again ! - Just believe your straight-arro Fridelchen : As We rode past the inn,I calld out loud,(so that He had t hear it) :'N now it's off t Martina!' - n He got sò=red, n lookt like n angel,z if He were thinking :'Oh if only I kd go along !'"(I'm convinc't his what's=it is of a touching syrvan purity ! - Reproachful to Abelchen):" You always have t thro a green blanket over ev'ryone, don't y !: 3 days alone with You,with such conversations - 'd go bananas !";(respectfully to AE):" Eremburge -(We ran into her on the way & inquir'd)- was n actual fact in the bathtub this noon & ma=...";(she moves her little rt=hand a bit).

ABELCHEN (somewhat rueful):" My tongue says many things that I'd not want my bod t have t answer for.";(besides, y kn rest easy):" You own the first=editions of 'A Struggle for Rome', 'Two Planets',(n prob'ly many another title): Who kd compete with You when it came t snaring a book=nut ? - ";(turning back to Fridolinchen : n I'm suppos'd t go into myself & repent ?):" Same t yóu,friend : Who was it then who fantasiz'd rite along with me yesterday, 'If y had a naked lad sitting on the insulated=footstool ?' -";(explaining to M & AE):" Young immature furies that We are, we 'charge him up' like crazy, so that hair & prick stand on end : We coax sparks z long as your finger from his testickles; at the end of his cock a Saint Elmo's fire beams;the Girl with the longest clit sticks it out..."

MARTINA (indignant):" You are absolutely not t think a my naked Martin ! -"

ABELCHEN (soothingly):" Okay, we won't do it from now on.";(she yawns).

ANN'EV' too (nods reassurants to M):" Y needn't buy Ev'rything the hyenacinth says. -";(she threatens Abelchen with a smile):"You'll make a good journalist someday. But be good now, otherwise the bogeyman 'll get you."

MARTINA ('d be no moren meet & rite):" You'v broken my heart 2=times t'day already ! -(?):oh if I'd have t believe even 1 word of it : I'd slink t my bed, n wait for Death,(or smother=thing). -";(diverted):" Hey look,Who's that coming there ? All in Lurex and Suede-vest ?...-Heaven bless my pubic hair : 't's His mother !"

ABELCHEN (ahyes, Dame Mother-en-law. - ?):" Who has such n attaractive smile & twitter (for farm=hands);(at the moment it seems sans sheik).Lookathat : the wings of her vest flap open rhythmic'ly, like on a striptych, so that a be(t)witching center=piece becomes visible : the mite a the wido."

(:'The shawl flattered merrily from Hermine's arm,and she wore rouge also /:should fashion dictate,she'd carry even her blouse in her hand.')

ANN'EV' (attentive):" Which a those four : the tall Maryann ? -" (disparagingly):" The dress is much too zhust; it accentuates. (Doesn't her skirt already have n accró in it ?)."

ABELCHEN (maybe it's suppos'd t sit so tite):"A stupendous pilferess a wood,(who spends thother half a her time fucking z if she had t live from it;n her rear's as big & as lifeless z a pumpkin - 'more ferarum' n not another word). Noo;beautiful she's not; but instead she's got a tremendous...?";('v already shut up. (But your pop 'd say :'Holy Barbara !', He'd say,'has She ever got a calibre !';(the gunner & his maid))).

(:'The other as goodly sight I saw,was women tra vayling or toyling at home,carry their infants about their necks and [redacted] laying their dugges over their shoulders,would give suck to the babies behind their backes,without taking them in their arms. Such kinds of breasts,methinketh,were very fit to be made money=bags for East= or WestIndian merchants,being more than halfe a yard long,and as well wrought as any tanner,in the like charge,could ever mollifie such leather.';W.LITHGOW,'Ireland in 1619'.)

(Those approaching on foot have to make a hasty retreat to avoid 2 trucks; that are coming from the village,lickety=splitt, kicking up dirt. They slo down (uncertain now) : ? - One of the drivers calls over :'?' -

ANN'EV': " Yes; you'r headed rite. -";(she points with her face):" Drive in=there backwards, if y wd, please. ";((?): next t that hillahay, that's rite. - ?! :'5oo marks down=payment ?' - She looks, uncertainly, to Martina : ? -)

MARTINA (hesitating a bit):" I'll skip over to A&O."(Tho it's not easy, y know; when He'd so much like t kepp you here ! But):"Meanwhile y always kd maybe... ? - ";(ahsure ! : 'll be rite back. -)

(While Abelchen and Fridoline chat on eagerly, / with serene authority, AE waves Martin's mother over to her. Leads the lady off to one side, and speaks with her in private. Points out the house to her, too : ! - (Apparently even part of the interior ?)... /The 'group' has already begun to load the trucks follo'ing Egg's instructions -(the ladies meanwhile keep drivers & stand-beys busy) - voices & laughter completely fill the tiny plain. / The aforesaid 4 strollers have come to a stop as well. One of the gentlemen,(a journeyman carpenter to go by Abelchen's info), has begun to curse,à la 'tramping down the farmers' grain !' : 'shitting people's streams full !'. Large bovine=shoes,like violin cases. Politely but earnestly, Egg requests him to be quiet : the fello only hisses a laugh,(like Lucifer in civvies), learnd how to swear in Verden ! He is warnd a 2nd time to shut up;otherwise the Bastard Marwenne wd appear,sicut leo rugiens, and He's a man with double thumbs,and then it wdn't be settl'd with a mere rip of the bretelles,(Egg) : receives of course another doughty crudity for an answer;indeed, the fello, with a menacing look,casts aside his carpenter's jacket, and strides tward Egg, his fist stretcht out

before him : !,boasting of his hard grip ! - Egg for the third time,We'r in a hurry;(He appeals to the fello's companion : that he mite remind the gentleman of wife & child;also the evening had steamd over & it was almost too dark for a duel now :?) : but the fello (int)erupts anew : has no wife,(& kdn't say for sure about 'children'), nor wd he shrink from making acquaint ants with a bastard,'Eternal hiccups t you : 1 word more, n you'll wake up n the hospital !' Since his companion,deceiv'd by Egg's peaceableness,affirms his readiness to act as second,with long involv'd curses - the former regretfully raises his shoulders. Claps his hands loudly. Whispers in the naked page's ear. There appear, one after thother, the pack=doctor,with his black bag;(his lov'ly office=assistant ready with materials for splinting fractures under her slender arm); Egg introduces them. - Then a little bald man,with a wide broom :'The Bone=Sweeperupper'. Olmers, as 'chaplain', giving ghostly consolation. Egg,(as sole possessor of some sort of timepiece),as second. And finally, Marwenne in a hurry,(:'s there a brawl somewhere ?'. What's up, what's up ?:'On accounta the carpenter, with the yardstick up his ass ? : there's not a woodworm on earth kn tell me what t do !'). He walks up to his opponent -(who,seeing the size of him, is taken back a bit) :'By the Cid ! I'll slaughter you, n not allow anybody t bury y either : run for home,n fast !'- Concentrating hard, the fello promises to deal with him in good marwedian fashion !;first retreats 12 fathoms;and then runs at Marwenne like a murderer :!/ Just arriv'd,from diff'rent directions, are Martina,with blue hundredmark bills in hand - and Ann'Ev' with Box's mother, (Who,visibly impresst,nods; and nods again;with her asymmetrical face,(mainly the nose that seems ascew ? - unpleasant)).

(:'and at the blast of the shell the Bebryces,whose hair is ever unshorn,swiftly gathered beneath the shady planes./And Castor,that mighty fighter,likewise went and summoned all the heroes from the Magnesian ship./ -Now when the two had fortified their hands with straps of oxhide,/and wound the long thongs about their arms,/they stepped together in the midst breathing out slaughter against each other,/and in their eagerness much toil they had to see who should get the light of the sun behind him.../But he,wroth at heart, came on,making play with his fists,/but as he attacked,the son of Tyndareus caught him on the chin-point/and angered him yet more,so that he confused the fighting/and,head down ,fell on with all his force./The Bebryces cheered,and on the other side the heroes shouted encouragement to the mighty Polydeuces,/fearing lest in the narrow space that Tityus-like creature/should smother and vanquish him./But the son of Zeus,stepping in to him on this side and on that ,/and cutting the skin first with one then with the other hand,/stayed from his onset Poseidon's son for all his confidence./Drunk with the blows,he came to a standstill and spat crimson blood,/while all the heroes shouted to see the grievous wounds about his mouth and jaws;/and as his face swelled the eyes were narrowed to slits./Then did the prince confound him with feints/on every hand,but when he marked him at a loss/drove with the fist down on the brow above the centre of the nose,/and skinned the whole forehead to the bone,and with the blow/Amycus lay stretched on his back upon the flowery sward./Then,when he rose again, grim grew the fight/as with blows of the tough thongs they sought each other's death./But the chief of the Bebryces plied his fists on the chest and off the neck/of his opponent,while the invincible Polydeuces kept pounding all the other's face with disfiguring blows./And as he sweated the flesh of Amycus fell in,and from a giant/in a little while he became small;but as the work waxed hotter/the other's limbs grew ever stronger and of better hue.../Verily Amycus ,eager for a great coup,/grasped in his left hand the left of Polydeuces,/leaning slantwise forward from his guard,/ and stepping in on the right foot swung his mighty fist upward from the right flank.-/And had he landed the blow he would have done hurt to the king of Amyclae,/but Polydeuces slipped his head aside and with his stout fist/struck below the left temple and put his shoulder into the punch;/and from the gaping temple swift flowed the dark blood./Then with his left he landed on the mouth so that the close-set teeth rattled,/and with an ever faster rain of blows savaged the face/until the cheeks were crushed and Amycus,dizzy,stretched his length on the ground/and held up both his hands/declining further fight,for he was near to death.'
THEOCRITUS,18th Idyl

ANN'EV' (to Egg):" what's going on here ? -,- :kdn't it 'v been stoppt ? No ? ";(to the girls):" Oh, He'll die n ugly death. -(?): Marwenne ? : He goes at it like le blann Zhang ! He'll thrash Him til he thinks heaven's a chew a tobacco,and the 12 apostles a band a thieves : just watch, inside a 3 minutes He'll crave for the Lord !";((?): ie : the last rites)

('Schmeling's Heirs',(novel by W.Berger,1898): the carpenperson tries a kick to the peanuts, pro ar's et vocis - and is given 2 slaps in return, each a good handbreadth long, that wd have brought Apis the Ox to his knees ! - and that bring his chin to the floor, too;(ne'ertheless he springs back up at once: 'I'm gonna take your tonsils out !');with a quick one=two he gets thru BM's cover,(but since he's miscalculated where Marwenne's face begins a/o his beard ends, it's lost in the (semi) void) - meantime he's being pounded to a pulp himself, like a cutlet; not just from the front...

FRIDOLINCHEN (taking pity):" He's tanning his behide so hard his face 's turning all=dark - aren't both his ears already hanging from the same side ?!"

ABELCHEN (tickl'd with int'rest;confirmative):"Cruellest blo's t the cheeks. - Reminds me of a nasty fall from a moped : 'twdn't astonish me n the least if the poor women who gather fire-wood shd lateron find his bones on the far side a Klappendorf, n bring them in their aprons t his old=gray parents. - :Thère !"

(Tho already half-lam'd, he tries once again with his shoes,('man can do nothing better here belo than to hoof it';RÜCKERT,'Wisdom of the Brahmans') - whereupon Marwenne turns him over,and drubs him with a green willo=stick,til the fello's rear very soon puts that of a mandrill to shame,(:'Death & Behind ! : I'll put a stop t yóur kickers !)...

MARTINA (He's giving Him a regular Hunggarian flogging !):"Those new-fangl'd clouts,with both hands,cross-ways, that'd sure make y hear the churchbells ringing in England. -";(She quotes):" 'And he thrust the dagger into his belly,and the haft went in also after the blade - and the dirt came out !';JUDGES 3=22";(or,if you will,JOB 9=4 :'Who hath hardened himself against Him, and been left unwounded ?')

(The ever ready manslaughterer : growling, he turns his victim over & over;(:'I'm simply consid'ring whether t scalp You or not : for Mé it's the same z peeling n orange !'); think a me under the name a the PULVERISATOR ! - At the entreaties of the seconds he hands over the unlov'ly remains to His companions; also permits the latter to kiss his hand;and then returns to His Own,(gets a hero's welcome !), and starts in scarfing down food like a shark. /Admir'd as well by Grete & Asta; Who, not to be recogniz'd in their newdity, have likewise watcht the fite from the hedge,(not far atall from the girls)

GRETE (proudly):" Look at that Fiking figure ! (And how splendidly he curses doing it ! when that heaven=breaker plays with his beard like that,I know : He wants t pounts.)";(moaning cuntentedly):"A while ago I tried running away from Him z a joke ? :slambam,He had me by the rear;(n another deep=bore then & there! Why He's got one that gets thicker with ev'ry thrust; it really pulls out your nether po=lips.)";(She recalls):"The party=fuck,on the island just now, was nice too,wasn't it ?";(how many climaxes did yóu have ?):" I counted z far as 15; then got confus'd n decided it'd be better t start over."

ASTA (confirmative):"But did yóu ever have a hip-action going !(N the arms & thighs t go with it : when, in ecstasy, y put your hand & fut=brake on: the Guy Who got it sure gave a lov'ly whistle!) - (?):sure : how sweet it is t have a choice a testickles ! ('Equal rites !';n black eggs àre a delicacy,y know !);"(She strokes round the sated curls of her gray-glo'ing butt :'Sore pump,sweet pains !'. - ?):"Ooh;kept on alternating : now a representative a the blood=&=hair school of love

- then my Egg again; Who did a grand job of ingratiating himself with me by using some really new & quite unusual carasses. - (?): Yés, what if We hadn't !, my mother 'd still be a virgin n that case. 'To be able or not to be able'; that is the only question here."

GRETE (viciously):" Just look at that, the way those dogs sit=there - z if they'd been stufft ! ";((?:'Of the Two it's A&O who's more alive ?' : minimally;just another Golem, too;(Now moren ever,with his yello=breasted Dulcinea):"N when 'em a letter=bomb;we'll see.); (They betake themselves to the hillabaloo again. Grete,her voice dying away):" Her ? (=Martina) : z far as I'm concernd, She kd marry a television=tower ! On account a thát smart-alecky brat...." -

ABELCHEN (after a pause of amazement):" Well I'll bæ,don't know what t think ! Havn't y excus'd yourself sev'ral times over (to our dear-departed Kimmig n fact !) : y had t play substitute housewife for your mommykins, who was so sorely afflicted with rheumatism... :n there she stands now, like Her own counterpart ?! I smell a triangle !"

MARTINA (snappish):" When She says 'I'm so tired & overworkt',it means 'Nobody's tried t work me over often enough !'. If it were only 'Screw !' all the [redacted],she suddenly wdn't have anymore rueMuttism. -";(to AE):" Did yóu understand that ?"

ANN'EV' (upper-lip between her teeth):" What the old bitch was croaking about ? ";(only too well : Oh,if only I had You out on the Heath of Kopstall ! - Soothingly to Martina):"Not t worry : I'll cut that woodland=wench's water off !"

ABELCHEN (I simply can't get my fill a head-shaking):" Next t her,the one with that endless etcetera : wasn't that Asta??;(Oh kiss me t Crac(k)ow n back ! - Yes, n les vieux garcons):"What do the fuckt-out old=men have t say t that ?"(Tss; it's a fact indeed : uprite moral men have the most lib'rall wives; n the most debaucht baboons wallo n the arms a the most faithful woman.[redacted] - Next consideration):" Say, there'll be extra room at your house ! You'll have t crochet the mufflers for their little cocks;t keep 'em warm in frostiest winter;stinking singular I'd say !";(she yawns mechanic'ly. - ? :isn't that some of 'em headed this way again, on the way home now ?):" Whinnying bumpcans on their gutteral oxesses;(insteada minding their pastures, n stuffing themselves with smasht p'tatoes). We kn run another quick check on the latest vulvs=fleece;n do our best t tell ourselves diverting tales. -";(to Fridolinchen):" Why such dull carnal eyes ? What 'r y thinking about ?"

FRIDOLINE (I have no sins that want a name):" That (orange-colord) tent just came t my mind, that we drove by yesterday - ";(explaining to M):" - where they were 'work'ing inside til the walls bellyd out : next to it stood that big old German shepherd of Francke's, perplext, even embarasst, barking away at the phenomenon -"

ABELCHEN (filling in):" - plus the cold-jawd female voice from within :'Do it some more - '. N then rite away y dreamt about your 'cousin' again last nite.";(and 'coussin' ? : that's just k$\frac{i}{u}$ssin', plus a kiss on your cosine !):" Listen, for a [redacted] young lady who says she hasn't even been 'confirmd' yet, your chastity's very nicely mildewd already, I'd say."

FRIDOLINE (I don't even think a such things. Op'ning her heart to AE):" I dreamt -(We always playd tgether when we were little, y see)- :he came up t my bed as a slim little boy,brown z n acorn;toucht me with the shank of his umbrella - n I became a child again too, We foold around with all sorts a toys,z compatibl$\frac{e}{a}$s twins : he cradl'd my doll;I caresst his big stufft Pickleherring;[redacted] rose petals fell on us like sno flakes out of a clearblue sky - now that's hardly what I'd call n evil dream ! -";(to Abelchen):" I seriously doubt that Yours turn out so harmless."

MARTINA (well-vers't):" Wellyknow; the old onomastickers - using naught but your own words !- 'd start rite in :'Hard=ly n Eve-il dream';n that y 'caresst his stufft Pecker-hairyng'... Hhh !";(She breaks off in the middle of her sentents,and presses her lf hand to its corresponding breastlet : !...)

FRIDOLINE (who follo's her glants,loyally):" Now what did I say ! there He comes,alone & [redacted] from thother direction!" ;(n his pants 'r quite=clean. She humns 'See the conquering hero comes : sound the trumpets,beat the drums' - asking):" Do y know it ? Or the one Joan Sutherland sings ? (from ROSSINI's 'Semiramis' ?) - (?):Why from the records I got for my birthday."(Unfortunat'ly those dreadfull BACH=cantatas too : at number 7o with its idiotic hi=hi=hi=hi=hi=hi=hi=hi=hi=hi=hi=hi=hi's,I lost my patients - wanted t drop the whole set. - More softly, concerning the approaching=wanderer):" My, but he's really sweet, Martina !"(I'd let one=like=that into my 'solar=sphere' too, I think ![redacted](You know, the one I got z a gift.). - She munches at her fingernail, and continues):" Yesterday 1oo years ago -(before I'd ever seen the perverty & sprawlor on that lot full a heathen & vermin there)- I prob'ly still wd 'v turnd it down for Me personally; but since I sat for n hour this noon with a blanket over my head n thought it all over... - :either the devil's the dominus director a this world,and, like to the sea hell is raging... ?"

(by THOMAS MORELL;from his Oratorio 'Joshua';music by HANDEL !)

ABELCHEN (as alternative suggestion):" Or, on the contrary, a most amusing slyboots,for whom there'r apparently too many goings-on n the Bibel.";(persuas[redacted]):" Just think a the way they trick Us in school z t what the classics are - and then compare that with those very=spicy scenes in LESSING,('the way you'r suppos'd t watch yourself calmly n the mirror 'mean=while'!), that set whole ro's a symptoms loose among us that time -";(Whoever doesn't get her pussy stirrd by that, must surely be made a wood : stinking clever !)

(During these last speeches & rebuttals, Ann'Ev' has gone off to one side to the group for a moment; where she talks with Egg and the Bastard Marwenne:... - the doctor and his office-assistant come over to them as well : ?...(Peering;laughing;nodding). - Ann'Ev' once again, with her finger rais'd : ! - Then she returns to the girls; but calls back, over her shoulder, by way of reminder -)

ANN'EV' : " But very=gently now ! -(And the rest of you take up a song : loud !). ";(She comes up next to Martina): " Wdn't y like to offer your girl-friends a cup a cawfee ? -"

ABELCHEN (arous'd):" Ah, I'v been wond'ring all this time why my little trap keeps popping open ! ";('d be splendid a course : with a bun & some tongue-o'-Callas ! (=an elongated stinky caraway=cheese)).

MARTINA (awaking from her dream):" I loathe all superstition and lay no store whatever by omens : but it is strange ne'ertheless that once again I had t be the 1st person t descry Him n the distants ! -";(uneasier):" But where has He got-[redacted] those folks a yours ! -"(She walks out onto the road, and cranes her long=lov'ly neck : ? - :? - funny;(or on the contrary 'not funny atall !'))

ABELCHEN (sympathetic):" Want of courage to meet You at the place appointed ? ";(well,p'r'aps We'll see him lateron again, when, dup't by the similaritia forms,he st$\frac{a}{ee}$res into the backend a that fat waitress... - breaking out in laughter): " Oh, hold my mouth shut for me,Fridolchen -(y see: there's n'IDOL' hidden n your name!)- otherwise Martina'll take it out a my rations ! ";(in mock=earnest):" 't's a sign t give one pause, 'll grant - practic'ly circumstandial evidents ! - that he doesn't trust himself t come by : t judge by that he is indeed coming from some resourcefull firry nursery,with green lashes & damp skirt;bath'd n the waters a Belial -";(shaking her doubtfull head):" When a'Man's twixt 2 Women' ? y kn be pretty sure he'd gladly take both,if only the wicked world'd permit it : why God 'mself parceld out 2 balls t ev'ry man..." male!" (Y kn always bite 1 of 'em off if y really want t play it safe):"Which is why this homosex 's so unnatural : the whole a quick'ning Nature is split into 2 sexes;n the survival a the species is tied up with heterosex;('Hermaperodites' first appear among the very lo'est animals (n among plants). Therefore):"If Legs there shd demand a harem with 2 sexes ? : I'd sure have something t tell Hím !";(she nods courageously : ``-.)

ABELCHEN (cursorily):" My but yo$\frac{u}{}$r learned. - But c'mon inside : I simply must make for the falloir.-And listen, see you'r given another cup a gas.";(y know full=well : I havn't any money;(nothing genuine at least - just monnaie de singe); & 'walk the bike'?) :" The road home leads rite back thru moren 1 forest. (N the highways 'r full a drunkards : merci=no !) !";((?):yes,you'r rite there, unfortunat'ly We are in GOd's hands : so We want t take some precautions in advants. -"

(They enter the 'salle' /from there into the kitchen / but soon back out again : the NES=coffeecups balanc't gracefully in their hands; chomping into the buns. - In their windo-boxes the azaleas bloom, pink= and darkred;(Abelchen pinches a giant=spider off of one of them : ! - ('Ugh ! Lordamercy,that was one with knickers & spats on !';Shessighs:'Stinking rich : at Our place they'r not much bigger 'n a penny. -(?): noo;not the blossoms : the spiders.';(Peace & simplicity,born of poverty,is still not all that meritorious !))./ The woodpecker first raps at the branch;(then digs into the bacon)./The narrow stream of humanity ripples on by again - contrariwise now - back to the inn : reeling farmers in their de(wo)mentia,a gruesome unciviliz'd varnish of civilization ! / A brawny red-curl'd lass, (just the thing for hairy studdies !); He, bloodsandy hair, standing proudly on end (=erection of the entire body in the presents of girls),his mouth breeking out in a marsching=song, trimmd with smut & riballdry. /The Parsons Wedding is remarkable chiefly for its obscenity,THOMAS KILLIGREW./ The baker accomp'nyd by his fast & fiery daughters,prossyperous brownish individuals, eloqueynt & squatuesque...

ABELCHEN (sighing):" These genuine buckskin jackets : they say that the ones for women'n'girls 'r made only from the hide a female animals. - Look at that, those two lovers there : He's carrying Her breasts for Her, and She His pric -";(to M):"'n smother things too' you may ritely add;(it ís already sirpassingly dark afterall); tss,makes one envious : the evening's embrace borders directly on the morning's fuck -(n what lies between is something one can't even bring over one's lips). Ahwell;what do they care : what f$\frac{}{b}$alls apart, f$\frac{}{b}$alls apart."

FRIDOLINE (protesting):" N what happens when the baby comes ?!"

ABELCHEN: "That's God's business : left out for exposure.";(thère; now they'r stepping behind the shrubb'ry):"With one tip a her kleenex she's drying off his dripping head for him; with thother her own=slopp'ring little mouth -";(to Martina): "How do yóu plant deal with that ?"

MARTINA (genteely):" We'll kiss it off Each Other : so there !... :?"

for FRIDOLINE (amaz'd):" Lookathat : over there, among the Children o' the Sun,; 'd swear there's some fello stumbling around with a sack over his head !";(she splays her fingers,dumbfounded : ?-)

ABELCHEN : " N what makes y think it's a fello ? You sure are thro'ing bold, almost unseemly glantses his way !"

FRIDOLINE: " Why, by the what's-it=up-front; apparently representing a phallus - We did get a sufficient look at that in action this morning afterall,";(ah,it is sometimes (bad)lucky t be so young !)

(In the open a dirndl dress,(Sweats=cheese at her Uri(ne) cave); He,however, returns her entanglings but half-hardedly;('Half of these fello's are swallo's' 'tis said of tribegrooms)./An ex=virginette stares over at them, with unreMitting masturface :...

ABELCHEN : " Some sord$\frac{a}{id}$ developmental stage - children 'r like empty [redacted] potties.";(to Fridoline):" Did y do that at home too ? : when a tooth 'd been pulld, they laid it n a mouse-hole; so that the new tooth 'd gro in rite ? -(?):why, 'gnawing' as the tertium. -";((?): Hím there ?;the guy who just wav'd hello ?):" A creep. Babbles on like a disc-jockey. Once tried t make conversation with me : I just switcht him rite off !".

(A couplet, busily side by side, both with the plates of their hands full of autumn leaves;(that they'r sorting - comparing)- Yellogreen;willo,with red gall-berries on them : goes with WHAT ? oak leaves ? They stand in l$\frac{i}{o}$vely debate.../An oldman,all ox, grates his way (intentionally ?) rite between them : !/-

FRIDOLINE (as the expert):" Comparing of colors : Listen, I'm sure they'r planning how t decórate their apartment!' (Curtains & carpets; that must be lov'ly. - Altho I have a lota trouble getting us't t new envir'nments):"When I arrive in some new place I don't know, my life at once gro's unreal, n I fear for my reason.";(but that jealous old mischief-maker there):" Shoes that give a squeak & a grate as [redacted] y go 'r very much n demand among the local farmers;('t's considerd elegant). They think the shoemaker kn make 'em squeaky or noiseless just z he likes. -(?):I think ours does n fact smear some kinda glue between the soles that makes it even louder.";(demands a bonus for it a course. - She sneezes:"Chóó! uh ! hope I havn't caught a cold;(do you=girls think a 'sniffles' z a plural too ?)."

(1 more young lad midst flusht (ie tipsy ?) females, a Henry-Carbine surrounded by Silver-blunderpussys:

coire coire is the only thing They think of, and all the while he harbors but one incessant thought :
thus do mortals push & shove their way thru this world !)

ABELCHEN (yawning discretely):"Getting dark early this evening - 'll have t ride with the lite on.";(let me see if my watch is rite - ?):" Oh ! all the clocks sho the exact=same time ? - that bodes nothing Good ! Well,c'mon."

(They exit, all four, from the house; and proceed, slo'ly, to the garden=gate. - The sound of rusty groves. At the pond the wind whisperates with the rushes; lispings in the languid reeds. As of yet only one ear of the moon to be seen. /Rotteurs, terrifying the quiet with cries of approval : an old nag has been procur'd from somewhere, and Egg is riding it around the hillahay : doing a head-stand in the saddle ! - The truck=drivers are tying the tarps titer underneath...

ABELCHEN (investigating all=round her):" The nite=eagle screams. A starlet runs thru Urion. Accumulutions of H_2O;(behind them Moon & Jupiter, head to head, brooding mischief). -";(To Martina):" May I give You a coupla pieces of advice ...?: choose a marriage=bed of aspen wood;(it quivers nicely with y).When the lad=Himself is deep n sleep,faggd from procreation, shave half his head smooth : so he's not even tempted t step out. When squabbling with your step-grandmother-in-law..."

MARTINA (interrupting her):" How 'd it be if you'd confine yourself to a few inadequacies concerning the weather ?"; (n don't start in lying again.)

ABELCHEN (resign'd):" Lies make for pretty facial features. - :as psychologist & owner of a lite=room, y súrely must 'v notic't with the passing a time : that 'tis merely the wind of envy that whistles down the canyons of my soul.";(but not t worry): "Whatever you'v shar'd with Us under the seal of secrecy - We shall faithfully pass on under the selfsame seal. - Well, see y t'morro.";(She looks about her, suddenly dolefull-ey'd. Hesitates a bit yet. All at once she bends down - and kisses Ann'Ev's hand : ! /(Who caresses Her,running her hand thru the short-clippt hair : -)/ - Abelchen,reproachfully to Fridoline): " Well ? And what about You ?!"

FRIDOLINE (gulping mis'rably):" Can't You see I'm crying ?! -";(shamefac't,she at least shakes the handlebars :!! Starts up the little motor as well :.....)

ABELCHEN (strides over to it. And complicatedly takes her seat on the luggage=rack -(She really has very=thin legs !) - She clears out her throat;and tries another joke):" The very first time He enters the house, present Him with a large package a rubbers : mutely, tears in his eyes, he gazes at the inhuman gift;and, stooping, creeps inside..."

MARTINA (energetic'ly,(probably a little envious too)):" Henceforth I give thee leave of absents; give thy moped the spurs; and waste no further foolish turns o' phrase !";(Thou hast had full measure.) -

(They racket away.('Cast to various winds'.) - The aspic=moon,still almost filld, becomes visible in the kcold air;(Blisters along its border of shado,as if it had a rash. After a brief silents)

ANN'EV' ('What I think a Your girl-friends ?'):" Daisies.";(comes from 'dayes-eyes'. The one's got a pretty slender tongue. - ?):"Now, don't y get shaloô -(:'The Lady or the Tiger' ?,Which one wd yóu send out ?)... ?";(She breaks off; for Egg's voice calls to her, from the far side of the hedge : ! - She harkens; And gives answer. Then to Martina):" Now give me the key t your room - ";(She sticks her hand out : -. And):" Now please [redacted] go see A&O; n ask Him : whether he has time for a little walk with me, in about 1o minutes ? - Now listen:You are not t look behind you ! And 'r t stay with Him in his room til y see me come back out a the house again - :that's a promise. -"

(Hesitating, Martina gives her the key. First wants to ask something else...stifles the question however; and, deep in thought, goes inside... / Ann'Ev' waits until she has disappeard. - Then waves : ! - And at once BM (especially sparacuntaleerd) and Egg (especially abbatical) bring along a curious figure between [redacted] them : above, a coarse sack, tied tite around the waist with a piece of twine,(the arms evidently bound behind his back inside it ?); [redacted] the lo'er half fully naked ! (Didn't even let him keep his shoes on; thát's how these guys have strippt him). They pilot him by the elbo's over infront of Ann'Ev' : ! / Who, it's true, shakes her head;(but has to repress a smile however as well - she motions for the Two to make themselves scarce). - Then in her softest voice, she gives him a good talking-to; sottovoce, inspiring trust -(altho, at the sound now of a female voice, He blushes rite on up over his cheeks;He gives no answer -:have they even gone so far as to gag him !? - Tss;indeed they have !). She starts to set him in motion, most carefully, using his forearm, tward the front door...

ANN'EV' (prompting): " It's quite dark now; I kn hardly [redacted] see you. - We'r going into a house now, -";(She lets the door swing shut behind them):" So (wait) - now We'r standing nfrontev a flite a stairs -('r all by ourselves : No-one kn see or hear Us)- please, raise your feet - yes, rite -";(She steers him along before her, by the twine=belt):" - n now here they come to n end : stop ! - Half turn t the rt. And 4 steps -(sooo, one more;rite). - We'r standing at a door on the second floor; I'm going to unlock it now -";(She does this;is the first to enter; and pulls Him,by his arm again, after her):" - across the carpit - stand still there on the runner, please - : turn clear around ! - so;now sit down please -"; (She holds on to him anxiously so that He doesn't slip and fall. Finally He's seated,breathing hard): "So; and now stretch out -";(She gently pushes him back; and then,deftly, pulls the blanket up over his nakedness: -. She sits down next to Him, on the edge of the bed;lays her hand on His...(ah here's the nose)... brow. And gives instructions,kind-heartedly):" You'r t lie here very quietly, and [redacted] unwind spell. (You'r all alone; in a lov'ly room.) In a quarter of n hour Someone will come; and release You. You needn't be asham'd: you'll be told ev'rything; n you'll know why, and understand. Gaze at one another & be happy. - So,n now you'll be very still - !";(She draws her brows tgether slitely,and presses her hand more insistantly to his head : ! - His breathing gradually gro's more regular. - She stands up, and, making not a sound, she leaves the room. Locks it from outside.)

xix Act

Scene 5o

(Terrace; just infront of Ann'Ev's barrel. A languid leaf shuffles back,and forth. /Olmers' ashgray figure -(ghost;judging from the costume,2oth century)- with a dull-red glo on one side only,shed by a vase of fire; has pried up one of the flagstones,with a taperd spade, and is digging deeper. /Beside him little Babilonia, walpurgisnude : now dancing with excitement on 1 leg;now standing on her head,stretching her legs way out and inscribing circles with her feet; now she sits down, and,shiv'ring, warms her soles with her breath./Over head a moon has also gro'n brite, gibbous & hirsute (with pine=needles); he stops to look now & again.)

(:CHR.STERLICK,'De auxiliatoribus furum,or concerning Thieves'=Apprentices';Jena, 1687;(Dissertation))

OLMERS (a narcissist with sceptical ashgray face; He talks to himself, now loud,now more softly):" - tss; como la espada de Berhardo,(que ni pincha ni corta) -";(He holds the spade against it,measuring : how deep he is):" -?- : turddimensional space ! -";(He scratches & scrapes some more, with crookt member -(:ahhá, mètal !?)):" Shine the lite over here ! - "

BABILONIA (first scolds the runaway flashlite;then squats down beside him : !):" What is it ? Y got something ? -";(she snatches up the round=yello'ish metal disk -)

(:'nor a trinket, nor a ring, with which my beloved might be adorned ?' -)

OLMERS (all the while deliting in her plastic figure, blusht in the lite thro'n by the charcoal):" - 'd y unearth dirt something ? - (Noo;a lid from a can a beef;(worsen Shatt el Hüyük !))";(in attempting to gnash his teeth, one of them gets broken off):" Always the same damn thing ! -(c'm'ere : give me a mouth oon full a breast;(I'v earnd it !)) -(?):Húh-uh, 'd rather do it myself ! -";(He angrily shoves the spade in deeper - :?! -!! - ah : thud : wood !) -

(They scoop the bit of earth from the wooden lid by the handsfull : - /Babilonia, her head in the pit, rite away gets twi=lited panties from all that illuminativity,(1f cheek pale=red;rt one moon=gray); burro's away, like long ago, in the sandbox. -?-: ! And jumps up : a piece of unrighteous stone in her hand ready for thro'ing : ?! / For in her inimitable fashion Ann'Ev' has, as it were, gro'n up out of the earth. She grabs hold now too, as they haul it up : - : -;- : ! -:?/a small,very solid wooden=box; heavy; (? :'going on a hundred pounds!?') -

OLMERS (brushing the crumbs from his hands. He warbles):"'I bought this castle out of my savings'...(?): Wèll; at the rate gold's going for now ? - : 3=4oo thousand !";(open it just t be sure. - He unlocks it. - To Babilonia,/Whose eyes are pretty close to being slit vertical with excitement;and, flashlite in hand, is dancing a regular krakowiak:!/):"Shine it here !"(Or you'll soon be missing exactly 1 ear= & pussylobe ! Tss, knows more positions than the blessed HIRSCHFELD !)

(He thro's back the lid and there he had grete rychesse oute of numbir : on=top, Mormon coins from the earliest Utah days; plus anabaptist coinage; double eagles; -(?): underneath 25 kilograms in gold bars... ?

(on the reverse:'The Word was made Fleshe,and dweleth in us. Excepte a man be borne of Water and the Ghoost,he cannot enter into Godds Kyngdome. One Kyng over us,one God,one Faithe,one Baptyme.Tho Munster 1534. - On the obverse Jan van Leyden, crownd,the Kyng of Zion,(typical fanaticyst !)).

OLMERS (somewhat nervous, to B.):" Not so loud ! -"; He scolds the hillahay,behind which it babbles broods bauches. - ?):" Yéssure : y get the prettiest=biggest one. (?): t hang round your neck, yes=fine !";(Plutus won't be poor.)

(Who first wa-nd-ers around like a will-o'-the-wisp : pure bliss ! Then cuddles up to Him; with an allur-t-ing smile looks up at him, and with her little fingers plays fundly around his violila prick. And, at his bidding, skips into the house : for a blanket. / When they'r alone, Ann'Ev' quickly leans forward, and whispers something to him : '!' -)

OLMERS (horrifyd):" What ? - what d' y mean ? : I...";(he is struck speechless at the site of that finger pointing down into the pit : !. - Wellysee):" I thought We'd leave that there as a reserve. - :?"

ANN'EV' (coldly):" Good. But it's settl'd once & for all. Don't forget that. ";(to the two girlish forms coming from the house): " Martina ? - : here I am. -";(to Olmers=Babilonia):" Call Marwenne : t help carry this."-

(She begins to walk slo'ly back= and forth with Martina. /Little brown rags on ev'rything that has twigs, ('when moist Arcturus clouds the sky'). Willo=twigs play at 'fishing for the moon'. 1 owl=screech from the witch's forest.(Which is to say: 'In an Autumnal Region'.))

MARTINA (hanging back):" Why's He shining so dimly ? ";(=the moon. Somber):" Want of courage to meet me at the appointed place."(= her Boy. Despondent):" What 'm I s'pos'd t think ? Say it : 't didn't work out, rite ?"

ANN'EV' (tenderly):" Ah=soo ? Your potty runneth over ? -";(business-like):" Okay. I'v spoken with the mother. 'I'v pictur'd something like this for years !",she said. And inside she said :'This is my sorta place !' - she'll come by t'morro n introduce herself.";(N z far as your Boy goes - she smiles,head cockt,wisely):"Sum up all Your courage,sweetheart : in just a few minutes... -";(now don't squeeze me t death ! toucht):" Martina, He's still brând=new ! : all=over !...?"

for MARTINA (interrupts with feverd questions):" Shd I quick go clean things up a bit, Ann'Ev' ? Up=top ? -"

ANN'EV' (smiling practic'ly):" You'd be better off t clean you down=belò ! - Go t the john first. Then wash yourself pretty=there."(But not too much; it kn smell a littlebit - y still have that t learn, how He likes it best. (Tss;you'r trembling like the Paper Virgin a Giewenich.)).

MARTINA (gulping with excitement):" How - how's He gonna come ? In a car ? He can't bring much moren himself along with him;('xept for a small library of [redacted] 1oo books or so -(?):y know : WIELAND;JEAN PAUL; a BONG edition a HOFFMANN;an old MEYER=encyclopedia).";(more urgent):" Have y seen Him ? Did you=Two arrange it ? What do y think I ought t put on ? -"; (she puts her arm thru Ann'Ev's : half to steady herself, half to have a good tremble...)

ANN'EV' (pressing her arm to her):" 'Put=on' : y mean 'take=off', don't y ?! ";(Male & Female shd be one another's lovliest garment : lie down upon Him : clothe Him with Yourself.):" He has t adore you from behind, too ! N ev'ry week have Him give y a new,still more subtile name -(?): that's for Him t discover !, as lover and poet?!";(the sleepier degrees a love come soon enough; among husbands=then : whose cu= and other =rios/pid=ities die out z soon as the c(l)ock strikes 22. And protect him from dangerous femalepersons...(?): 'dangerous' is ev'rything between 5 and 73)):" Be sure t take him along with y in the bath-t-rub this evening, too..."

for MARTINA (electrifyd):" There I'll let my hands,(in the form a sea-anemones), lie in amBush for his reflection - & then I'll pull Him into my calyx : deep in ! ";(N meanwhile=afterwards then, a kinda voluptuous-faint, sensual=ghostly conversation, half under water - hoh Ann'Ev', I think I kd kick the rub-off habit,if He'd give me the order !):"But do y know He's coming for absolute sure ? Did y clinch the bargain ?" ;(What's wrong ?):" 'd y hear something ? Is a car coming ?" -

(For AE has suddenly duckt down : ? - She runs back, to Olmers (Martina after her :?). She points:! Olmers too stands aghast ! / Egg and Marwenne are just returning. / AE sho's them the flick'ring candle flame,in Eugen's rooms : ! -

ANN'EV' (hissing:" Get in there ! Ritenow ! :Egg, you stamp out the fire if need be ! N then You take her by the nape a the neck ! -";(to Martina & Olmers):" What a Fury !"(I kinda figur'd on this : wants t put a torch to it, the sow !)

(From within comes the sound of screaming=female, that follo's on the crack of a mitey slap ! Egg's energetic lecturing is heard. The female voice dares contradict -:whereupon another whallop rings out./ Then Marwenne brings Grete out by the neck;(who, sobbing, still tries to justify herself...(but it's already given way to 'apologizing')); he leads her away, truck=wards. / Egg joins the others -(?):a (=the) water jug [redacted] was sufficient. This had been fello'd by adequate reprimands : to the effect that 'mania mark' was still to be had from this place before one kd even think of such a thing.)

OLMERS (indignant):" My library alone 'll bring another coupla hundred=thousand yet !"(Once Eugen & A&O 'v sold it. His dudgeon increasing):" What n impertinant bitch ! Be sure y give her a proper licking;(n I don't care if she's my sister ten-times over !)."

ANN'EV' (nodding):" Alreddy has a rite pretty kenkisglobe. -";(She gives Olmers a searching look;she mutters):"You'll be buryd on Mount Melaleuca. -";(privat'ly to Egg):" When kn we leave ? In 1=2 hours ? good;(let's hold to it.)"

while MARTINA (still troopering):" Whât a Jezebel ! - Well, hope she ends up having twins ! (And syphilis !)";(outrag'd to AE):" Just imagine what it wd 'v been like : if We'd been burnt=out now ! ";(n when y consider She doesn't even know what=all...) :" Is év'ry-single spàrk really out ?! -"

ANN'EV' (y kn go look again rite away):" Is A&O coming?[redacted] (Ahyes.) - Hold your pretty horses; things'r going better for You on Your day. ";(Lovingly -(it is afterall their virtual farewell to oneAnother !)- So,dearest):" Let your feet carry you up,t your door... -(here's the key;n take a little knife along)- :enter. Loxedòr.";(or wait !):" First repeat 3 times outside the door : 'O come thou,Mine Idol ! come;for my longings do slay Me !'. Then go in. Lift up / Pull back that virgin-wool blanket -tenderly,rev'rently-... ! - : -"

(Martina, Who up to this point has listend to Her, shaking, her mouth working... - tears herself away with a shout of triumph, and storms tward the house -,- bounces off it ? - : and flys back into AE's arms once more : ! / Which enfold her : -)

then ANN'EV' (mov'd):" Be happy, you two. -";(okay, and now run ! - She watches her go,deep in thought. - Then crosses her arms over her breast,beneath the alpaca-poncho; and waits. -,-,-)

Scene 51

(Sandy path, about 4oo m southeast of the house. The moon lies like sno over the land. In the gray wood yonder Athene Noctua hoots softly./Ann'Ev' in wonderfully piteous clothes -(blanket, and sandals made of rushes)- a veil of breath before her face, walks slo'ly beside A&O : Who, with a poor sno'clad clump of grass on his [redacted] head, reverently carries Her arm, Her hand,on each fingernail a rising moon. She first relishes the shyness of the old moon-hu'd fool for a few moments;-;but then lays Her head on his shoulder,Her mouth shines britely,a lite wind sweeps thru Her hair,(whose color is 'sun in the fog') -)

(:'We'll borrow but an hour,/and the better the sooner begun !'/they run out together hand in hand. DRYDEN,'Song of a Scholar and his Mistress,who being cross'd by their Friends,fell mad for one another, and now first meet in Bedlam.')

ANN'EV' (half outloud):" Aren't y going t keep your parol ? - : afterall, it was your intention t kiss the foolish female.";(She steps up to him; her face like an ashengray blossom, her eyes,twi=lited,missty double-stars, her long cold lips : -)

(The poor terrener & his dusky bride. And moanings from mouth to mouth. Their cool nocturnal limbs make more Gray Magic. Mouth=games. No more than a tone;(Monosylverics, as a bird wd toss them off). His mouth speaks the language of Her mouth : -

A&O (smotherd by his own heart):" Darling ! - : I have found nothing better in this world; and the world is wide."

ANN'EV' (She cries out in happiness,niteowlish & fine):" [redacted] Oi=eu=eu ! - :walk the few steps t the bench with me !"

(While hurrying tward it, She allows Him to kiss the tips of Her shoulders. - /Then they take their places,breathless. - Her head in the shado of His head. Now Her fingerwarnings,''r y thinking of me ?'. Fingeraffirmative:'Always.'. The moon is taken away by a cloud; now the lite comes from the white sandy path. She makes an elonghosted bell-shap't motion with her arms -

ANN'EV' : " Must I say it first ? - :My breast wants t be strok't by your lips."(She holds her blanket up on His side, and the wind chafes at her ribs : ! -)

(His hands beneath her delicate ghostly breasts : lips & fingers commercing with liliths & damons. Behind the brownish rim of breast, a white cloud : comes;shines;departs. Ever & again two mother-of-pearl spheres in his hands -

ANN'EV' (magic-voic't;her consonants emerge especially soft):" Hold them very=tite - : so they don't roll away.";(She stammers banally into the wide country/:" Y have the lov'liest vue from here. Do y want t seem my yello hairlet ?";(but it's just a bit a conféctionary plush: -)

A&O (and gray hair in the yello lap):" Dream flax ! - "

(Hairs that busy the mouth. Tactiliations. On Ann'Ev's apples Her silver tears tremble. From that face white as linen the most delicate cicada=caesuras. He trembles :

A&O : " No star seemd beautiful to my eye. - :now I'll gladly wander thru heather & broom !";(He presses his twi=lite mouth into the pure beauty : fairyous places.)

ANN'EV' (suddenly all dark, pale and stormy):" That We are to be One without the Other, that's beyond my poor powers of reason - I know no conseil !"

(:'We are only what might have been;and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages, before we again have existence and a name.' CHARLES LAMB.)

(Her face is woven from the dubious stuff of air & pine shado's;She pulls Him close to her, on the bench. :Laughter from a cloud ? -

ANN'EV' (gives ear to the chatt'rings of the air :?-):"Mere proceedings in the spirit-world : no concern of Ours."; (nonetheless,more suspicious):" That's no local cloud - that's one that's snuck in !";(soothingly,she rubs her head against Him.)

(Looking out over the wide country : the lov'ly tourist-discouraging gray. HumAnimals, cityfolk,fields - the whole world asnoring. Far out in the pastures behind Kronsberg a cowlet cries, fritend by the white= land. Happy to be underway with [redacted] owls and stars. He catches the tender smoke of her breath with both hands; and pulls it (in)to himself:... -

A&O (the 'universe' ? : is the almost=infinite, dumb=&=wise. He points to a cloud):" Long ago, as a lad, it struck me one evening : how above the lo'-hanging[redacted] clouds one giant silverwhite island,jagged & craggy,stood quite still; for a good many minutes afterwards, too.";(he laughs thru his nose):" So I imagin'd t myself how there were n fact other kinds of clouds, besides just these hurtling vapors : sev'ral hundred forms,spread over the whole earth;remaining constant for a long time...(?):centuries. That sail with the wind above the nations;and [redacted] in which sno and hail 'r produc't (in regular

fact'ries). White=people for inhabitants,(n that they were the true sylphs).";(He hesitates. He risks putting it into words once more):" If You were t stay here..."

ANN'EV' (letting out a sob):" You ought t thank God We'r n love with each other, otherwise... ! - (You know that it can't be.)";(With fingers and claws she makes a thorny bush of herself : ! r

(Which He presses to his heart./Beneath an irongray moon. Ev'ry tree rustles dearth. Around the moon & Jupiter a smaller halo has formd,(circa 12° in diameter; now taking on colors th ,too :on the rim pale-red, inside graygreenish./ Their poor flick'ring hearts still presst to one another. -

ANN'EV' (with fixt vacant eyes;She lets her feet simply hang free):" Rien ne finit, rien ne commence : We shall sleep for a long time - & All=this will remain. ";(But):" In a hundred years : We shall walk here again; Ann'Ev' on your arm -" ;(She points at a teeny sprout of oak, span-high):" - that'll be a large tree then. We are Both young & strong, and we stop beside it. -(?): Yes; the moon's shining too,(about as full z it is now;but a bit lo'er on the horizon). - But We speak in a totally diff'rent way : I kiss you; n afterwards you say proudly :'Dsagon tüger !' -";(Ah. She heaves a sigh;and awakes. With bated breath):" A&O;We'll each lay 1 stone here; each rite next t thother : We'll find them then, n that way We'll recognize one another.";(She stoops over. Speaks to the brave daisy at her side):" You have t come back, too. -"

(They crouch [redacted] beside each other. Each lays a stone (big as a fist);(:'But they have t touch.';She weeps onto his hand.) They dutifully help one another stand up again. -

ANN'EV' (the trickling double=stars;'It's such a long time !'):" But You'll hold out,rite ? -";(with a try at a joke): "You'll never escape me : and were you at the bottom of syrtis : hah, wd Ann'Ev' ever find You !";(okay;n now the few steps z far as the woods):" There you'll kiss Me."-(N then I must go back;(it's already foggy back=there along the fong.))

(She pulls Him along. Now rustling as of leaves beneath Their feet, something like litebrown wet. (? The prettiest autumn colors ? : o cherry, white willo; blackberry (which I'm not fond of otherwise); aspen; certainly others too;wdn't want to offend any tree). Makes for quite pleasant stumbling by the way in this nocturnal stillness;(supply 'over roots' : bam,nose in something thorny ! (C.O.NORÉN:'A Developmental History of the Juniperus Communis',Uppsala 19o7)). - Ann'Ev' directs him,artfully, so that He comes to a halt with his back to the little sandpit; and then lays her arms around his neck : !. He holds the alpaca=girl so close : She returns his kiss with all her mite ! (so that His eyes are forc't shut). He doesn't open them until the amazing briteness that spreads about them - gro'ing ever stronger -?- casts planetary rays on Her face; Her yello hair wafts tward Him; Her mouth, kisst large now, whispers -

ANN'EV' :" Slo'ly. :Turn around slo'ly. -";(We'll not be fritend,darling. -)

Scene 52

(Silently these gigantic marble=mountains have drifted toward them, with their steep craggy walls of rock climbing to immeasurable heights, one MondBlanc after the other, with needles of stone, most of them certainly never yet scaled, thru which a solitary wind is blowing. The immense bulk of it turns slowly so that a projecting rondel fits exactly into the sandpit, The Kingdom of Snow, brightly clouded the earth; down upon which there now sinks a drawbridge, on soundlessly running chains, striking its downturned edge in the swirling night foliage,(while Ann'Ev's blanket softly begins to fly away), bouncing lightly once; & now standing still. / A&O feels himself tugged forward by Her hand,across this path, with no railing (inlaid ?),toward the bright silver=portal, Aeoli Pyle; before which He only now notices there stand 2 figures, tall of stature & clad in white armor, who hold long swords glittering a bright blue and crossed to the path of the approaching pair :!. - Ann'Ev' speaks a few words to them in the language of Terre Marveile; whereupon, presenting arms, they step to one side; and the mighty door, soundless & colossal, begins to draw apart...

ANN'EV' :" C'mon, c'mon. - :'r you so lite-headed too ?";(She steps forth,gracefully confident).

A&O (his hand in Hers):" Like Peter Wilkins and his flying bride,('Youwarkee', a gawry)."

(They walk slowly up the wide bustling milk-white street;(so that at first they still have to close their eyes more than once,blinded by the medieval buildings) : before the shopping arcades, the thronging of cloud=folk, in cloaks of gauze,(or in sparkling coats with white-scaly sleeves) - They just manage to avoid a collision with a slight sullen gentleman dressed in fog-gray;Who comes stepping along, more backwards than forwards, in front of 2 strapping young fellows weighed down with great wooden trays, whom he then waves into a side-street;(behind them still others, rolling clanging barrels before them). Here now, an elderly tho robust man, with a cross look on his face, wrangling with a salesman -

The elderly man (holding a couple of ice=needles under the Salesman's nose):" Or here ! : Do you call that craftsmanship ? -(?):Aeh,the polish, the polish ! Might do in a pinch;but the points ! : how's one supposed to attach them ?!";(complaining to Ann'Ev',Who has stopped beside him):" Here I have the most splendid old timber-work houses in my ward : wdn't they just sparkle in the winter night if they were properly beglittered ! I pictured : at suitable intervals splashes of snow, big as your fist; and inbetween & above them these=here, like fine silkyblue cobwebs. -";(to the salesman):"Well,put me down for 5 hundredweight. -";(confidentially to AE again):"But are there ever icicles in LeilemunLane! - ";(he folds his broad hands,in sheer reverence : !. - Then,however, pulls a roll of paper out of his pocket again,& studies it intently):

" 'Hoar-frost for woodsheds'...";(he is heard to mutter as he deliberates...)

(It is,however, much too busy and extraordinary all around them : in front of a moon-white house long tables have been set up; upon which nimble clerks cut or display billowing cloth, fine as fog, for their courteous customers - much of it with fine lightning-bright ribbons woven thru it;or it has dull white stars among the barely visible threads. On the far side of the street, wide enough almost to be a market-place, extend lovely old 'arcades'; beneath them innumerable people throng, conversing softly,(most of them clad in wide, baggy silk garments of light-gray;one sees a dark figure but seldom in the [redacted]crush). On every side children go about their games in well-behaved fashion (masters of subdued tumult);or they sit swinging their short legs on the rim of the great fountain, out of which, in waves of cloud, cooling veils of light leap up as high as the roofs. / Ann'Ev' enters a large fashionable shop with A&O; where only a few,more exquisitely dressed ladies and gentlemen stand examining the wares on display, (some of them using magnifying glasses). In one of the white silken armchairs a gentleman in (imitation ?) ermine, Who is giving a detailed order to the young lad who stands bowing and tentative before him - just now he has closed his eyes for a moment, considering...

THE GENTLEMAN IN ERMINE :" So then, we shall have a look at the new ice=flower hybrids outside in the nursery in just a moment. - A lovely autumn=hail, no lustre, medium=fine - ";(at which he points to the glass door opposite...

(where Ann'Ev' & A&O can see countless men and women,both young and old, busy at precision machinery in rapid motion : cutters and polishers; workers who sharpen and engrave the ice=needles; way at the back hail is being sorted and filled into barrels; sunlight=snow in little piles -(there is such a thing, by the way;just like 'sunlight=rain'!) -

THE GENTLEMAN IN ERMINE (his lower lip protruding doubtfully, he holds the catalogue far out in front of him :? -):" - probably only suitable for smaller windowpanes -";(he rocks his head back & forth indecisively. But is reaching again now for a point of ice, octagonal, facetted, as long as his hand, which the clerk hands to him on a blue-silk pillow; and lets the light flash in the lateral surfaces -):"That's for the very=large moon-rings; forthe iciest nights - first-rate; above all this exceptionally successful tint ! - 8 of=them -(?): why finished rings of course ! - I'll drop back in again, in about 1 hour : meantime you can have arranged for the hoar-frost(sorted by time of day color intensity),above all something suitable for quaking-grass. Plus the pond-ice samples -(?):nono; nothing but matte ! -(?):Wellallright if you like; a few meters of shiny as well; for the skating lanes. My customary trustworthy small snowflakes, Hexagon 3. You're quite sure you haven't any more sheet-lightning in stock ?;nothing more this year ? (Well;I shall have to try elsewhere...)". (He stands up, and strides, ready for the stage it seems, to the door, which the 'young man' obligingly opens for him :...

(and thru which Ann'Ev' & A&O slip rite back out again. - Presently a small square with a sedate statue. Over there the scroll of an especially sharp-pointed gable. A tiny glassy park;(where He may give Her 1 kiss, very carefully - many music'd winds - his hands captivated in hair like the blossom of broom). - Back again in the delicate hubbub. Ann'Ev' runs up to a tall broad-shouldered man;Who is striding thru the crowd,with a long silver oar on his shoulder -:'Are you free at the moment ?'. Since the fellow affirms this with a smile; She whispers instructions to him - while the ferryman casts attentive glances now at Her, now at A&O - and finally nods -

FERRYMAN :" In 5 minutes at landing II. - But be on time : there's tempest in yon hornèd moon.";(walks on.)

(They inquire - from a pubescent maid, playing all by herself with her white ball - about the direction; and then walk [redacted] further, on past shimmering palaces and over marble vaulted bridges, with broad balustrades patterned with veins - they lean over :? - and discover,far below, the sleeping countryside :

:immeasurable the dark woods with a breath of light upon them. Fog=meadows. The silver chain of the fish-ponds;(the brook, pressed for time, winds its trembling way thru=&=out of them, back into mist & haze). A solitary car rolls fast & monotonously down the one bright highway, on past barren fields,between cold-shadowed hedges;(while, in the houses, [redacted] dogs take up their barking).'Their house',buried in moonlight. Overhead ?: the crystal wilds of air : star=reefs. The unimpeded moon, Prince of Winter, wordless in the white void. ('To go to heaven' must have originally meant :'to be enrolled among the stars')

A&O (the question put to him by a touch from Her shoulder :? -):" I'll be very much alone now."

ANN'EV' (n here you are with Your hand in Mine.):" Be good to Martina; and her Boy. (His mother'll be living with you.) - But let's move on further : it's getting a little too lively here."

(She points to a whole row of robust men; Each of whom rolls an immense barrel along in front of him,down the stairs, and then loads his heavy freight onto a long=narrow ship o' clouds, painted yellow... -(?): 'Hail throwers, perhaps ?'/ They stop -(it's A&O Who pauses this time)- to stand before the large display window of a book store; and,thru the sparkling pane (artfully fashioned from clearest sea=ice !), attempt to read a few titles...Hmhm monographs 'How I Get Droplets to Freeze on Pines.(With Ice-cuts.)' 'Aerial Maps of the Stratosphere.' Here's one you ought to have :'Handbook of All Autonomous Cloud=Islands.With numerous maps;illustrations;brief descriptions : points of interest;number of inhabitants,together with their manufactures; histories of each island'!

ANN'EV' (resolutely):" Give it a try -";(She pulls him into the shop.)

(The owner himself it seems ? : small,dreamy, with a snow white stubble of a beard;'But I kn only take silver money.' - he wraps the volume in something like a thin silky=fog; chatting calmly ....

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN :" Yes,We're sort of Creation's Journeymen here. -(?):Oh, y see : the whole thing's simply based on óne principle : genuine 'primal=matter', that's collapsed in upon itself, is ever=so terribly dense & heavy : even for You=folks downbelow -";(You are from down=below, aren't you ? Doesn't happen often -(?):oh, a writer too ? Ahyes;in their books one still finds shades of kingdoms that 've perished, too; even chopped-down trees. But t get back):" Even your matter's been 'blown up' out of such primal=matter, 'made porous'. You blow it up more, t make 'styrofoam' & 'foam-rubber' :so imagine : your styrofoam blown up twice=over - a hov'ring moist dissoloose frothy=spirit ! -(?)Ohmy, y see, we don't like t have much t do with these star=makers & their four-dimensional space, that They know how t do so much with;(I'll grant, there're not supposed t be any knots in 4=D. Still):'Stars', basic'ly they're just poor giant=creatures,their whole body aflame,all their life long !";((?): 'There're mills on the moon ? Orphaned by winter ? As brown z if gutted by fire,fenced in by nerve=light?' well,if you're quite sure of that. -He shakes his head,disapproving,à la 'won't be at it much longer!')

ANN'EV' (plucking at His hand):" C'mon. We'v got t make haste."

(Outside again. Thru this quieter street. : that ends directly before the lofty fortress wall./The man

with the silver oar beckons to them now from the entrance to a shimmering ravine;and soon they are standing on the massive old battlements, where the perpendicular cliffs plummet into the clear darkness. The ferryman negotiates with the handsome young lad, who wears the high sou'wester of the watch - until He nods:! - then, with the cautious pair following,(:'Hold on t me tite !' :'And you hold onto me !'),he slowly descends the long flight of stairs hewn deep in the shimmering 'rock' of the foundations. These end in a broad step. And to their amazement They see the lightly roiling cloud-foam playing among bold promontories and massive buttresses many hundreds of feet high, as if a beautiful sea were breaking on the inaccessible shore of this silver land. - The ferryman pulls the narrow white cloud-gondola close up alongside them;so that Ann'Ev' and A&O can climb in hand in hand - While Hé remains standing erect in the stern of the vessel; & dips the flat of his oar into the surging night. Soundlessly it detaches itself, a sweeping, a softness, a swinging, from the shore; and, already sinking imperceptibly, glides away. The capstan of the moon,bulky debris in the aether. Constellations in cloudy wigs. Incoherent cries ? : cranes on the move;x fine-spun diagonal figure. - The laconic ferryman swings his oar more vigorously, so that it bends supplely,(and silver sparks spin off from behind the barque). In lovely wide arcs they circunnavigate the island, climbing higher & higher above them : resplendent and silent it draws up and away into the night sky. The boat cocks its bill gently downwards;on into the more rapid air. /Ann'Ev' sits there sobbing inaudibly,as if Someone were jostling Her shoulders. He pulls Her hair,tearmoist strand by tearmost strand, from her face :'So I kn still see you !' / -:What is that emerging suddenly near Their heads ? - : The rusty [redacted] prickly thicket of trees. Each reaches for the other's hands :? - : and the boat has already come to a mute & smooth landing in a pale shallow pond of fog on a small meadow(?). A&O stands up, completely numb now; as he climbs out, he feels the firm dry earth beneath his feet;helps Ann'Ev' out as well - and recognizes their own house,its contours sharp in the moonlight,with angular shadows round doors and windows, no more than 2o steps away from where they stand. He runs his hand over his brow. Turns around; in time to see the handsome, quietly smiling face of the ferryman,(tho already grown indistinct in haze & light);who with a strange simple gesture raises his finger to his silver mouth : !. - They follow him with their eyes. Now it is only a little slender cloud that seems to have lost its way, skidding over the treetops of Kronsberg. And, climbing rapidly, it is lost among the outlines of a radiant, unreachable faraway cloud=island. / - ? Out of the fog comes a sound of cries as if from the tramps. The only lite is in Martina's windo, faint. And over there in A&O's room. - They are still holding on to each other's hands; but with long arms now -

ANN'EV' (with an indistinct face;stammering):" Quick. - :will y wait ? For Ann'Ev '?!"

A&O : " Always. -"

(She vanishes, moving backwards, into the fog. - / ('As when, on some forsaken star, a window were banging open and shut.') -

Scene 53

(2 hours later, in A&O's room. The neon-lites beaming britely./Outside wind & the roar of rain-waves; barb'rous gusts - in 1 word : Eugen feels himself reminded of Norway./ Around the table the 3 oldsters : Olmers cutting a droopyjama figure, nothing but shirt & bones;even the wine in his glass looks gray,('My hair's gro'ing whiter & prettier,and life's getting shittier', prost.). - Eugen in a reflective mood, and happily 'far from being tired',(afterall, they do want to keep him pinnd down til the pack plus squaw are gone ?). - A&O; to use Olmers' description :'buns disdaining the world, wrappt in caponiz'd trousers;and a face like ol' Nick after his best pair a witches 'v just kickt the bucket.' -) /Storm & Tempest.)

EUGEN : "Enough t make y think the Wand'ring Jew 'd hangd himself ! I was reading in HUC's Tibetan-journey about hail=stones' that weighd in at 12 pounds; n that one of 'em was even shap't like a millstone : wonder if that's possible ?";(kn y call 'raindrops objects' ?,(MÖLLHAUSEN does at one point at any rate)).

OLMERS (indiff'rent):" I don't care if it rains knives and pitchforks : I'm leaving;my feet 'r bor'd.";(n that's that) :" You=two kn sell off my library : ought t bring a quarter of a million; if worst comes t worst y kn always call in Hauswedell -";(peevishly to A&O):"What 'r you so busy figuring up there ?!"

A&O (gazing distractedly at him at first -(eyes that have been cut from heaven's gray;her hair is like an autumn lawn) - then):" Just wanted t check out the position a the moon in=uh October 2o74. -(?): well,on the 5th, at 4 a.m., there's a full moon; with 5° latitude south;"(at the moment it's in the north. -?):"If it weren't important I wdn't be doing it."; (and You'v got some objection t the way I look ?):" It'll do for my ape-otheosis : it's rather fun to be extinct. -(?):No; I'm not about t go blabbing the top state=secrets a heaven."

EUGEN (liting himself a new cigar):" And in all seriousness y intend t take on this youthfull lite-house attendant ? (Oh lord,if He sho's some aptitude, I'm willing t do my part - y know, some prompting in'how to prepare a croquis using a prism=drum'- give him a little quiz on it sometime.) But don't y think He mite pick up too much obsolete information from you ?";(he moves his shoulders):" Downrite brumal I'd say -:turn on the electric heater."

A&O (shrugging):" Where else, pray tell, wd He learn more ? : one watches the great talents committing themselves t causes up & down Berlin; and lives in Klappendorf, House No.37 - at least here with Us He kn read his fill a the older colleagues; n learn orderly habits & how t work."

EUGEN (nodding confirmation):" 't's true too. - ";(shaking his head to Olmers):"As t You & your 'round-the-world-trip'!

Why fine; but t do it alla malandrinesca, pff !"(N with that little Boobertyjibbet, this Babilonia : an acrobatass,both conceiv'd and rais'd on the ballants=beam, so t speak;(all that's missing is the mongolian spot above her rump)).

OLMERS (I just don't know what it is You want):" 'That I have made an appearance on this earth puts me under no obligations whatsoever. No one can demand of me that I be a so-called good person.' Mild-mannerd RAABE himself said that;"(what 's more 'by 'being unscrupulous' one is essentially anticipating eternal bliss' - åll=rite : let's be unscrupulous !);" I don't belong t those believers who intentionally try t divest themselves a their conscious mind. I still rap out maxims on death as 'the accommodating gatekeeper who'll help me escape from a madhouse'. The sum a my life's experients is that of FREUD : 'that mankind consists of scoundrels;and women are the more obnoxious part' -";(Húh-uh, allow ne :'Every man his own executioner'):"I simply want t be left lying there up on the mountain top, and there to shrivel / evaporate away : here, among the Brothers of the Sun, I'v got my guarantee. Nor will I have t suffer all that long, either : if I ask Them to, they'll gladly KO me rite out a my mis-'ry !;(Your 'euthanasia=§§' don't set their rears in a panic !).";(He listens to the wind ahowling; and shivers):" High time we were off !"

(:'They (=the landlubbers) think they won't get into heaven unless the worms gnaw the meat from their bones. :I'm horrified at the notion of a coffin=box !';MÖLLHAUSEN)

EUGEN (calmly):" You'v got the weak nerves a those who never serv'd -(no diff'rent from JAHNN) : a coupla years a Norway,plus some appropriate 'Guardhouse Adventures' wd 'v made a sadder and a wiser man of y. Tho, t be sure, y wdn't 'v come across quiet garrison streets buryd deep in sno; instead, sun-dogs, nothing but sun-dogs; desolate distorted moons above croppt mountains -(you'll find few mountain=enthusiasts among Norway vet'rans)- (?): 'heroic landscape' ? : merci,s'il vous plait ! : Norway is the asshole a the world;and a cold and wet one at that - and a dark one t boot";(after some thought He remarks hereto):" at best, a certain alarming grandeur - something for'stray dragons' p'r'aps - but I never heard the phrase 'echoes of Ossian' from a single one a my men. -(?): Fine;if y insist on 'some advantages or other' : I'll admit, n the course a 3 years I didn't lose 1 single man by heatstroke. We ate, drank, walkt, workt, read,thought, dreamt, farted : all t the beat a the drum & as per order;(n the last year going hungry was yet another part of our daily calisthenix)";((?):the armd=dances confin'd themselves t nitely alarms;We had only a few 'casualties'. - (?):at 6°52' longitude; and 62°4o' latitude : if y needed a pair a glasses, y had t go get 'em n Drontheim - took 3 days):" 'All places are of equal worth to the wise man' so it's said - I don't believe it. Sure,y weren't inconvenienc't by other people;(our neighbor liv'd a good 3 miles away (with 12 kilometers t the mile); n there was hardly any 'fraternizing with the inhabitants'; they only kd 'v invited y in for a cold [redacted] 'cod' with nippleberries, n 'v treated y to a drink a melted ice - (?): ahyes,'fish in abundants' : them's the words ! ";(He shakes his head):" It's never 'nice weather' there. 'June'? : there'r some peculiar months that go by the name...(?): what do y mean!;y can't 'go for a swim' anytime during the year;(even at the height a summer the water never gets above 1o=11 degrees).N when it's not raining, then it's blo'ing : was always some scandal or other n the air,(or was 'at hand'). Then the salt=air besides : 'm only sorry about my pocketwatch;(the ordnants rusted 6times z fast as at home !). The sun always on the horizon, red and unbeautiful, flat a a farmer's butt; y can't understand a single word on accounta the wind - húh-uh : totally inert territory !"

(:'The region around Jena is quite acceptable, and for someone who is a friend of mountainous regions probably beautiful too : but that I am not;I love the free unbounded landscape of Bremen where one can enjoy the view and the fresh air unimpeded - here it is always as if I were sitting in a prison!'; MENKEN)

OLMERS (nodding sympathetic'ly):" I kn picture it already : sort of n old branch a the Styx, only windier. (Joy balls! ; that'd be something for my rhumatism !). - But then,after having spent your leave at home n having gone almost crazy from the embraces & cries a farewell from your lov'd=ones, when y got back up=there again : the loneliness must 'v been rite salutary at first. ";(bytheby - but now please, don't go into too many details !):"What 'd your base actually have employd n the way a 'lazy Elizas' ?"

EUGEN (well now):" apart from the smaller stuff -(y know, lite flak; grenade thro'ers; machine-guns)- 6 heavy(French) cannon.";((?):n why not ?):"The Almighty himself was the first to employ fire & brimstone against Sodom and Gomorrha, and thereby set the example : since good gunpowder likewise represents nothing more than a mixture of sulphur & saltpeter -" (originates with a certain HACKLÄNDER by the way, that quote does[redacted]. - 'More Pleasant Regions' ?):" At most directed southwards; on the 'Mjösan' : a pretty stream, bankt by rounded hills... ?"

(:'It is much easier to invent ambiguities than to avoid them,which latter case our unchaste century requires of every author : I once bade a gentleman of great vitality, who could imagine no other Venus Urania than she à belles fesses,to show me 1 single piece among all the furniture and knick-knacks in my chambers (I opened them all to him) which reminded him of nothing at all.He searched for it,but found not a one.' JEAN PAUL,'the Campanian Valley')

OLMERS (parrying with a laugh : à la 'Mesen;navigable river of Russia'):" Suffices : after 2o months without leave y saw Helen in ev'ry water=hole.";((?):oh not 'pro lubitu' atall !(N your prostation of 'au contraire' is only some eau out a the cont=rear : You still havn't masterd the trick a climbing down your internal spiral =staircase n bringing little pieces a sub-con back up.) That little girl-friend a Martina -(the One that was here t'day I mean)- one a those refin'd pious types,I once heard her enthusing,her eyes rolld back, about the 'peace=bringer', (wait, 'maker' !) :a course that's enticing for the female, your quiet=prurient transformation a that well-known club with but one end; whether as 'urinai poioi' or as English 'p[redacted]iece / iss=maker', it remains the same 'Everwaxia aquatilis',(as a little penis=story I recently found n a good=cath'lic magazine was titl'd.)):"But enough Modern History;which, according t HERDER, 'tho more timely, is far less exact than Ancient'. - Besides the phone's ringing -"

EUGEN (rising comebersom'ly):" 't's okay, I'm going - (besides, I have t...)!";(He disappears,slo'erly,-,-,-)

(he has hardly left the room, as Egg -(white hat with a fir-colord shirt, a belt of Sky)- unmistakably 'not alone' (=Lux.for 'tipsy'), appears in the door : a demand for fresh futs;(if possible, one= or more 'cartons a cannd meat' as well) - his 'request=song' -)

EGG (having belcht up his desires,merrily):" I know full=well : I am but a little fart in the Vastness.But We are famisht - a condition which wd excuse even worse things I'd say - n We want t make it z far as Perpignan, driving straight

thru : 'But the people are many, and it is a time of much rain, and we are not able to stand without; neither is this a work of one day or two; for we are many that have transgressed in this thing' ";(EZRA, nothing but [redacted] Ezraw).

OLMERS (in good spirits):" N those left=behind kn eat Eff-raw for a whole year. -";(to A&O):" 'm gonna go along for a quick trip t the cellar..."

(A&O,left alone, walks over to the windo : ? -/Sno and rain in a jumble;('The old-rag-dealers have come to blo's'); the wind is blust'ring like a fool, a real Prussian fool./ He imagines Ann'Ev' : pale as death, on remote paths - his face in the dark pane betrays that if need=be it was also created for madness, (ergo, nitrolingual with valium[redacted],'Concerning the Uses and Disadvantages of Hysteria in Life'...)

OLMERS (returning; a wreath of cobwebs round his pallid skull : pooh, sure doing a job out there !):" (?):Why,The Last Supper : Egg whistl'd 'em t the table;they roard to each other among the shrubs;"(but my ears were ringing,from the gusts of wind, n I didn't understand 'em. He shivers :'extensive lite farts overnite'):" 'll be making tracks here soon. -(N what were Yóu thinking about ? The Apples of the Hesperides / yst, rite ?). -(?): break the comforting bad=news ? : only after the Son / Daughter s of the Road 'r on their way !"(But nót yet : con your neighbor as yourself. 'And Asta' ?):"'ll make the most charming paranymph of all(ah) when leading the novices t the disrobement. -(?): Noo;not atall : a bad conscients 'd prob'ly flee rite thru n iron mountain now : whereas=I shall while away the time til departure by presenting Eugen with galant theorems;"(après moi le HACKLÄNDER. Well, in You he's got someone t say he's rite now & then - what else does He need ? -: 'You'?):"Just have t write a book : 'll tickle me pink, the reviews n the Tasmanian gazettes... ? (Pst : Eugen's coming!)."

EUGEN (shaking his head):" Duffer, y know Cornelius, calls up here - (?):noo the brother; the One with the groc'ry store - n says sev'ral of 'em were at his place t'day n 'd 'borro'd some goods' -(?):well, frexample a loaf a sugar, on credit;with the remark that 'Herr Gläser 'd 'settle the account ' !'. -(?): Me, no way ! I informd him : He was building on very frail ice indeed;that He was quite familiar with our mode of shopping after a half-dozen years a doing business !";(He takes his seat, a cautious heavyweight : ahwell;afterall n his youth Diogenes was a counterfeiter too):"N what were Yóu=two talking about just now ? -"

OLMERS (quickly,with his customary shameless perfidy):" I just prov'd t Him : that 'Odin' is nothing but a 'penide' ! - (?): Well, the 'large floppy hat'; bald head with tangl'd beard; one-ey'd (sic!);the cloak wrink'ld n blue-splotcht = the skin of the shaft; it was FELIX DAHN himself who dotted the i:'The space between thumb and indexfinger was sacred to him' - one kn ask no more a Me ! -(?):ooh, I'v always been fascinated by things like 'the youngest Norn', 'd be just my type,like one a your GDR girls -(at least I think so !)";(He bleats out : hähä !):" Out a pure meanness I 'wore it on the rt-hand side' for ten whole years -(?):noo;while still at school : the girls made thunderstruck grabs into the void : !; 'twas said 'I didn't have one !'";(?: Listen,that was pretty taxing : til I'd made n entry in Each & Ev'ry album ! ('Aisle=bum') They All wanted t dants to Oberon's horn, y know;(n FISCHART already knew 'the dance excites the pants'). Wéll,do y intend t contest thàt too?): " Why,just look at t'day's youth distanding their tummies ! N then the tèxts t go with their fidgits !; the frank-naive erotix 'd make y [redacted] split a gunt ! :'That last waltz my dear : is still my lov'liest sous=venir !'; The 'Impeerial=waltz'; the 'Rev-erie=Waltz'; the 'Viennease Waltz',(how 'French');'oh my Schönbrunn, my beloved schön=brute' ! The GDR hits break ev'ry record n the books; there's once calld 'Nikolaja=Nikolai',all about dancing, where the rage t dants / screw 's describ'd so exactly y kd reach out n grab hold :'I can't stop doing it !' and 'my brake has split in=two'. ";(the songs a the 2o's were just the same, a course):" 'My little brother dreams of You the whole day thru & nite-time too' : just whó this little gentleman, this 'signorelli', is, is made abundantly clear : noli me poontangere ! ";(Y ought t read the 'Interpretation of Dreams' again, so that y kn always recocknize a phallus despite its disguys):" I recently dreamt...(?) ohlord;ev'ry little-girl-confirmand kd hear this dream ! The most delitefull reduction a the female : to 2 rosebuds !;(the first a which I had n my mouth,while holding thother between the fingertips a my lf hand : Listen, that's downrite 'beautiful' !";(rejoicing in his nite's work. Tanyrate y kn bet on this):" When a fello appears n a story who's little but wàtch-oút,(ie enormously strong); a faith ful / less servant of his master & his 'cunstant' companion,(n ofttimes his 'colord' 'slave') - then he's incontestably his master's penis ! - In WIELAND's 'Amadis' ev'ry knite has his 'personal dwarf as mounted courier';often a freak who does his part by blo'ing on a'hip=horn',a pre=penis as it were; n fact, AntiSeladon, gro'n tir'd of good-natur'd maidens, usually leaves them for his dwarf,'a gnome,hidden behind a bush'.";(n exactly the same goes for KARL MAY's 'dwarf slave Halef',or for Don Quijote's Sancho Panza; for Sir Lancelot Greaves' Timothy Crabshaw; for JULES VERNE's countless servant=figures :'Hans & Ben Zouf & Joe & Passepartout etcetc.'): "They'r just now 'discov'ring' RIDER HAGGARD again; who simply teems with penides and lady=landscapes : 'Holly','the 'strong hairy baboon' in 'She'. C.G.JUNG had high praise for the stuff as 'occult' ? : he shd 'v read 'king Solomon's Mines' with his eyes open sometime ! He can't get enough a describing 'Sheba's breasts'; n then when it comes t that little chamber a treasures itself :'a triangle, to which Solomon's main street leads...borderd with heather...a circular hole,with steep sides,some 3oo fut deep...the culossal pit...yes,if we kd but find channels of soapstone...giant hole...curiosity drove us to look...3 high objects,culossi,...the plain tward Loo (=Brit.to take a piss !)...Ashtoret...giant caves...stalactitties, in a phase of gro'th... it's constantly dripping in the caves...force their way into the passage...diamonds (dame=ends) in the shaft...a subterranean river...' : I don't call that occult, I call that 'o culus !' ".

(:'It soon was evident that,altho sexually fully abstinent, the man found great pleasure in dancing; that his nocturnal emissions were often accompanied by dreams of dancing;& that in a poem he had once allegorically portrayed prostitution as a woman who would dance with any man at all./A closer examination of the...ability of the dance to portray erotic intentions mimetically...The movements of the dance provide the patient an ersatz for sexual gratification.' ABRAHAM,on 'locomotor fears')

(Yes, damn it, it is our kismet. (On the Luxemburg city map I found the 'Parc des trois Glands', the '3 Acorns'; which are in fact 3 old powder=magazine towers, round=toppt.) (POE's constant 'original' kn of course be trac't back via 'urigenal'; but also to the Spanish, 'orinal', the chamber-pot.) Even the children here in the village ask :'Head to head ?; or 'Arse to arse ?' when 'tapping eggs';depending on whether

the pointed or the blunt ends 'r held against each other... ? -

A&O : " Didn't somebody knock ? -"

(The door opens; and Babilonia steps to the threshold. Gracefull & nimblemutely, she gives Olmers a sign : '!' -

OLMERS rising on stiff limbs):" How late's it getting t be ?"

EUGEN (grim): " Time to grow wise ! "

OLMERS (grins):" Wêlll. - : nice to have known you !" ;(He goes on out the door. / Babilonia waves,briefly, with her by=by=foot :``-)

EUGEN (calling after him):" Drive t the far-side a downtown Eldinger : there you'v got a choice of 3 paths leading out into the world ! - ";(to A&O):" He'll be back in 4 weeks. ";('t's good they'r leaving - finly get a little order around here):" 'r We going out t watch the exodus tóo ? - Bong.";(aah. - (Just by way of precaution, 'll take my pistol along...))

Scene 54

: all Stribog's grandchildren are on the loose ! Rain whipping / rearends blue & stiff : Medusa=heads, opponentasses of GOd, bello'ing their hymn of terror,(their long hair gives the wind direction;their principal job :production of morass). [redacted] Free of flutt'-ring raiment.Shrieking laus veneris;vile melodies attending them on all sides like servants. Before them 'trucks', made by JAGGERNAUT & CORBILLARD;mechanical divinities, authoriz'd to remove to remote parts ev'ry (wo)man who's no longer comfy here. (Motions of farewell : Some thumb their noses ,and some their rears (& smother things too) !) / Where two lantern=carriers meet, there is mutual illumination : bits of inhumen!: His neckscarf tied tite with twine, roaring his head off,his beard converges, at the front, in a dreadfull knot.(Grete & Asta have distributed some of their clothes : makes it look as if dozens of them were about to drive off !). A panty-waist with his bolster of greywacke. 2 lovers under 1 super=hood,peacefully mounting ever higher, belly to bottom. 'The blackest virgin of them all' ? : too hard to cunfirm;(Titles are not to be conferrd). / 'Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill' : the youngest members raise a most ingenious toast to their camping=place : the maids defecate;sniff at their own putrefaction & laugh; the laddies meanwhile fuck the ground./EGGon departure : He stands on all fours atop the barrel;baying with belling;and pretends to copulate with the bunghole. /Olmers climbs in, all bent over from coughing, dit d'Outremeuse Fräulein Babilonia./

ASTA (in other situations, nam'd Cumbarba. She points her chin at the 'Men of Litters' yonder):" 'and since all marriage in repentance ends, 'tis good for us to part,while we are friends' -";(to Grete):" Just be glad we'r out from under it. -(?): ah,go on : the Tasmanians had only olladies for helmswomen; We'r taken care of for good." (She climbs in.)

THE BASTARD MARWENNE (Ekam Advitiyam,the One without a Second; a little cannon under his arm,that he fires as he goes. Erupts in a cry, new & ne'er heard ere this):" Password ? : WANDERER, LOOK OUT FOR YOURSELF !' ";(his garb and the stormy wind oblige him to be brief & succinct. Just infronta Him, nestling her fullmoon butt on his belly,

GRETE (a chilly coquette, she pulls his beard over her shoulders; her faithless bosom in her alpaca coat. She reviews cottage & cottagers, quite the departing girl-friend, her whornet eyes full of murd'rous lust :'Revenge against the World of Lights !'. - 3 curses[redacted] : a)in gen'ral):"Rot away on this godforsaken plot a yours : when y stomp your feet, it sounds hollo !"; (to A&O):" Get castrated, old man; that's good advice. (Nó far as your latest philander goes, I'll keep on laughing for ever Ann'ever!)";(to ASTA,/Who tries to hold her mouth shut/):" Him ? :he kn lick my ass; rite under the linden(s) ! ";(She wrestles herself loose; and screeches over to Eugen):" Die, you bastard ! Can't y understand German ?! -"

(The truck,with Her in it, is set into motion now. /Eugen has begun to fumble in his pants pocket - He pulls out his parabellum:... / but with the edge of his lf hand, A&O hits him in the bend of his elbo, & at the same time shoves the barrel up with his rt : ! - / so that altho the shot is in fact fir'd,pumm; it heads upward into the windy nite;(and in the meantime the first truck is already too far for a pistol shot)./ Instead Martina sticks her head out of her windo : ? - (til her eyes have gro'n accustom'd to the gloominess) - :? -/:at the back of the second truck,ANN'EV' is sitting, wrappt in her poncho, her head on her knees, under her arm a turkuoise potty.)

MARTINA (enraptur'd, with both arms):" Thanks ! Oh, thank you, Ann'Ev' !! - "

(Who takes hold of her long yellc hair, and without raising her head, waves with it,blindmute,/ while the truck drives on rumbling,belching. Accelerates. And disappears around the curve down belo. - The rain runs, tiny feet, along the road behind them - - -)

Scene 55

(Terrace, growing lite. / A brash wind, marching the dirty clouds away,(who out of fear keep changing shape). Rain tousles;(and the little gray fountain of the gutter drivels along in tune). All around autumn leaves are running races. Fields all drudg'd out, attackt now by bands of cro's. Trees use their branches to wrestle with one another. / Eugen plods beside A&O; bushes like furtive mourners at their sides;(that rust-hu'd scrap of iron is suppos'd to be the sun, is it not ?)

EUGEN (bravely):"... the best one kd 'v expected n any case was the ling'ring echo of a 'gratias'."(Tss, my room in there looks like it'd been subjected t plunder !)

(Peek into the barrel :? -:thru the bung a strange morning-lite is trickling,('Truelove Truelove is lost to me now'). They stand there, wet cold peaceable virtuous;(but leaves are tumbling !:within minutes their feet are covered).

EUGEN (matter-of-factly):" Oh, 't's not all thât=cold yet.";(altho naturally that wind's whistling t warp the clouds).

(and the rusty reeds of that immature oak have begun to tell tales in a hoarse voice : about a face moving into the distants, already caught in autobahn traffic,('This he overwent, so also will I'.))

P E R S O N A E :

A) in the 'house' :

1) Eugen Fohrbach (57), called the 'Major'; double amputee from thighs down
2) Grete Fohrbach (45), née Olmers, his wife
3) Martina Fohrbach (15), their daughter
4) Egon Olmers (7o), Grete's brother, retired head-librarian
5) Alexander Ottokar Gläser (6o) called 'A&O'; heart patient
6) Asta Reichelt (58), housekeeper
7) Appolonia (=Abelchen) and Fridoline, Martina's school-friends

B) in the 'group' :

a) Ann'Ev' (just 2o), Luxemburger, yellow-haired, heart patient
b) the 'Bastard Marwenne' (26), barbarously big & strong
c) 'Egg' (28), licentiate and literary, plump & somehow 'chinese',full of tricks
d) the 'Babilonia' (11) small slender brown,(already a 'widow' several times over)

- - - - - - - - -

Incidental personae : Martin (=Martina's 'boy' ;(with his mother) / farmers / bathers / a mailman / backery= and fishery= vans / the garbage collectors / several dozen hippes & tramps / a wedding procession / figures from books and paintings.

Place : Klappendorf by El.
(Interpolated : Görlitz & Lauban i.Siles. / Hamburg / a lighthouse / a cloud.)

Time : Afternoon of October 1, 1974, until the early hours of October 4th. (Weather unusually warm & fine; on the evening of the 3rd, however, begins to turn bad.)

T a b l e o f C o n t e n t s

	Act:	Scene:	Page:	Events
FIRST DAY	i.	1	3	M & AE : a walk around the 'swimming=hole'
		2	5	M & AE : path to the 'Spindlershed'
		3	8	M & AE : in the Spindlershed. Egg & BM appear
		4	11	M & AE : the way home,between the fish ponds
	ii.	5	15	Terrace of the house. First Grete,Asta,3 oldsters. (At the 'hillahay' BM & Egg.) Then M & AE.
		6	18	Terrace, barrel, hillahay. Scene changes : oldsters = M & AE = Egg & BM = M & AE = oldsters.
	iii.	7	23	'salle'; ev'ryone watching TV
		8	28	Conversation about Hackländer
	iv.	9	36	Terrace by nite;moonlite. - A&O + M
		1o	39	M, AE, and A&O to the swimming=hole : moonlite with girls bathing
SECOND DAY	v.	11	41	Terrace in the morning. 3 oldsters. Ladies at their morning sports.
		12	43	Terrace : breakfast. - M departure for school.
		13	46	(Divided page) : lf:AE & A&O at the barrel. - rt: Grete & Asta behind the house
	vi.	14	5o	Terrace. - 3 oldsters at their morning ragchew. Micro=events
		15	52	Terrace - 3 oldsters;conversation about books. Grete's fashion sho.
		16	57	A&O's room. - First a monolog. Then Olmers. Then AE, Egg,Bm : conversation about China,Tasmania. AE wanders into Bosch's 'Jardin de las Delicias'.
	vii.	17	66	Terrace in the midday heat. - M returns home. - Shooting contest Augen : Egg
		18	69	Martina's room : She & AE
		19	74	M sho's AE the house and sheds. / Then in A&O's room; he joins them.
	viii.	2o	8o	Brief conversation M with A&O
		21	81	(Divided page): women bathing in the pond: lf M & AE (+ 3 oldsters) - rt:Grete & Asta(BM+Egg)
		22	83	M & AE swim over to 'Pond Island'
		23	85	at the barrel : 'Ocarina=Trio' of the tramps
	ix.	24	87	(three columnd page) : lf M & AE on the roof/ Middle : entrants of the members of the'Group'/ rt : Grete, Asta, 3 oldsters
		25	92	Kitchen : preparations for supper; Grete, Asta, M. Later Egg.
		26	94	at the hedge between house and hillahay. - First 3 oldsters / Then Grete, Asta, Egg / scene shifts : Olmers' room with Babilonia
	x.	27	98	Terrace, twilite. - lf : conversation of the 5 oldsters;(M commutes between them and AE's barrel)./rt narro-column : 'pack at the hillahay'
		28	1o3	noctur.terrace : Olmers tells about his youth;(Lauban=Görlitz)
		29	11o	M & AE walking 'To & Fro'.(The pp. 111 and 113 are to be read from bottom to top)
		3o	114	Nite. M & AE watch,from outside, A&O in his room.
	xi.	31	116	Terrace;at the table : conversation about 'Religions and Sects'
	xii.	32	123	Late at nite. M & AE by themselves. Later Grete & Asta appear
		33	124	(three columnd page) : lf Grete & BM /Middle : M & AE. Later Olmers as well/ rt : Asta & Egg
THIRD DAY	xiii.	34	129	Before sunrise : barrel with M & AE
		35	132	Terrace; the gentlemen's table. M & AE join company with the 3 oldsters. / A&O's dream 'Journey to Infinity'. Zschokke citation,('Mind-reading')
		36	136	Kitchen. - Grete & Asta; Egg & BM join them. Then M & AE.
	xiv	37	139	M & AE picking elderberries;(with them A&O) / Rencontre with Grete & Asta : they learn that they were spyd on (in fact photographt) last nite.
		38	142	Abelchen & Fridoline (M's girlfriends) arrive. M & AE.
		39	144	Kitchen : the 4 girls. AE lets them look into the 'mirror'
		4o	148	on the roof : the 4 girls comment on the scenes around the hillahay./Martin on his bicycle
	xv.	41	153	Terrace, table : Eugen & A&O; later Olmers. - Asides from Grete & Asta
		42	158	Terrace, table. - A&O tells about his childhood years in Hamburg. Eugen, M and AE listen
		43	163	(Continuation). - The 2 schools in Hamburg. (Now & again Olmers appears)
	xvi.	44	175	Bathroom upstairs : M & AE taking a shower
		45	179	A&O's room. - First He by himself. Then M; then AE
	xvii.	46	182	Terrace, table : reading aloud of 'Pharos';(with interpolations)
		47	192	Terrace, table : Olmers joins them;reports on 'Rites of Initiation on the Island'
	xviii.	48	194	(Divided page): rt wedding procession on the road. lf : commentary
		49	196	At the gate to the road : M & AE;with them Abelchen & Fridoline. - Wedding procession in the opposite direction / brawl BM : carpenter / AE leads Martin to M's room.
	xix.	5o	2o3	Dark : Olmers & Babilonia digging for treasure. - Then AE and M
		51	2o5	Walk in the moonlite : AE & A&O
		52	2o6	On the Island of Clouds
	xx.	53	2o9	Rainy nite. In A&O's room : He and Eugen; then Olmers. (About books, and 'penides')
		54	212	stormy nite : departure of the pack; tgether with Grete, Asta, Olmers.
		55	213	First lite of dawn; wind & rain. Eugen and A&O on the terrace.

RARIES